RAW

HIGH CULTURE FOR LOWBROWS

KRAZY KAT
a full-length adventure!

EYESORE
a sketchbook by
Gary Panter

OUT OF AFRICA
paintings by
Cheri Samba

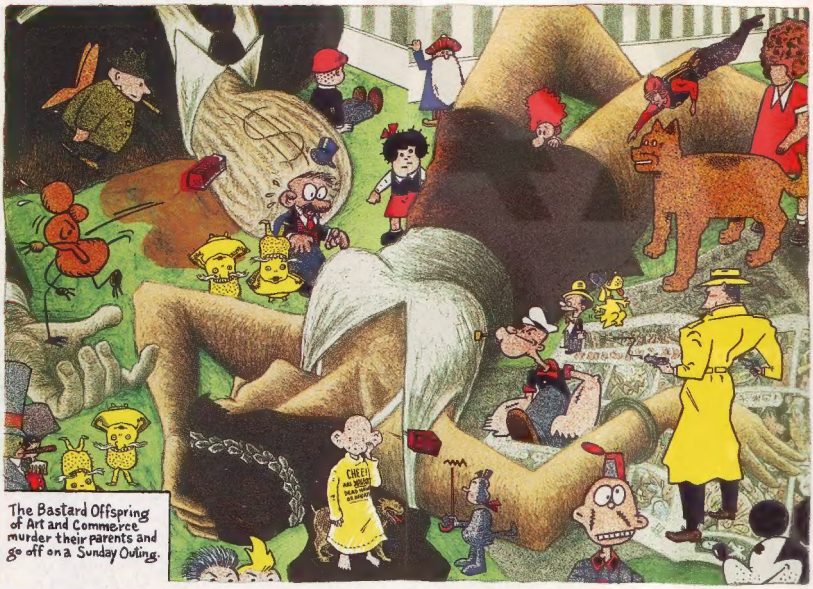
COLLABORATIONS
CO-MIX BY
Mark Beyer & Alan Moore
Richard Sala & Tom DeHaven
Jose Munoz & Carlos Sampayo
Kim Deitch & Simon Deitch

MAUS

the penultimate chapter!
art spiegelman

PLEASE GOD ~ I'M AFRAID! MAKE THEM STOP DE-STROYING THE PLANET (AND ALSO MAY-BE PUT AN END TO THE TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES)...

NOTHIN' LEFT TO DO BUT PRAY!!



Above: From "Lead Pipe Sunday," an 11 color lithograph by art spiegelman, 22 1/4" x 30 1/4", printed on both sides. Priced at $1000, strictly limited to an edition of 100 copies. Interested parties may send s.a.e. and a $10 returnable deposit for slides to RAW LITHO, 27 Greene St, NYC, NY 10013

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RAW VOL. 2 NO. 1 (204 pp, 6" x 8 3/4", $14.95) features Burns, spiegelman, Loustal, Beyer, Mattotti, and more ...**RAW VOL. 2 NO. 2** (192 pp, 6" x 8 3/4", $14.95) includes Coe, Barry, Deitch, Tardi, and more... **READ YOURSELF RAW** (88 pp, 10 1/2" x 14 1/8", $14.95) reprints the first three issues of RAW Vol. 1 in their original large format... **MAUS, A SURVIVOR'S TALE** (160 pp, 6" x 9", $9.95) contains the first 6 chapters by art spiegelman...**WARTS AND ALL** (88 pp, 8" x 7 1/2", $9.95) presents Drew and Josh Alan Friedman's caustic commix... **AGONY** (176 pp, 5" x 5", $7.95) chronicles the deaths of Mark Beyer's Amy and Jordan...**HARD-BOILED DEFECTIVE STORIES** (96 pp, 9" x 12", $8.95) features Charles Burns' 400 pound private eye, El Borbah...**JIMBO** (88 pp, 9" x 12", $12.95) collects the adventures of Gary Panter's punk hero... **PICTURE STORY NO. 2** (68 pp, 8 1/2" x 11", $5.95) features work by Katchor, Beyer, and Moriarty... the **RAW BUTTON** (three color, $1.50) features Panter's cover for RAW Vol. 2 No. 1...the **RAW POSTER** (full color, 20"x 27", $14.95) reproduces Swarte's cover for RAW Vol. 1 No. 2...All of these are available from Catalan Communications, which is now handling our mail orders...

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REFINED ANGRY WIRED RAW

THE MOUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
Francis Masse *(france)*

MARCEL, THE LITTLE WHITE MAN OF IWINDO
Jacques Loustal *(paris)*

MEMORIES OF AN AFRICAN
Cheri Samba *(zaire)*

ON A SLIVER OF RIVER
Ben Katchor *(nyc)*

LITTLE BASTARD
Kaz *(new jersey)*

KRAZY KAT
George Herriman *(1880–1944)*

NORTH AMERICANS
Jose Muñoz *(milan)* and Carlos Sampayo *(barcelona)*

RAW 3

HIGH CULTURE

I REMEMBER PEGGY
Aline Kominsky-Crumb *(france)*

THRILLING ADVENTURE STORIES
Chris Ware *(austin)*

EVERYBODY'S BUDDY
Drew Friedman *(nyc)*

GARISH FELINE
R. Sikoryak *(nyc)*

PROXY
Tom De Haven *(virginia)* and Richard Sala *(berkeley)*

MAUS, CHAPTER 10: SAVED
art spiegelman *(nyc)*

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF COWBOY HENK
Kamagurka & Herr Seele *(belgium)*

WRITTEN ON THE WIND
Lorenzo Mattotti and Toni Capuozzo *(milan)*

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Justin Green *(sacramento)*

EYESORE
Gary Panter *(nyc)*

THE BOWING MACHINE
Alan Moore *(england)* and Mark Beyer *(nyc)*

THE BOULEVARD OF BROKEN DREAMS
Kim Deitch and Simon Deitch *(nyc)*

AND NOW A WORD FROM OUR SPONSOR...
Marc Caro *(paris)*

THE MOST OBVIOUS QUESTION
Lynda Barry *(chicago)*

BETWEEN THE LINES
Krystine Kryttre *(san francisco)*

REPULSION
Marti *(barcelona)*

A FULFILLING CAREER
Gustave Dore *(1832–1883)*

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FOR LOWBROWS

RAW

VOLUME TWO
NUMBER THREE

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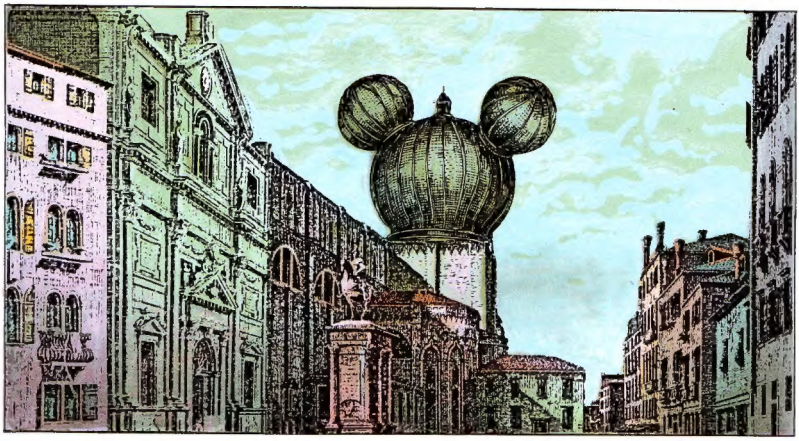
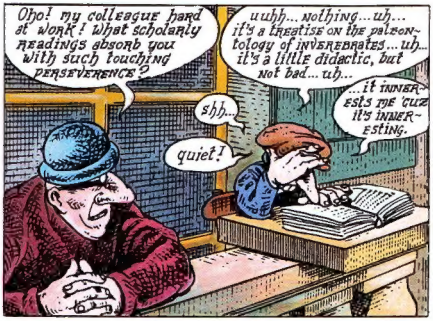
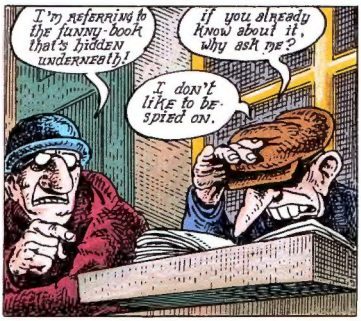
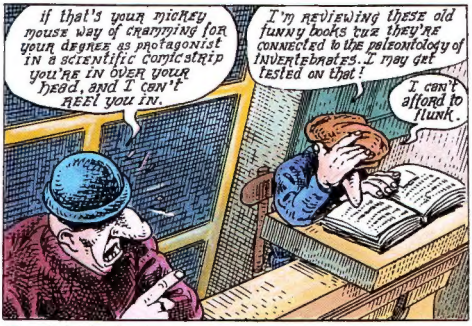
PENGUIN BOOKS

TWO IN THE BALCONY: THE MOUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY







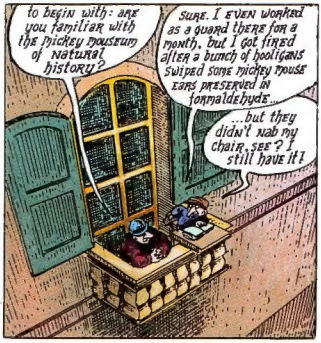


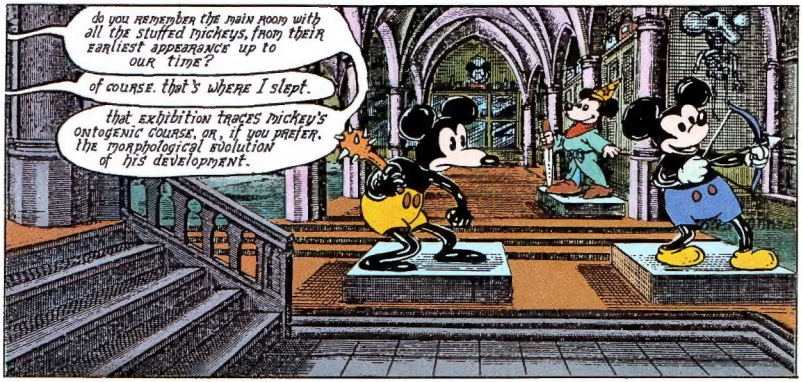
Translation by Joachim Neugroshol, F.M. & a.s. Lettering by Paul Karasik.

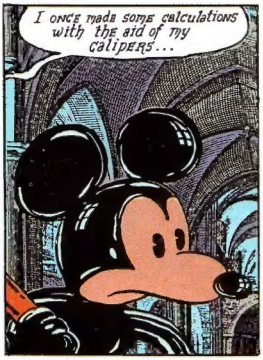
© 1985 Casterman

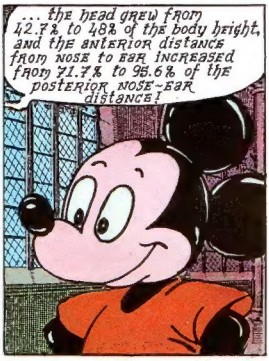
you're wrong! I got this comic from the public library. they lend out rare books y'know!
ah, yes. I see... well if the libraries are now on your side, I suppose the safety standards of our balcony requires me to balance your mickey mouse comic with some weighty thought.

after all, why not? if you absolutely insist on studying the mechanisms of evolution utilizing old mickey mouse comics, we can attempt to examine it together.
gee, really? there actually is a relationship?


to begin with: are you familiar with the mickey museum of natural history?
sure. I even worked as a guard there for a month, but I got fired after a bunch of hooligans swiped some mickey mouse ears preserved in formaldehyde...
...but they didn't nab my chair, see? I still have it!


do you remember the main room with all the stuffed mickeys, from their earliest appearance up to our time?
of course. that's where I slept.
that exhibition traces mickey's ontogenic course, or, if you prefer, the morphological evolution of his development.





this data speaks volumes, doesn't it? do you see what deductions we can make from it?

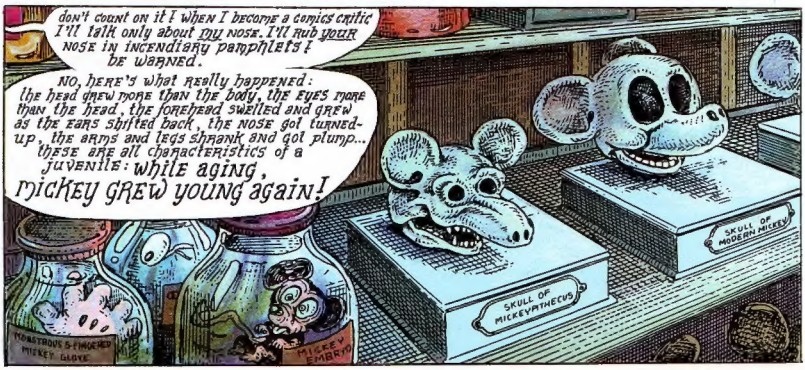
deductions, eh? well... uhm... assuming you manage to deduct the transportation costs of moving such distances from one's yearly gross income, the nation's taxpayers will be eternally grateful...

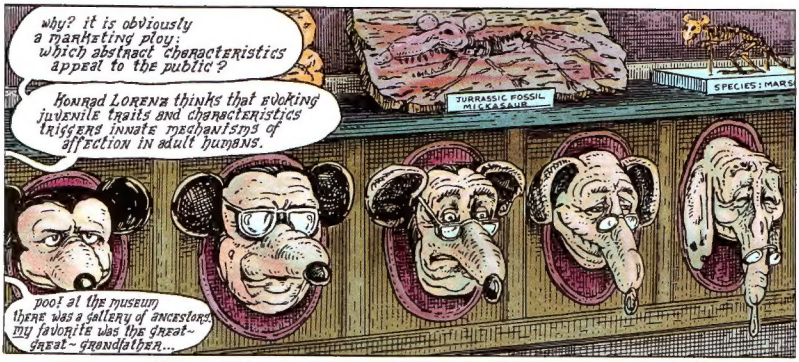
...and I think that this success will open the door to a fabulous career in comic book criticism!

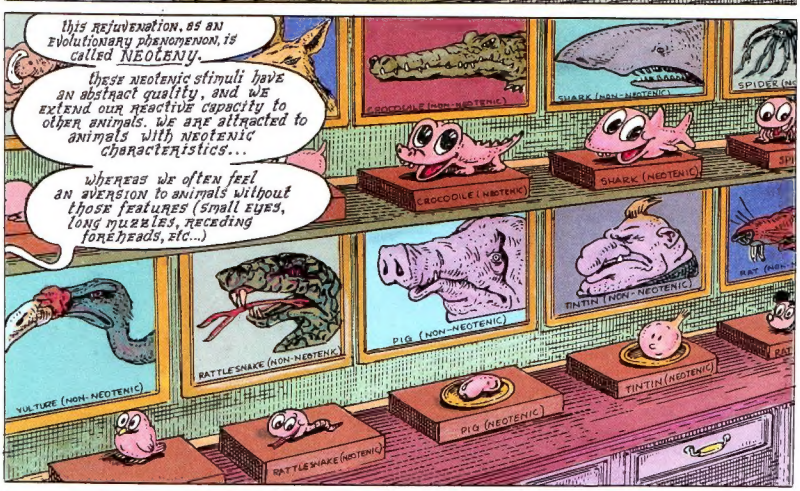
then you can talk about my nose and I'll finally be filthy rich and super-famous!

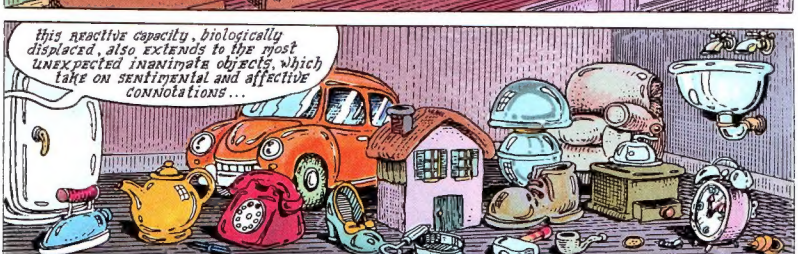
don't count on it! when I become a comics critic I'll talk only about my nose. I'll rub your nose in incendiary pamphlets! be warned.

NO, HERE'S what really happened: the head grew more than the body, the eyes more than the head, the forehead swelled and grew as the ears shifted back, the nose got turned-up, the arms and legs shrank and got plump... these are all characteristics of a juvenile: while aging, MICKEY GREW YOUNG again!




why? it is obviously a marketing ploy: which abstract characteristics appeal to the public?
Konrad Lorenz thinks that evoking juvenile traits and characteristics triggers innate mechanisms of affection in adult humans.
JURRASSIC FOSSIL MICROSAUR
SPECIES: MARS
poof at the museum there was a gallery of ancestors: my favorite was the great-great-grandfather...


this rejuvenation, as an evolutionary phenomenon, is called NEOTENY.
these neotenic stimuli have an abstract quality, and we extend our reactive capacity to other animals. we are attracted to animals with neotenic characteristics...
whereas we often feel an aversion to animals without those features (small eyes, long muzzles, receding foreheads, etc...)
CROCODILE (NON-NEOTENIC)
SHARK (NON-NEOTENIC)
SPIDER
CROCODILE (NEOTENIC)
SHARK (NEOTENIC)
VULTURE (NON-NEOTENIC)
RATTLESNAKE (NON-NEOTENIC)
PIG (NON-NEOTENIC)
TINTIN (NON-NEOTENIC)
RAT
PIG (NEOTENIC)
TINTIN (NEOTENIC)
RATTLESNAKE (NEOTENIC)


this reactive capacity, biologically displaced, also extends to the most unexpected inanimate objects, which take on sentimental and affective connotations...

What does this have to do with human evolution? The skull of a human embryo barely differs from a chimpanzee's...

...then during post-natal growth, the neotenic features are mellowed by a growth of the jaw and a relative diminuation of the skull dome, but far less in man than in other primates.

CHIMPANZEE HUMAN

CHIMPANZEE HUMAN

CHEVALIER COLUCHE*

* FRENCH "COMEDIAN"

and if we compare our present traits with those of our forebear, australopithecus, we see that we have acquired neotenic features. We've grown younger, that is to say, we've kept our youthful features in adulthood.

...We've undergone exactly the same neotenic evolution as Mickey!

and I'm living proof! My cute little trumpet-like nose, my high, curving forehead and my big doe eyes make me look like a living doll!

I'm waiting to hear from the licensers and merchandisers with contracts.

I think I can really go places...

one last question: if one put a diaper on the arch of triumph, could it be seen as a monument to neotenic art?

NO. and not to neo-gothic art, either. the diaper cannot be viewed as a neotenic characteristic in the strictly biological sense ~ you still don't understand ANYTHING!!

after K. Lorenz and Stephen Jay Gould

MARCEL, THE LITTLE WHITE MAN OF IWINDO

MARCEL WILL GET FRESH NEWS THIS WEEK. CAPTAIN THIVIERE'S LITTLE STEAMSHIP, "THE ANITA-ROSE," IS COMING UP THE RIVER.

MARCEL RECEIVED A VISIT FROM THE GENERAL MANAGER OF THE LUMBER COMPANY AT THE END OF THE RAINY SEASON. IT WAS FOUR MONTHS AGO AND, IN IWINDO, THE MONTHS ARE LIKE CENTURIES.

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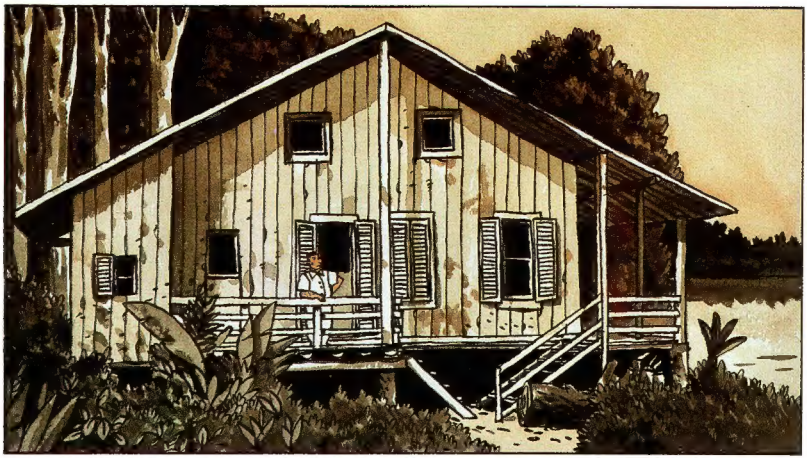
Translation by F.M. and a.s. Lettering by Tomas Bunk.

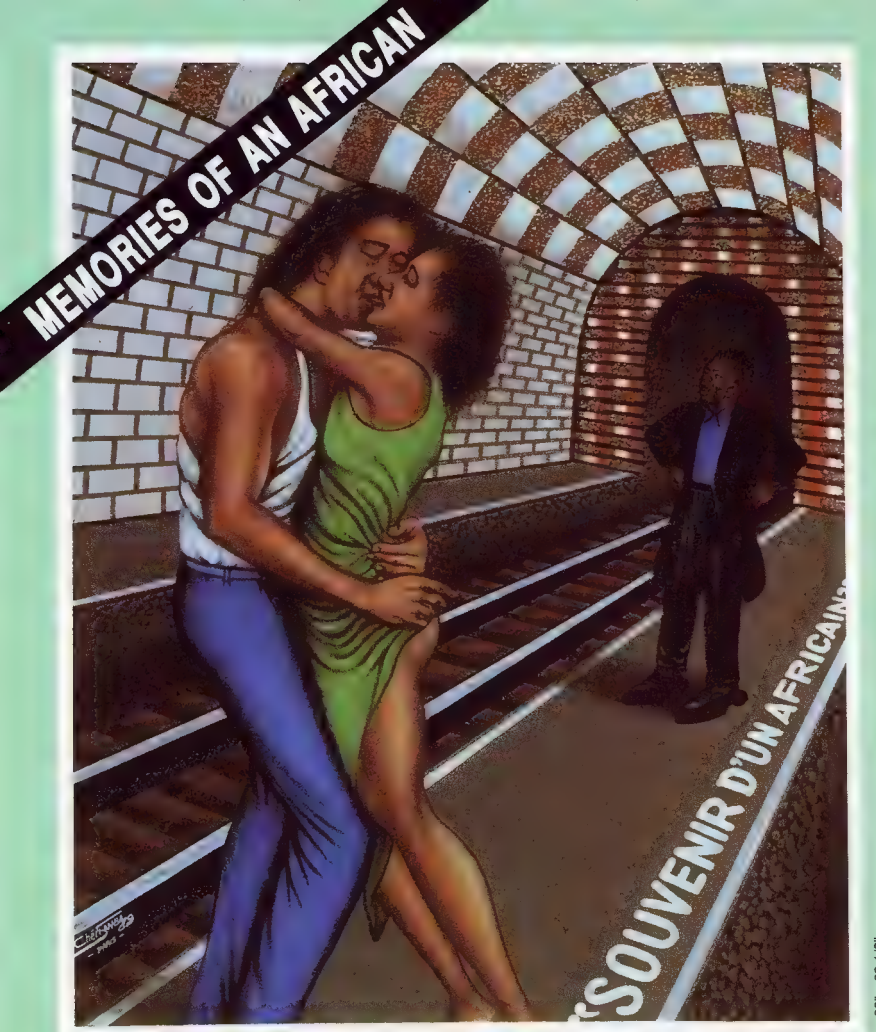


"MONSIEUR MARCEL, I BRING GREETINGS FROM MONSIEUR RIOBIQUE WHOM I SAW DOWN THE RIVER TWO DAYS AGO." MARCEL THINKS ABOUT HIS COLLEAGUES WHO LANDED WITH HIM ON THE DARK CONTINENT THREE YEARS AGO, STALKED BY MADNESS, ALCOHOL AND CHOLERA, WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

IS VICTOR SURLY STILL THE POSTMASTER GENERAL IN MATADI? BETWEEN THE HEAT AND THE ABSINTHE, VICTOR – THAT FANCIER OF LITTLE NEGRO BOYS – IS SLOWLY MELTING.

"AS TO YOUR COUSIN, JEAN LEPRETRE, HE ASKED ME TO TELL YOU THAT HE'S HAPPY WITH HIS NEW JOB SHUFFLING PAPERS AT THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE." JEAN HAS NO BALLS; HE'S NOT A REAL COLONIALIST, AND DOESN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THE JUNGLE, THE BUSH, OR THE RIVER.

THE CAPTAIN AND MARCEL ARE HAVING THEIR USUAL COCKTAIL - BRANDY AND SODA, NO ICE - WITH THE PIERCING HUM OF MOSQUITOES FOR BACKGROUND MUSIC. THE CAPTAIN WILL LEAVE AFTER THESE ENCOURAGING WORDS: "WHEN YOU GET RIGHT DOWN TO IT, MONSIEUR MARCEL, YOU'RE DOING BETTER THAN ALL OF THEM PUT TOGETHER..."



32" x 23 1/2"

POURQUOI CES GENS EN OCCIDENT N'ONT-ILS PAS HONTE ? PARTOUT OU JE PASSE.CES TOUJOURS PAREIL ET ÇA FINIT TOUJOURS COMME ÇA. ILS NE FONT JAMAIS GRAND CHOSE. QUEL MAUVAIS APHRODISIAQUE BOIVENT-ILS QUI LES AIDE A NE PAS BANDER???

HOW COME THOSE WESTERNERS ARE NOT ASHAMED? EVERYWHERE I GO, IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME AND IT ALWAYS ENDS UP LIKE THIS. THEY'RE NEVER REALLY DOING ANYTHING. WHAT BAD APHRODISIAC ARE THEY DRINKING THAT KEEPS THEM FROM HAVING A HARD-ON?

Chéri Samba's work courtesy Galerie Jean-Marc Patras, Paris & Annina Nosei Gallery, New York. Thanks to B. Jewsiewiski for his translation from the Lingala. Design and translation from the French (trying to keep some of the idiosyncrasies) by F. Mouly.

NE LE 30 DEC. 1956 A KINTO-M'VUILA LOCALITE SITUEE A MADIMBA DANS LE BAS-ZAIRE, CHERI SAMBA, DE SON VRAI NOM, "SAMBA WA MBIMBA" FAIT SES ETUDES A L'E.P. ST LEON DE SA LOCALITE ET LES HUMANITES PEDAGOGIQUES A L'ATHENEE DE MADIMBA, AVANT DESCENDRE A KINSHASA (CAPITALE DU ZAIRE) EN 1972 OU APRES AVOIR TRAVAILLE CHEZ 3 PATRONS (PEINTRES), CHERI S'INSTALLE A SON PROPRE COMPTE LE 10 OCT 75 SUR L'AVENUE VUBU 89 A KINSHASA/NGIRI-NGIRI CE FILS DE FORGERON EST AUJOURD'HUI UN AUTODIDACTE DONT LE TALENT A ETE DEJA REMARQUE TANT PAR LA CRITIQUE CAIROISE QU'INTERNATIONALE. IL TRANSPOSE DANS SES TOILES LA TECHNIQUE DE LA BANDE DESSINEE QU'IL A D'AILLEURS PRATIQUE POUR LE JOURNAL BILENGE-INFO DONT LUI-MEME EN ASSUMAIT LA COORDINATION PENDANT 4 ANS (!!!)

CHERI SAMBA

EN PEU D'ANNEE D'ACTIVITE, CHERI A SU SE CREER UN PUBLIC D'AMATEURS ET A PU SE TROUVER DE NOMBREUSES OCCASIONS D'EXPO AU ZAIRE ET A L'ETRANGER. IL EST L'UN DES MAGICIENS DE LA TERRE (1ère EXPO. MONDIALE ORGANISEE PAR LE MUSEE NATIONAL D'ART MODERNE A BEAUBOURG ET A LA GRANDE HALLE LA VILLETTE)

IL A PU VOYAGER AUSSI EN AFRIQUE ET EN EUROPE: 1976, 1977 GABON ET CONGO 1978, 1980 ENCORE CONGO 1982 FRANCE & SUISSE 1984, 1985 SHABA/ZAIRE 1986 FRANCE & CAMEROUN 1988 FRANCE & BELGIQUE 1989 FRANCE & ALLEMAGNE (1990 ALLEMAGNE ... ETC ... DIEU VEUILLE)

LA VOIX DU ZAIRE LUI CONSACRE UN FILM INTITULE CHERI SAMBA PEINTRE POPULAIRE!... CHERI EST AUSSI LE COMMENTATEUR DU FILM "KIN-KIESSE?..." ET L'ACTEUR PRINCIPAL DU FILM "MAITRES DES RUES..." DE DUMON-DIRK (BRT)

28" x 31 1/2"

[Translation of above:] **BORN DEC. 30TH, 1956 IN KINTO-M'VUILA (SOUTHERN ZAIRE), CHERI SAMBA, WHOSE REAL NAME IS "SAMBA WA MEIMBA," WAS A STUDENT AT HIS VILLAGE'S PRIMARY SCHOOL, ST. LEON, AND DID HIS HUMANITIES AT THE ATHENEE IN MADIMBA, BEFORE GOING DOWN TO KINSHASA (CAPITAL OF ZAIRE) IN 1972 WHERE, AFTER HAVING WORKED UNDER 3 MASTERS (PAINTERS), CHERI SET UP HIS OWN SHOP ON OCT. 10TH, 1975, AT 89 AVE KASA-VUBU, KINSHASA, NGIRI-NGIRI. THIS SON OF A BLACKSMITH IS NOW AN AUTODIDACT WHOSE TALENT HAS ALREADY BEEN NOTICED BY ZAIRIAN AS WELL AS INTERNATIONAL CRITICS. IN HIS PAINTINGS, HE TRANSPOSES THE TECHNIQUE OF THE COMIC STRIP, A MEDIUM HE ACTUALLY PRACTICED FOR THE MAGAZINE BILENGE-INFO WHERE HE WAS AN EDITOR FOR 4 YEARS.**

IN JUST A FEW YEARS OF ACTIVITY, CHERI HAS DEVELOPED A PUBLIC OF PATRONS AND FOUND NUMEROUS OCCASIONS TO EXHIB- IN ZAIRE AND ABROAD. HE IS ONE OF THE MAGICIANS OF THE EARTH (1ST INTERNATIONAL EXHIBIT ORGANIZED BY THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART AT BEAUBOURG AND IN THE "GRANDE HALLE" AT LA VILLETTE.)
HE ALSO TRAVELED AROUND AFRICA AND TO EUROPE: 1976, 1977 GABON AND CONGO. 1978, 1980, CONGO AGAIN. 1982, FRANCE & SWITZERLAND. 1984, 1985 SHABA/ZAIRE. 1986 FRANCE & CAMEROUN. 1988, FRANCE & BELGIUM. 1989, FRANCE & GERMANY.
(1990, GERMANY...ETC...GOD WILLING)
LA VOIX DU ZAIRE DEVOTED A FILM TO HIM "CHERI SAMBA, FOLK PAINTER!"... CHERI IS ALSO THE NARRATOR OF THE FILM "KIN-KIESSE?"... AND PLAYED THE LEAD IN "MAITRES DES RUES"...BY DUMON-DIRK (BRT).

Chéri Samba's studio in Kinshasa

WOOOO!... WY IZ TODAYZ PREECHER TAWKIN' NONSENSE?... WHODO SHE TINK SHE IZ? WHUT DEVIL DUZ SHE FIND IN DRINK?... AN', WHUT DRINK IZ SHE TAWKIN' ABOUT?... IZZIT WATUH? ...TEE?... KAWFEE?... KOKAKOLA?... SKOL *[local beer]*?... PRIMUS *[another beer]* ?...

THE SHAMEFUL CONDUCT OF SOME OF

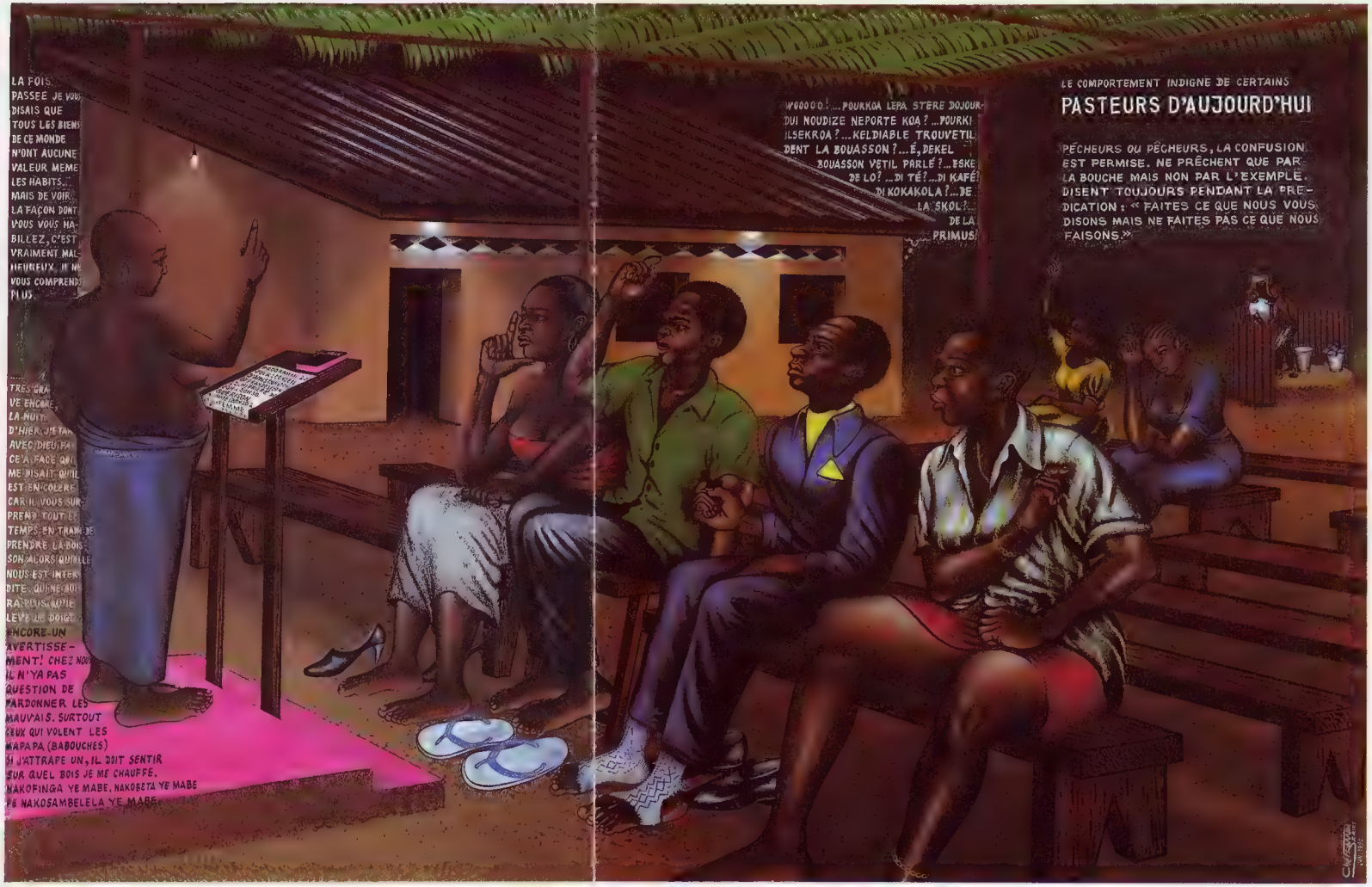
TODAY'S PREACHERS

ARE THEY REALLY WISE OR JUST WISE GUYS? THEY PREACH WITH THEIR MOUTHS, NEVER WITH THEIR ACTIONS. DURING A SERMON THEY ALWAYS TELL YOU: "DO AS WE SAY BUT NOT AS WE DO."

52" x 78"

LAST TIME I WAS TELLING YOU THAT NONE OF THE MATERIAL GOODS IN THIS WORLD ARE WORTH ANYTHING, NOT EVEN CLOTHES. BUT TO SEE THE WAY YOU'RE DRESSED IS REALLY A SHAME. I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU ANYMORE.

ANOTHER SERIOUS PROBLEM -- LAST NIGHT I WAS FACE-TO-FACE WITH GOD WHO TOLD ME HE WAS VERY ANGRY BECAUSE HE ALWAYS FINDS YOU TAKING A DRINK WHEN IT'S FORBIDDEN TO US. ALL THOSE WHO'LL STOP DRINKING, RAISE YOUR HAND? ONE LAST WARNING! FOR US, IT'S OUT OF THE QUESTION TO FORGIVE THE BAD ONES. ESPECIALLY THOSE WHO STEAL THE MAPAPA (SLIPPERS.) IF I CATCH ONE, HE'S REALLY GONNA GET IT. I'M GONNA CURSE HIM SOMETHING FIERCE. I'M GONNA HIT HIM SOMETHING FIERCE. I'LL PRAY FOR HIM A LOT.



THE SCOURGE OF THE CENTURY

[Top half of circle:] AIDS COMES FROM AFRICA, ALL THE WESTERN MEDIA ARE TALKING ABOUT IT. —ARE YOU KIDDING? WHY IS AFRICA AL–*[continues inside circle:]* –WAYS THE SCAPEGOAT? NO, IT COMES FROM THE WEST, A MISTAKE IN GENETIC ENGINEERING! –WIND BACK THE CLOCK *[bottom of circle:]* BUT... WHAT'S THE POINT OF SUCH ENDLESS ARGUMENTS? WHAT ARE THE RESEARCHERS DOING? DON'T WE HAVE THE RIGHT TO LIVE?

22" x 25 1/2"

IL N'Y AURA JAMAIS DE MAUVAIS OUVRIERS AU MONDE SI LES PATRONS AVAIENT DES MAINS CHARITABLES

LOVE OF WORK

I LOVE MY WORK. UNFORTUNATELY, I ALWAYS RUN INTO PEOPLE WHO, WITH THEIR STRANGLEHOLD ON ME, EARN A LIVING ON MY BACK.

THERE NEVER WILL BE BAD WORKERS IN THE WORLD IF THE BOSSES' HANDS WERE MORE CHARITABLE.

THE BATTLE AGAINST THE MOSQUITOES

– YOU KILL THOSE ON THE RIGHT, DARLING, WHILE I FIGHT THE LEFTISTS.

– I'M DOING IT, MY LOVE. I ALREADY KILLED TWO BUT IT SEEMS TO ME THAT THEY'RE COMING BACK TO LIFE.

CAREFUL!.. CAREFUL!.. ALL THE MEANS OF AIDS TRANSMISSION ARE NOT YET KNOWN, AND THE DISEASE ITSELF IS STILL INCURABLE SO FAR. LOVERS HAVE A PROBLEM. THEY MUST KNOW WHERE IT'S SAFE TO THROW AWAY **USED CONDOMS**

52" x 79"

25 3/8" x 31 1/2"

EN AFRIQUE, LA MALARIA TUE PLUS QUE LE SIDA. SURTOUT CHEZ LES PETITS ENFANTS. LE VIRUS DE LA MALARIA S'APPELE "MOUSTIQUES". CE VIRUS SEMBLE ETRE TRES PUISSANT QUE LES BLANCS ET LES NOIRS QUI VIVENT EN AFRIQUE

IN AFRICA, MALARIA KILLS MORE THAN AIDS. ESPECIALLY AMONG SMALL CHILDREN. THE VIRUS OF MALARIA IS CALLED "MOSQUITO." THIS VIRUS SEEMS TO BE MORE POWERFUL THAN WHITES AND BLACKS LIVING IN AFRICA.

1. IT'S TRUE THAT IT'S HARD TO EARN MONEY. I SPENT A LOT OF TIME IN THIS FOREIGN COUNTRY BUT I HAVEN'T EARNED MUCH. BETTER GO HOME BEFORE I RUN OUT OF THE LITTLE BIT I EARNED. BUT... IN THE COUNTRY I'M GOING BACK TO, THERE'RE TOO MANY PROBLEMS. I DON'T KNOW IF THE MEMBERS OF THE **SO-PE-KA** (BUY-GIVE-SHARE) ARE STILL AROUND.

2. FRANKLY, AT HOME WE TAKE MONEY FOR GRANTED. FROM THE 1ST TO THE 31ST WE'RE ALWAYS ASKING FOR HELP. THIS TIME THE FLATTERERS WILL RESENT ME. I WON'T MAKE THE MISTAKE AGAIN OF THROWING MONEY AROUND. I'LL EVEN ENDURE THE PAIN OF TRAVELING EVERYWHERE BY FOOT. A BIT OF LAND IS THE THING. I'VE GOT TO GET A BIT OF LAND OTHERWISE I'LL ALWAYS BE A TENANT.

3. **LOCAL COMMITTEE OF BEGGARS**
A DECENTRALIZED COMMITTEE WHOSE MOTTO IS: SO-PE-KA BUY ME -GIVE ME-SHARE WITH ME

FLATTERERS ASSOCIATION A FOR-PROFIT ORGANIZATION
WELCOMES YOU. DON'T FORGET OUR MOTTO: SO-PE-KA IF YOU GIVE TO SOMEONE ONCE, YOU HAVE TO DO IT EVERY TIME OR YOU'LL BE SEEN AS STINGY.

I'M DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU AND I HOPE ALL MY PROBLEMS ARE GOING TO BE SOLVED. GIVE ME THE MONEY. WHERE IS THE BEER?

CAN'T YOU GIVE *ME* SOMETHING? EVERY DAY, YOU'RE ALWAYS ASKING FOR SOMETHING. WHY AREN'T YOU ASHAMED? LEAVE ME ALONE, I DON'T HAVE A LOT.

58" x 79"

4. I ASKED YOU FOR MONEY, STOCKINGS, SOCKS, SHOES, PERFUME AND ESPECIALLY FOR THE BEER YOU PROMISED ME BEFORE GOING ON YOUR TRIP. YOU REFUSE TO GIVE THEM TO ME. YOU'RE TIGHT-FISTED. DIE TODAY SO WE BURY YOU TOMORROW.

YOU'RE ABOUT TO PREY ON YOUR BROTHER FOR NOTHING. THERE'S A WORLD CRISIS GOING ON. THE WHOLE WORLD IS TALKING ABOUT IT. MONEY HAS BECOME VERY HARD TO GET. "WE USED TO SHARE; IF TODAY WE'VE BECOME TIGHT-FISTED, IT'S BECAUSE OF SOMETHING AT OUR JOBS." DON'T CONDEMN YOUR FRIEND WITHOUT A TRIAL. ALL OF US ARE IN TROUBLE.

CONDEMNED WITHOUT A TRIAL

5. FLATTERY IS BAD... TO SOLVE THE WORLD CRISIS, DON'T DEPEND ON THE EFFORTS OF JUST ONE PERSON. NOWADAYS, PEOPLE LIKE THE EASY LIFE BUT THEY FORGET ABOUT WORK. THEY JUST PESTER SOMEONE ELSE. "HELPING" HAS BECOME ALMOST MYSTICAL. THE ANCESTORS SAID: "HE WHO EATS WITH YOU IS YOUR ENEMY. THE FLATTERER NEVER APPRECIATES ANYONE; IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE IF YOU GIVE OR NOT. THE DAY YOU FALL, HE WON'T COME TO YOUR AID; RATHER IT WILL BE HIM WHO WILL LAUGH AT YOU."

THE BIG PICTURE WAS DENIED HIM BY A HUNDRED YEARS OF SPECULATIVE BUILDING ALONG THE WATERFRONT.
IF HE RAN TO THE WINDOW AT THE RIGHT MOMENT, HE COULD SEE A PIECE OF A PASSING SHIP
CARRYING THE LATEST PERFUMES FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD.
PAR COEUR WAS ONCE VERY POPULAR.
BUT BY THE END OF THE DECADE IT HAD SOMEHOW LOST ITS APPEAL.
SNIF
TODAY, ITS SCENT CLINGS ONLY TO THE EMPTY SEATS OF THOSE CONCERT HALLS WHICH CAN BE RENTED FOR THE EVENING BY WEAK, COLORATURA SOPRANOS.
AND WHAT ABOUT 'AMOROSO'?
A SCENT NOW ONLY FOUND TRAPPED IN THE LINING OF OLD WINTER COATS IN STORAGE.
AND THEN THERE WAS 'CORPUS DIVINO'...
WHERE'S THAT SHIPMENT OF 'CZARINA#2'?
AFTER WORK, HE'D GO ACROSS THE STREET
TO WHERE ALL THE SAILORS ATE.
GENEROSITY RESTAURANT
HE'D ORDER A MEAL JUST TO SIT AND LISTEN
NOW I CAN'T SPREAD MY LEGS MORE THAN TWELVE INCHES
TO DESCRIPTIONS OF THE LATEST FORMS OF VENEREAL DISEASE CONTRACTED IN THE FAR CORNERS OF THE WORLD.
AFTERWARDS, I GET THIS PULLING IN MY BALLS...
FOR BEHIND EACH SYMPTOM AND SIGN OF PHYSICAL DECAY
I PROMISED HER I'D JUMP SHIP THAT NIGHT...
WAS AN EXOTIC TALE OF FADED ROMANCE AND ETERNAL LUST.
THEY ALL GO AROUND NAKED, THAT'S THE STYLE
HAVING ONLY A FEW HOURS SHORE LEAVE, THE SAILORS PREFER TO STAY WITHIN SIGHT OF WATER
YOU NEVER FELT A FIG LEAF?
AND HE COULD GET THEM ANY PERFUME THEY WANTED... WHOLESALE.
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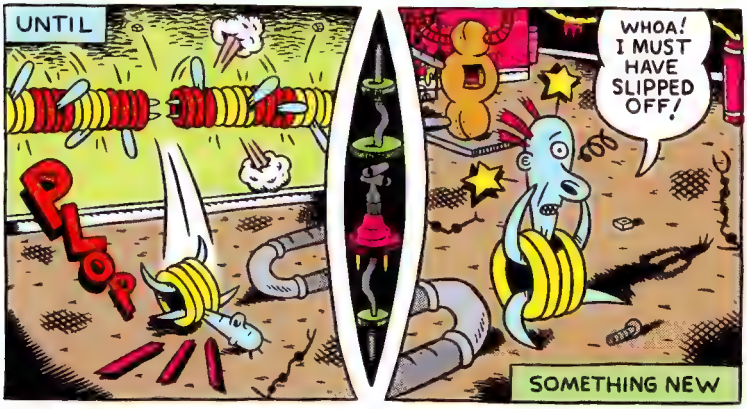
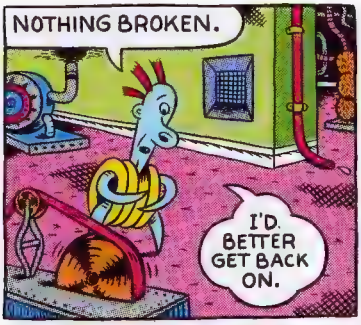
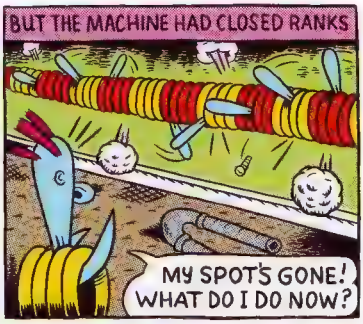
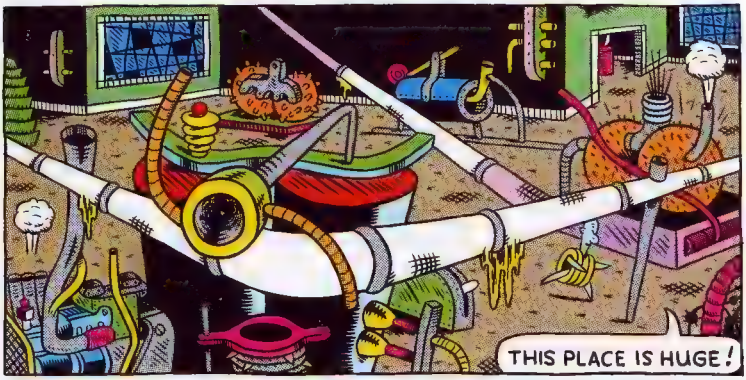
little bastard®

IN A CORNER OF A FULLY-AUTOMATED FACTORY ON A PLANET ENFOLDED WITHIN A CARTOON SURREALIST GALAXY, A BIG MEAN BASTARD MACHINE CHUGS AWAY AS IT HAS FOR A HUNDRED MILLION YEARS.

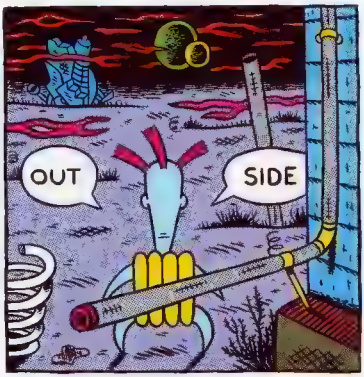


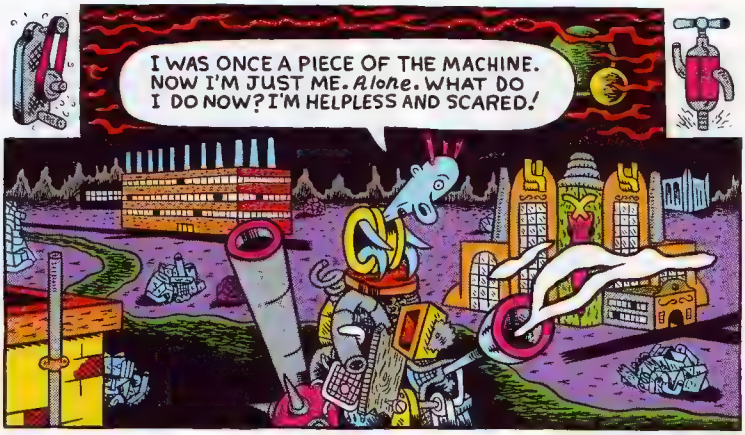

NOTHING BROKEN.
I'D BETTER GET BACK ON.

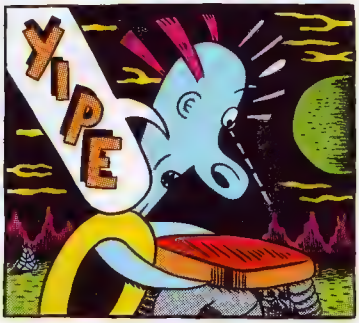

BUT THE MACHINE HAD CLOSED RANKS
MY SPOT'S GONE! WHAT DO I DO NOW?

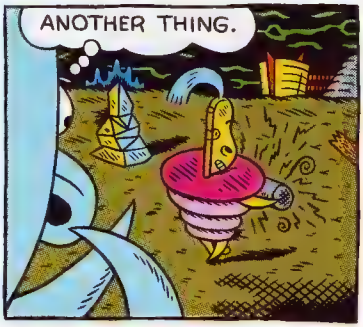

THIS PLACE IS HUGE!

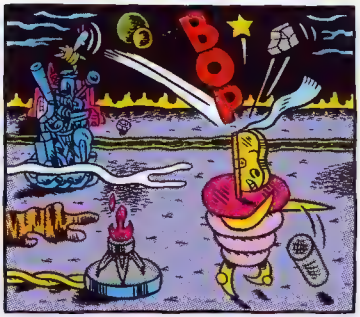
THE LITTLE BASTARD ROAMED AROUND IN THE FACTORY FOR DAYS AND DAYS WITHOUT A SIGN OF ANYONE ---
UNTIL HE FOUND HIMSELF

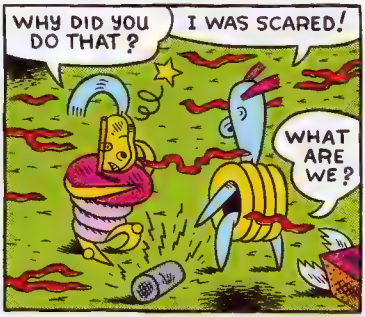

OUT
SIDE


I WAS ONCE A PIECE OF THE MACHINE. NOW I'M JUST ME. *Alone*. WHAT DO I DO NOW? I'M HELPLESS AND SCARED!

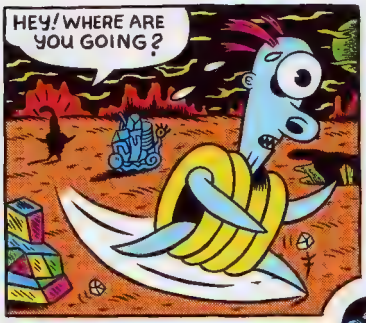

YIPE

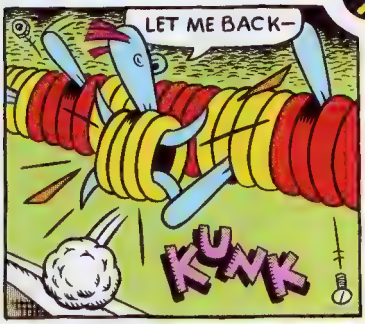

ANOTHER THING.

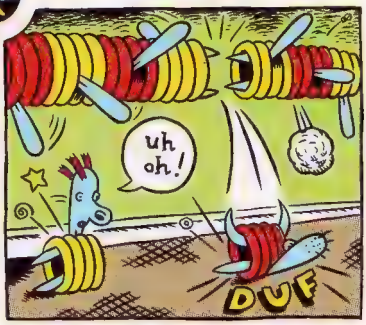

BOOP

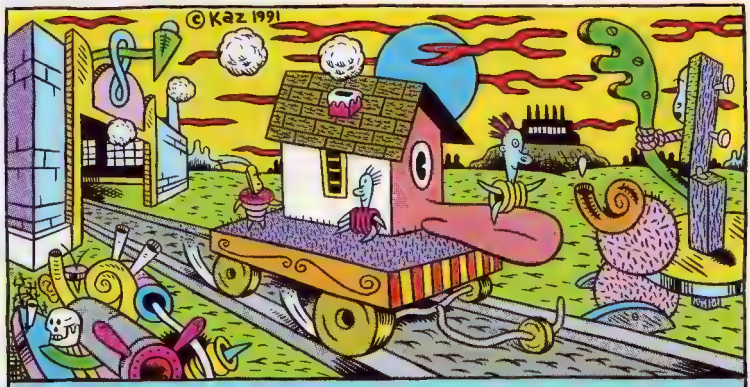

WHY DID YOU DO THAT?
I WAS SCARED!
WHAT ARE WE?

I'M NOT SURE. BUT WE NEED THIS TO LIVE!
RADIATION!
IT FEELS GOOD WHEN YOU PRESS IT UP TO YOUR BODY.
WHOEVER BUILT THESE FACTORIES LEFT A WHOLE BUNCH OF IT AROUND!
THESE BUGS LIKE IT TOO. And WE CAN EAT THEM AND SHIT MORE RADIATION ON THE GROUND.
Then WHAT DO WE DO?
I DON'T KNOW.
ANY-THING WE WANT.
I GUESS.









LET THE RADIATION BLOOM FOR ALL THE LITTLE BASTARDS. AND LET THEM PLAY IN THE JUICY JUNKYARD OF DISJOINTED DREAMS.

KRAZY KAT

In May of 1936, the author of **Krazy Kat**, George Herriman, abandoned his whimsical lyricism for about eight weeks in order to compose a rare sustained Krazy Kat narrative involving this rather remarkable **Tiger Tea**, which properties my generation has long associated with marijuana, and Mr. Segar's generation has long associated with spinach.

"Tiger Tea" is Herriman's own flirtation with high-adventure Continuity as it first blasted onto Depression-era newspaper pages and surrounded Krazy with Tarzan, Tracy, Buck Rogers and the rest. "Tiger Tea," as rescored here from a four-panel daily into six-panel comic book pages, finds Herriman riding a wild river composed of his own fabulous ethnic dialecticisms. It includes some of Herriman's very best writing (his only writing at a stretch). George's strange yiddisha ragtime dickensian voice has never sung quite so sweetly. *-Bob Callahan*

Bob Callahan is the executive editor and co-publisher of **The Komplete Kat Komics**, now in its seventh volume from Eclipse Books/Turtle Island (PO Box 1099, Forestville, Ca. 95436)

For further reading see also:**The Komplete Kolor Krazy Kat** edited by Rick Marschall, Remco World Service Books (from Kitchen Sink Press, 2 Swamp Road, Princeton, Wi. 54968) & **The Comic Art of George Herriman** by Patrick McDonnell et. al., Abrams, NY.

HERRIMAN

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KATNIP KONSOLIDATED HAS KOLLEPSED — I SEE.
YES, THE BIG KATNIP TRUST HAS GONE PLUEY —
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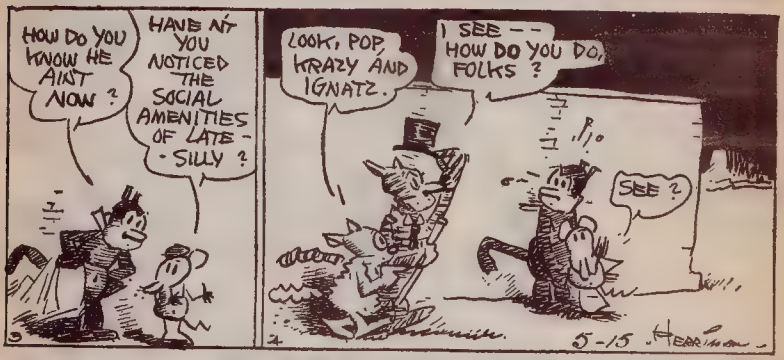
ISN'T THAT LIL KITTIN KET'S POPPA THE PRETZIDINT OF THAT BITZNISS ?
HE USED TO BE


HOW DO YOU KNOW HE AIN'T NOW ?
HAVE N'T YOU NOTICED THE SOCIAL AMENITIES OF LATE - - SILLY ?
LOOK, POP, KRAZY AND IGNATZ.
I SEE -- HOW DO YOU DO, FOLKS ?
SEE ?
5-15

WEN MR. MEEYOWL WAS PRETZIDINT OF THAT BIG KETNIP BITZNITZ AN' HAD A SHOFFA, A GODNA AN' A BUTLA, HE WOODEN TALK TO US — HEH — ?
OF COURSE NOT- HE WAS RICH THEN —
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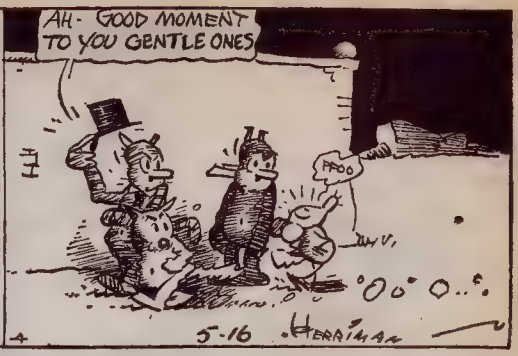
AN' NOW HE'S NICE, AN' KINE AN' FRENLY TO US — — HEH ?
SURE - HE'S POOR NOW.

WY IS THAT ?
THE EXIGENCIES OF FORTUNE, KAT.
3


AH- GOOD MOMENT TO YOU GENTLE ONES
HI
PFOO
4
5-16
HERRIMAN

YOU CAN'T HELP MR. MEEYOWL REGAIN HIS WEALTH - HIS KATNIP BUSINESS WAS CLEANED OUT FOR KEEPS - HE'S BROKE - POOR - PENNILESS - AND THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO FOR HIM -
JOY, HOW I WITCH I COULD.
1
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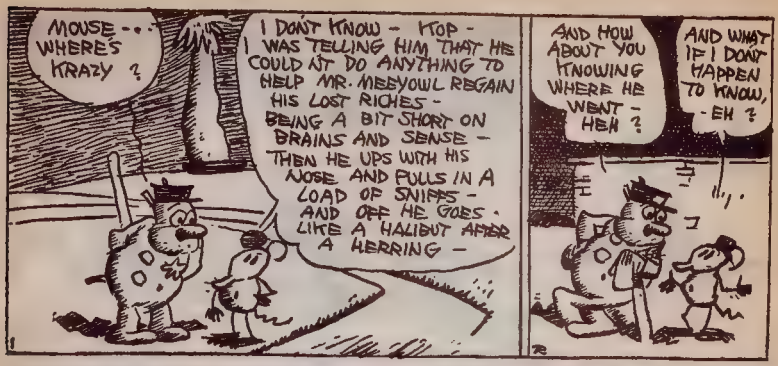
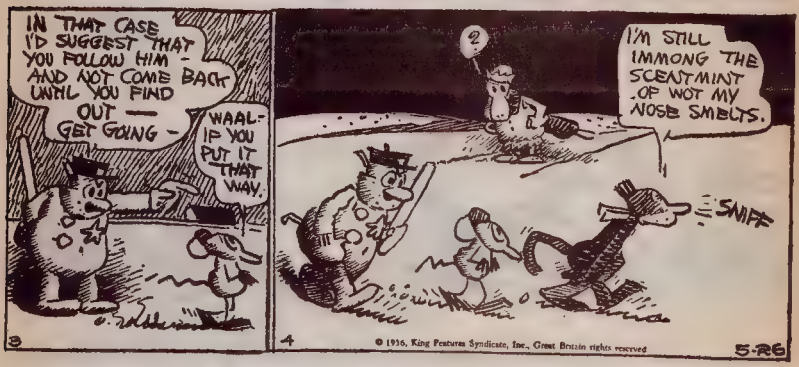
BUT, KAT - HOW CAN YOU? YOU HAVE NO HEAD - NO BRAINS - NO SENSE - NO ACUMEN NO -
AIN'T I GOT NO YES SOMETHIN'?
2

NOTHING BUT NOBS -
NOSE - !!!
3

THANX FOR REMINDING ME ...
SNIFF
4
HERRIMAN
5-25


MOUSE - - - WHERE'S KRAZY ?
I DONT KNOW - KOP - I WAS TELLING HIM THAT HE COULD NT DO ANYTHING TO HELP MR. MEEYOWL REGAIN HIS LOST RICHES - BEING A BIT SHORT ON BRAINS AND SENSE - THEN HE UPS WITH HIS NOSE AND PULLS IN A LOAD OF SNIFFS - AND OFF HE GOES - LIKE A HALIBUT AFTER A HERRING -
AND HOW ABOUT YOU KNOWING WHERE HE WENT - HEH ?
AND WHAT IF I DONT HAPPEN TO KNOW, - EH ?


IN THAT CASE I'D SUGGEST THAT YOU FOLLOW HIM - AND NOT COME BACK UNTIL YOU FIND OUT — GET GOING -
WAAL- IF YOU PUT IT THAT WAY,
?
I'M STILL IMMONG THE SCENTMINT OF WOT MY NOSE SMELTS.
SNIFF
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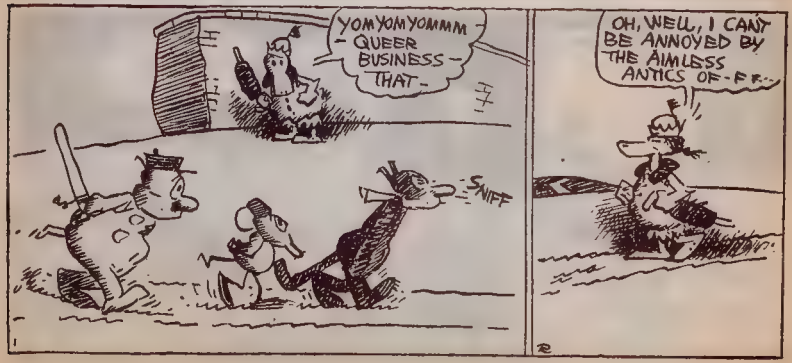
5-26


YOMYOMYOMMM - QUEER BUSINESS - THAT -
SNIFF
OH, WELL, I CANT BE ANNOYED BY THE AIMLESS ANTICS OF - F F -

THE IRROMA IS STILL IN MY NOZZILS.
SNIFF
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HERRIMAN

SNIFF
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SNIFF

SNIFF

I'M GETTIN' CLOSA - AN' CLOSA -
SNIFF

I-I-I GUESS I FELL ASLEEP FROM EXHAUSTION -
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1

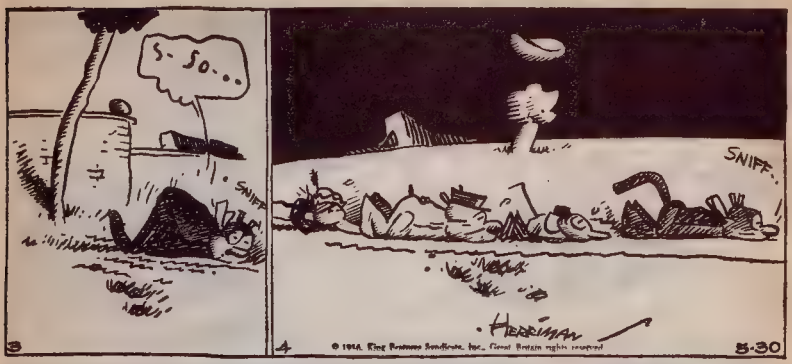
W-WHERE AM I? I GUESS FATIGUE GOT ME
2

I-I-I MUST HAVE CAVED IN - -
3

I-I-I STILL GOT THE SCENT -
SNIFF
4
5-29

I-I-I'M GETTIN' WERRA, WERRA WIRRA . . .
SNIFF
1

S-S-SO TIRED -
SNIFF
2


S- SO...
SNIFF
SNIFF..
HERRIMAN
3
4
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5-30

FOR A HOLE WHIL I BIN HEVING A IDA THAT SOMEBODDA WAS FOLLIN' ME -
MUSTA BIN A MITZTAKE - WHO WOULD. - I WUNDA?
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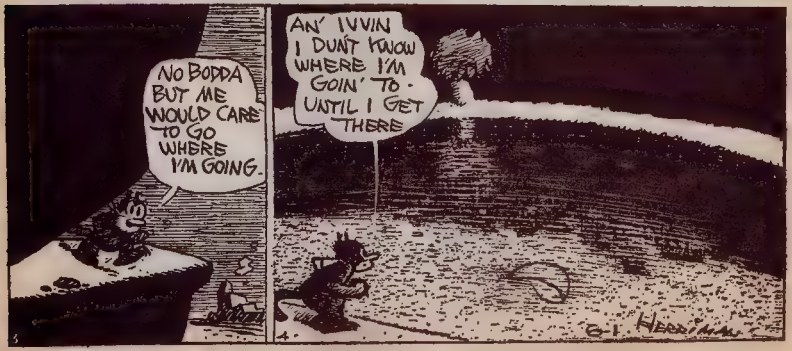
1
2


NO BODDA BUT ME WOULD CARE TO GO WHERE I'M GOING.
AN' IVVIN I DUNT KNOW WHERE I'M GOIN' TO - UNTIL I GET THERE
G. I. HERRIMAN

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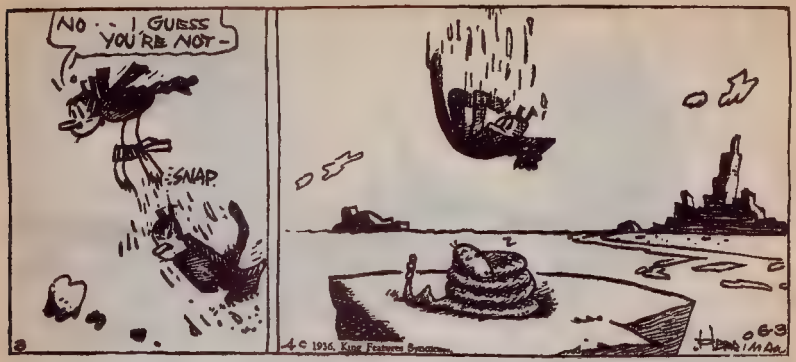
HOUSIN KRAZY - WELL !!
HOUSIN KETBOID WELL WELL!
YOU'RE HEAVIER THAN YOU USED TO BE —


NO - - I GUESS YOU'RE NOT -
SNAP
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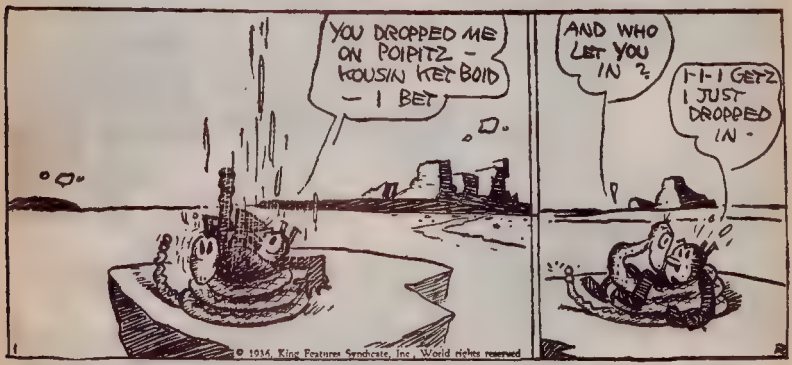
6-3


YOU DROPPED ME ON POIPITZ - KOUSIN KET BOID - I BET
AND WHO LET YOU IN ?
I-I-I GET-Z I JUST DROPPED IN -
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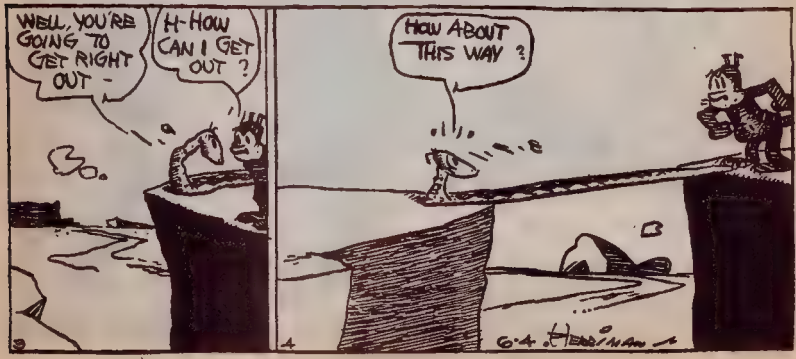
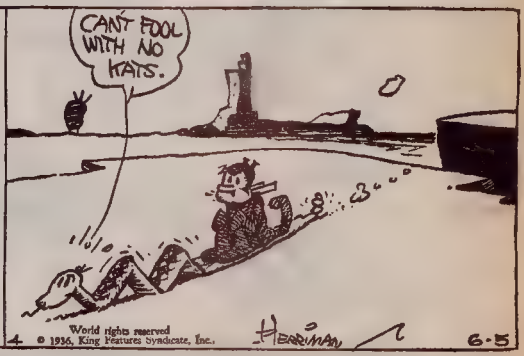

WELL, YOU'RE GOING TO GET RIGHT OUT -
H-HOW CAN I GET OUT ?
HOW ABOUT THIS WAY ?
6-4



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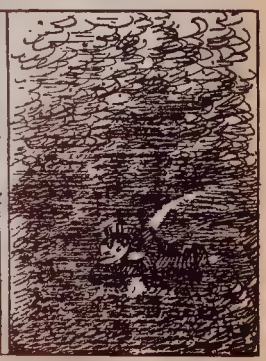
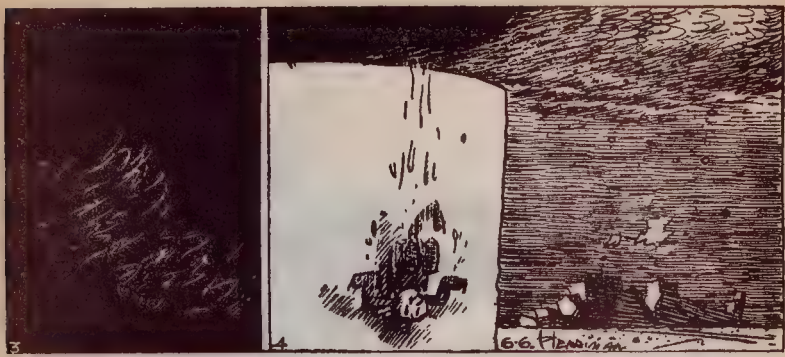
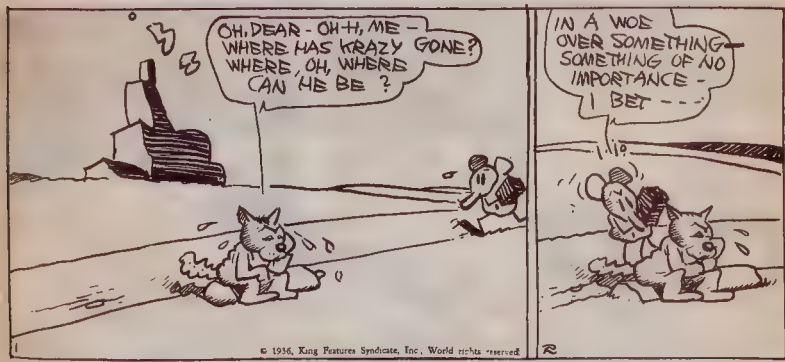



3
4
6-6. HERRIMAN


OH, DEAR - OH-H, ME - WHERE HAS KRAZY GONE? WHERE, OH, WHERE CAN HE BE ?
IN A WOE OVER SOMETHING - SOMETHING OF NO IMPORTANCE - I BET - - -
1
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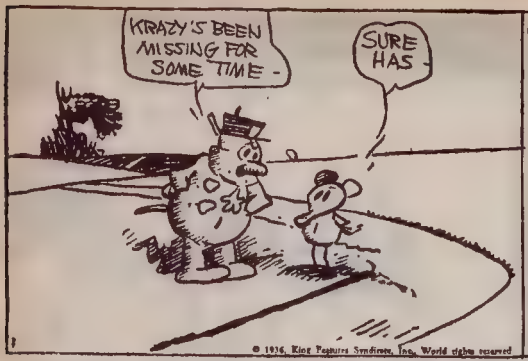
2

HUH-H - I SHOULD WORRY ABOUT HIS WORRIES -
I'VE GOT TO FIND THAT KAT.
3
4
HERRIMAN
6-8


KRAZY'S BEEN MISSING FOR SOME TIME -
SURE HAS -
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KNOW WHERE HE IS ?
NO - DO YOU ?

NO - I DON'T.
I SURE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

SO WOULD I.
HERRIMAN
6-9

GATITA, NIÑA, YOU SEEM SO SAD THESE DAYS - IS IT BECAUSE I AM NO LONGER RICH - NO LONGER ... THE KATNIP KING - — IS IT ?
NO, POPPY - OF COURSE NOT.
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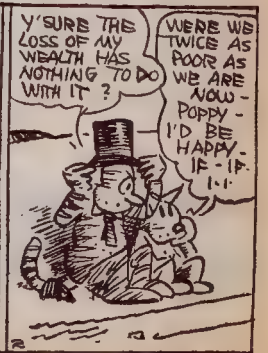
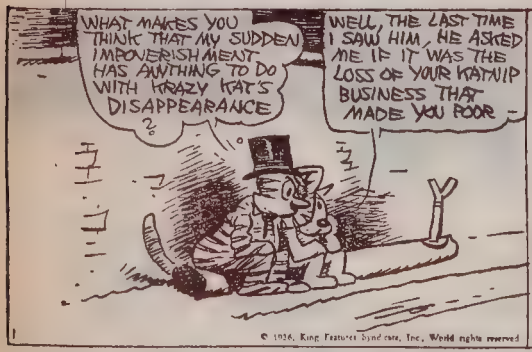
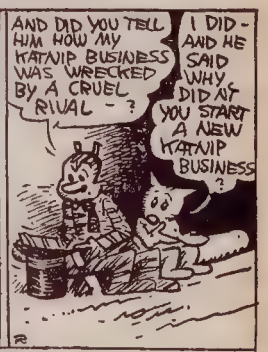

Y'SURE THE LOSS OF MY WEALTH HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH IT ?
WERE WE TWICE AS POOR AS WE ARE NOW - POPPY - I'D BE HAPPY - IF - IF - I - I -





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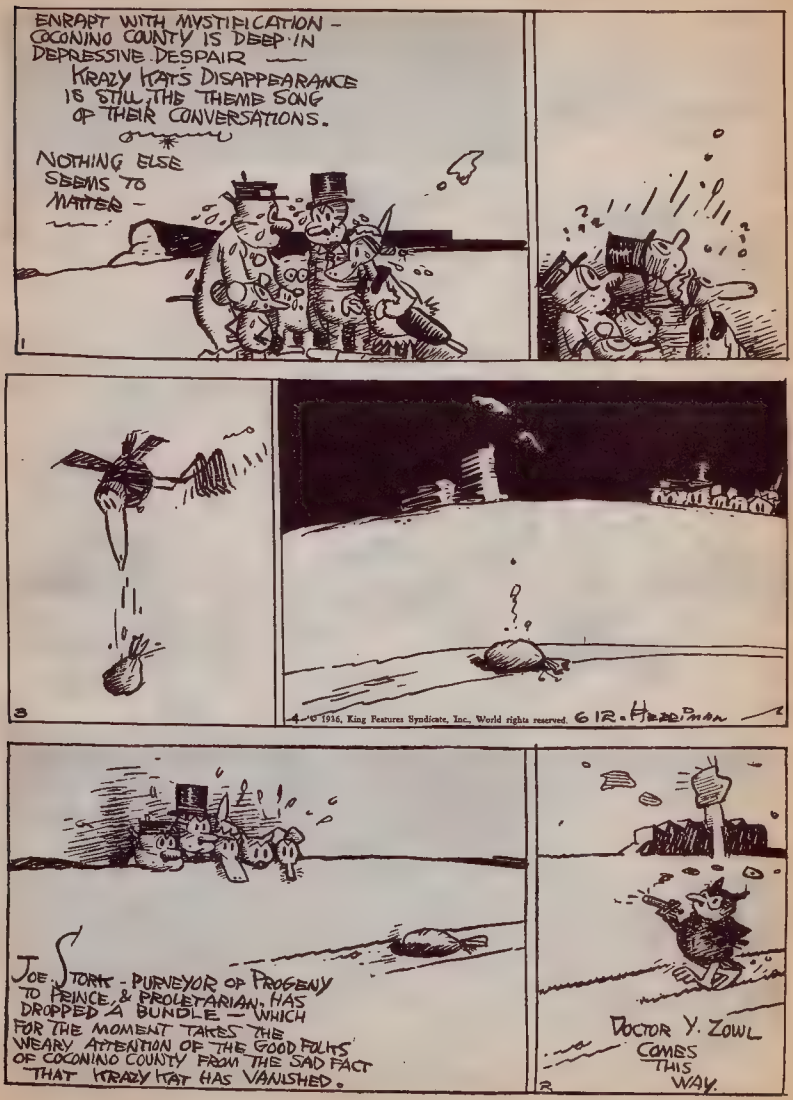
ENRAPT WITH MYSTIFICATION – COCONINO COUNTY IS DEEP IN DEPRESSIVE DESPAIR —
KRAZY KAT'S DISAPPEARANCE IS STILL THE THEME SONG OF THEIR CONVERSATIONS.
NOTHING ELSE SEEMS TO MATTER –
1
3
4
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GEO. HERRIMAN
JOE STORK - PURVEYOR OF PROGENY TO PRINCE & PROLETARIAN, HAS DROPPED A BUNDLE — WHICH FOR THE MOMENT TAKES THE WEARY ATTENTION OF THE GOOD FOLKS OF COCONINO COUNTY FROM THE SAD FACT THAT KRAZY KAT HAS VANISHED.
DOCTOR Y. ZOWL COMES THIS WAY.
2

- PAUSES

- AND GOES THAT WAY.
4 Herriman
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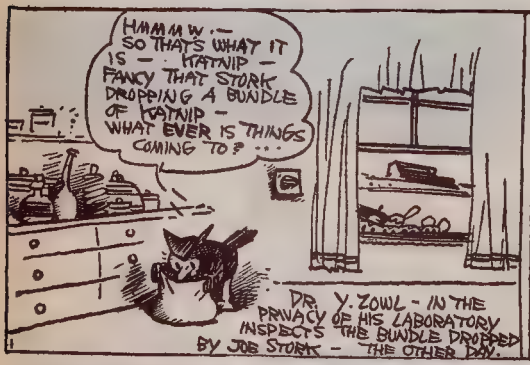
6-13


HMMMW - SO THAT'S WHAT IT IS - KATNIP - FANCY THAT STORK DROPPING A BUNDLE OF KATNIP - WHAT EVER IS THINGS COMING TO? ...
DR. Y. ZOWL - IN THE PRIVACY OF HIS LABORATORY INSPECTS THE BUNDLE DROPPED BY JOE STORK - THE OTHER DAY.

ALL EYES - ALL EARS - KURIOSITY IS AT HAND - ON TIPTOES.

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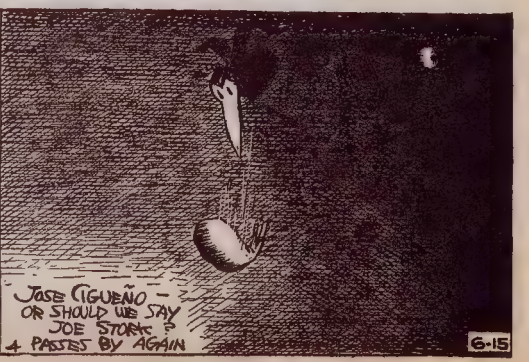
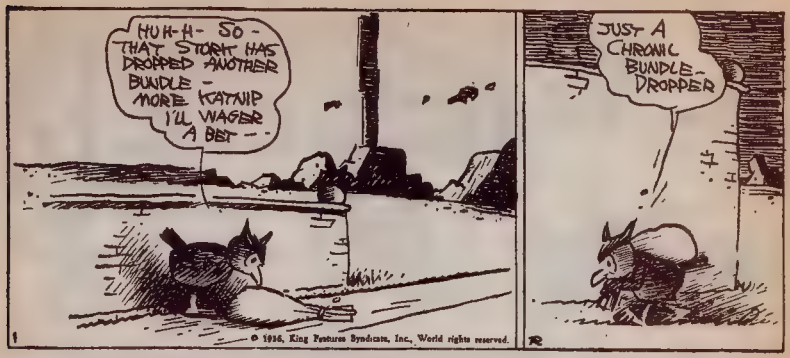

JOSE CIGUEÑO - OR SHOULD WE SAY JOE STORK?
4 PASSES BY AGAIN
6-15


HUH-H- SO- THAT STORK HAS DROPPED ANOTHER BUNDLE - MORE KATNIP I'LL WAGER A BET - -
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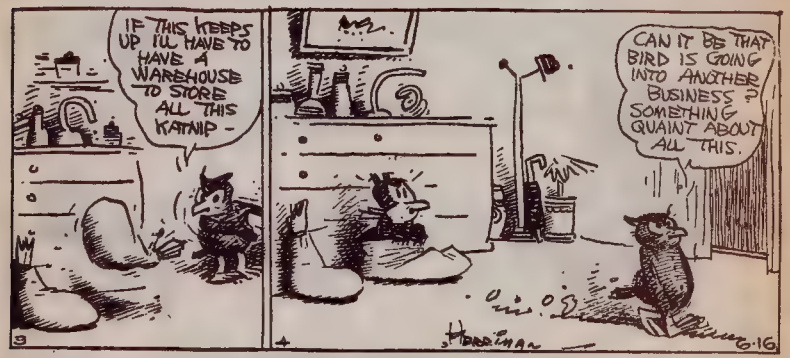
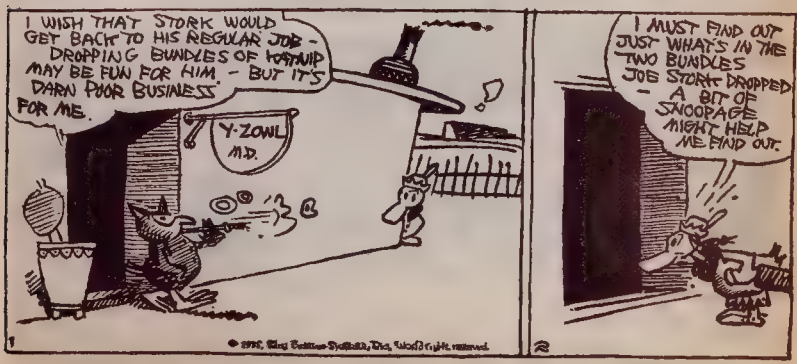
JUST A CHRONIC BUNDLE-DROPPER


IF THIS KEEPS UP I'LL HAVE TO HAVE A WAREHOUSE TO STORE ALL THIS KATNIP -
CAN IT BE THAT BIRD IS GOING INTO ANOTHER BUSINESS? SOMETHING QUAINT ABOUT ALL THIS.
HARRIMAN
6-16


I WISH THAT STORK WOULD GET BACK TO HIS REGULAR JOB - DROPPING BUNDLES OF KATNIP MAY BE FUN FOR HIM - BUT IT'S DARN POOR BUSINESS FOR ME.
Y-ZOWL M.D.
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I MUST FIND OUT JUST WHAT'S IN THE TWO BUNDLES JOE STORK DROPPED - A BIT OF SNOOPAGE MIGHT HELP ME FIND OUT.

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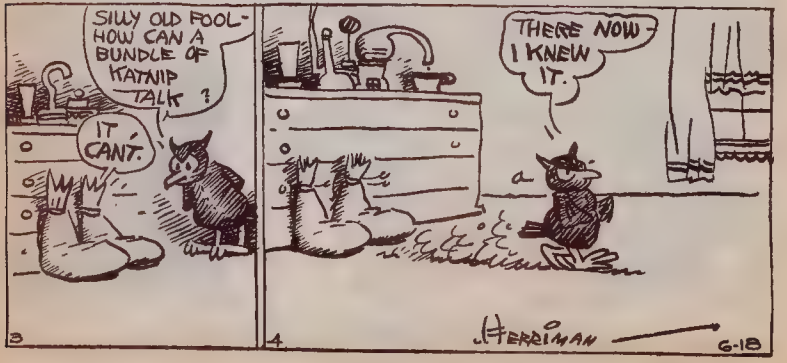

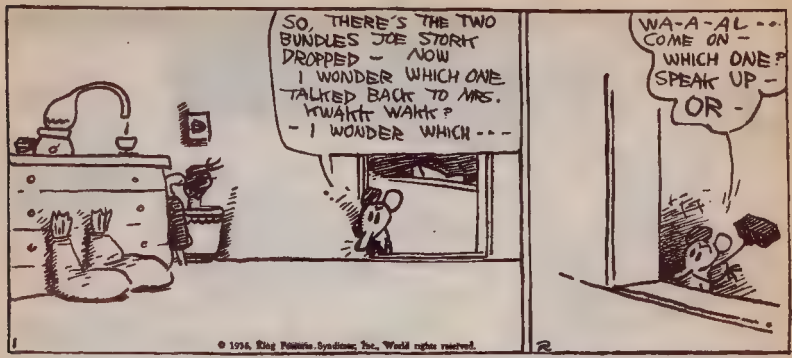
SO, THERE'S THE TWO BUNDLES JOE STORK DROPPED – NOW I WONDER WHICH ONE TALKED BACK TO MRS. KWAKK WAKK? – I WONDER WHICH – – –
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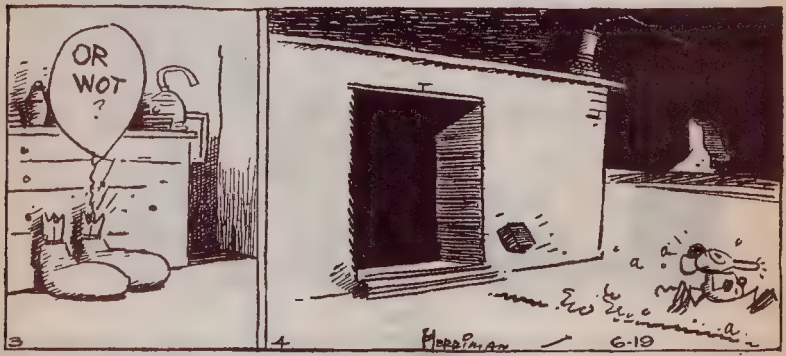
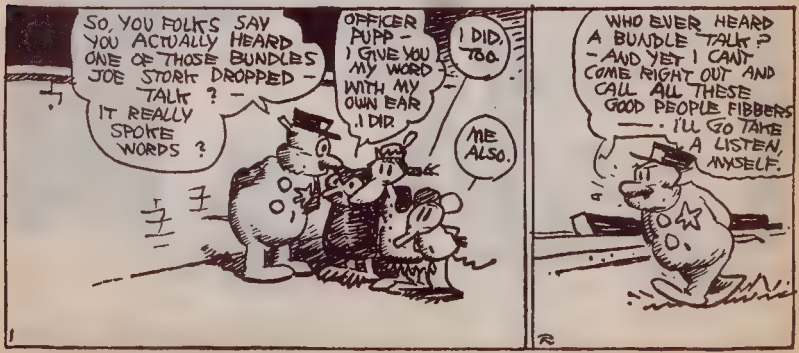
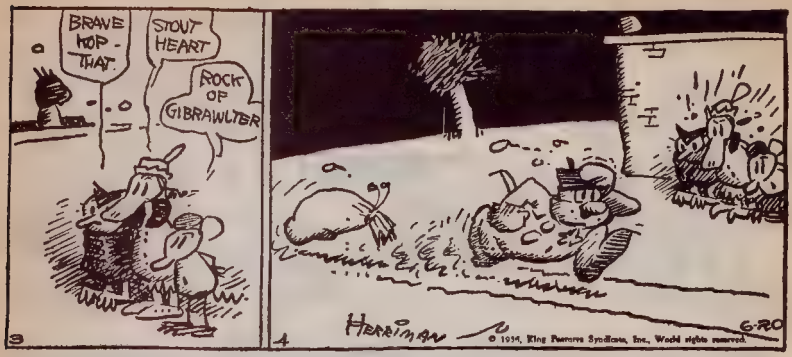
WA-A-AL – – COME ON – WHICH ONE? SPEAK UP – OR –


OR WOT ?
HERRIMAN
6-19


SO, YOU FOLKS SAY YOU ACTUALLY HEARD ONE OF THOSE BUNDLES JOE STORK DROPPED – TALK ? – IT REALLY SPOKE WORDS ?
OFFICER PUPP – I GIVE YOU MY WORD WITH MY OWN EAR
I DID.
I DID, TOO.
ME ALSO.
WHO EVER HEARD A BUNDLE TALK ? – AND YET I CAN'T COME RIGHT OUT AND CALL ALL THESE GOOD PEOPLE FIBBERS – – I'LL GO TAKE A LISTEN, MYSELF.


BRAVE KOP - THAT.
STOUT HEART
ROCK OF GIBRAWLTER
HERRIMAN
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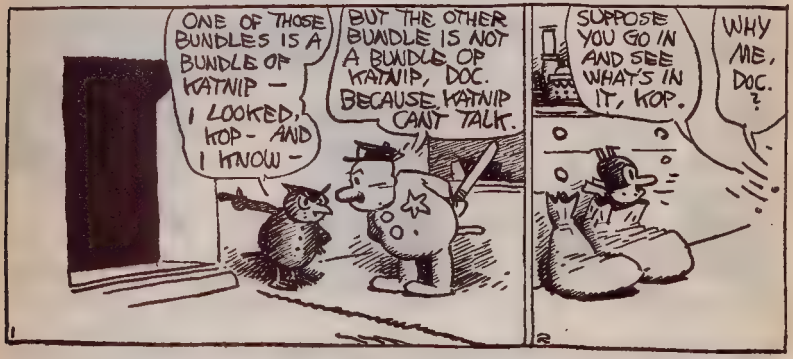
G-RO


ONE OF THOSE BUNDLES IS A BUNDLE OF KATNIP — I LOOKED, KOP - AND I KNOW —
BUT THE OTHER BUNDLE IS NOT A BUNDLE OF KATNIP, DOC. BECAUSE KATNIP CANT TALK.
SUPPOSE YOU GO IN AND SEE WHAT'S IN IT, KOP.
WHY ME, DOC.?

IT'S YOUR DUTY, KOP.
AND IT'S YOUR OFFICE, DOC.
NOBODDA IRROUND - THE COATS IS KLEE.
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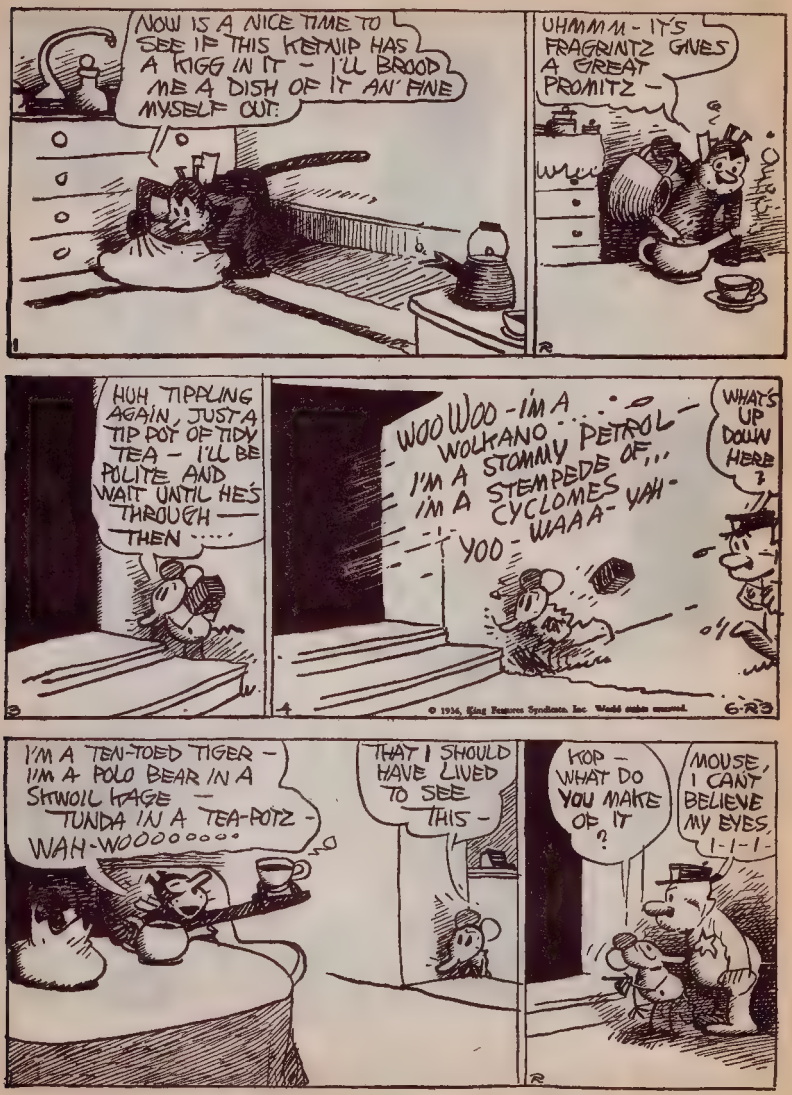
G-RR


NOW IS A NICE TIME TO SEE IF THIS KETNIP HAS A KIGG IN IT – I'LL BROOD ME A DISH OF IT AN' FINE MYSELF OUT.
UHMMM – IT'S FRAGRINTZ GIVES A GREAT PROMITZ –
HUH TIPPLING AGAIN, JUST A TIP POT OF TIDY TEA – I'LL BE POLITE AND WAIT UNTIL HE'S THROUGH — THEN .....
WOO WOO – I'M A WOLKANO ... I'M A STORMY PETROL I'M A STEMPEDE OF,, I'M A CYCLOMES YOO – WAAA – YAH –
WHAT'S UP DOWN HERE ?
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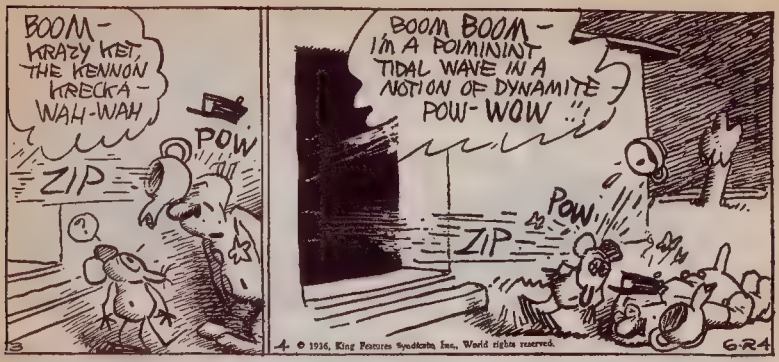
I'M A TEN-TOED TIGER – I'M A POLO BEAR IN A SHWOIL HAGE – TUNDA IN A TEA-POTZ – WAH-WOOOOOOOO
THAT I SHOULD HAVE LIVED TO SEE THIS –
KOP – WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT ?
MOUSE, I CAN'T BELIEVE MY EYES, I-I-I-


BOOM - KRAZY KAT, THE KENNON KRECKA - WAH-WAH
ZIP
POW
BOOM BOOM - I'm A POIMINSINT TIDAL WAVE IN A NOTION OF DYNAMITE - POW-WOW
ZIP
POW
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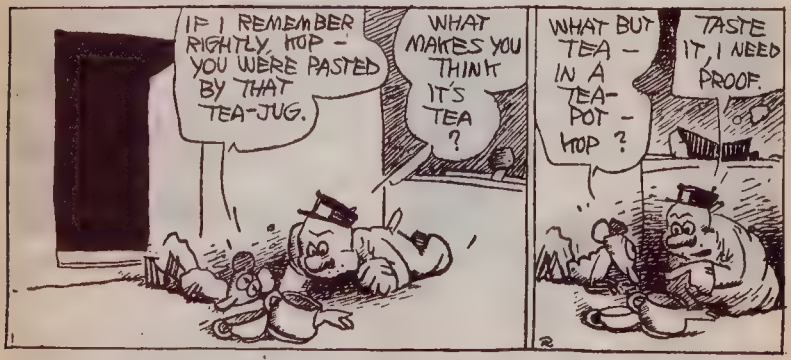
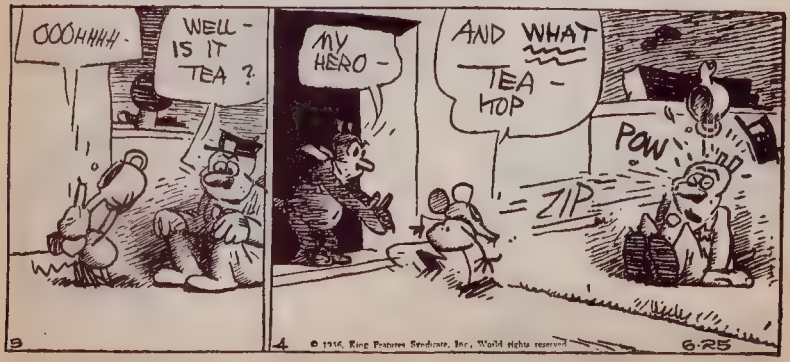
6-24


IF I REMEMBER RIGHTLY, KOP - YOU WERE PASTED BY THAT TEA-JUG.
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK IT'S TEA ?
WHAT BUT TEA - IN A TEA-POT - KOP ?
TASTE IT, I NEED PROOF.


OOOHHHH -
WELL - IS IT TEA ?
MY HERO -
AND WHAT TEA - KOP
POW
ZIP
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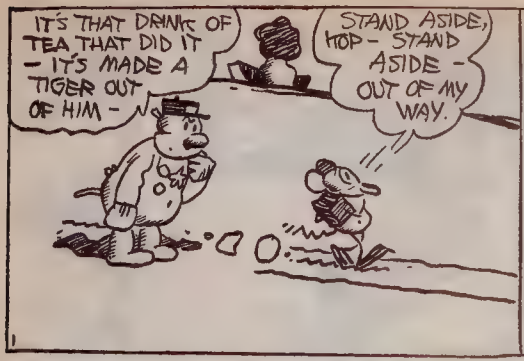
6-25


IT'S THAT DRINK OF TEA THAT DID IT – IT'S MADE A TIGER OUT OF HIM –
STAND ASIDE, HOP – STAND ASIDE – OUT OF MY WAY.
1

ONCE I DOMINATED HIM – JAILED HIM – HELD SWAY OVER HIM – HIS BOSS – HIS BETTER – – H – – HIS –
2

OOH-H-H- HE'S ABOUT TO TOSS THAT BRICK AT THAT DEAR KAT – . . . I-I-I CAN'T BEAR TO LOOK AT IT.
AT EASE, KAT – I'M GOING TO GET YOU.
3

I KWOFF A KWOFF OF LIGHTNIN' FOR MY BREKFITZ – I DIB MY MUG IN A GALLON JUG OF THUNDA FOR MY LUNCH – AN' FOR SUPPA I SIB A SILO FULL OF CYCLONE SOUP – – AN' FOR DIZZOIT I-I-I . . .
4
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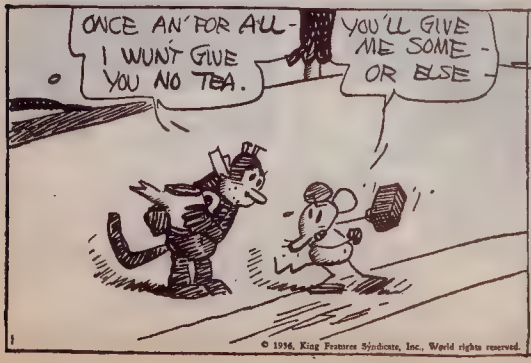
6-26


ONCE AN' FOR ALL – I WUN'T GIVE YOU NO TEA.
YOU'LL GIVE ME SOME – OR ELSE –
1
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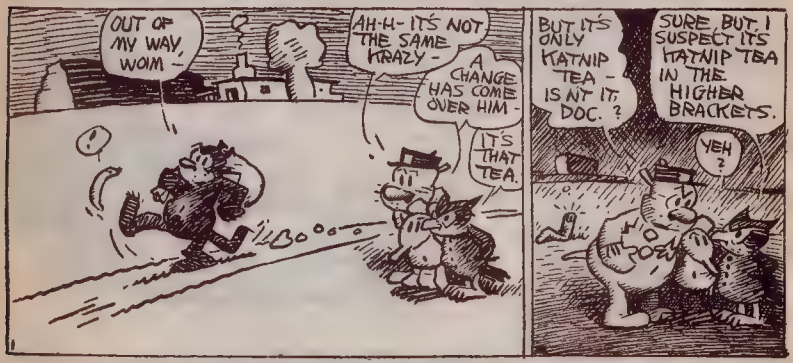
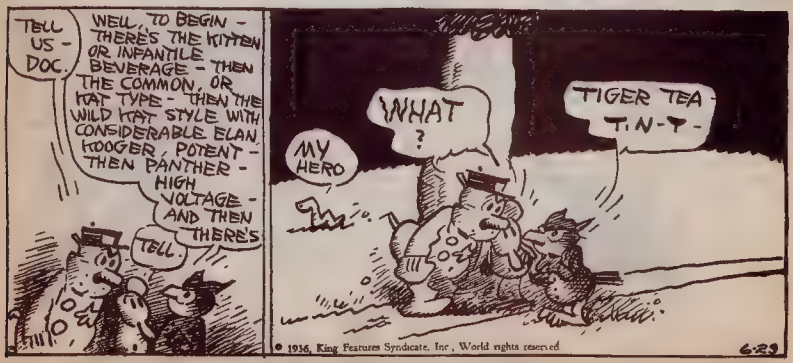
ELTZ WOT?
2

QUICK, HOP - BIG FIGHT - IGNATZ - KRAZY - .
I'LL GO GET THAT MOUSE
I NEVER SEEN SUCH NOOTZINZES -
JAIL
3
4
6-27


OUT OF MY WAY, WOM -
BOOO
AH-H- IT'S NOT THE SAME KRAZY -
A CHANGE HAS COME OVER HIM -
IT'S THAT TEA.
BUT IT'S ONLY KATNIP TEA - IS N'T IT, DOC. ?
SURE, BUT I SUSPECT ITS KATNIP TEA IN THE HIGHER BRACKETS.
YEH ?
POW


TELL US - DOC.
WELL, TO BEGIN - THERE'S THE KITTEN OR INFANTILE BEVERAGE - THEN THE COMMON, OR KAT TYPE - THEN THE WILD KAT STYLE WITH CONSIDERABLE ELAN, KOOGER, POTENT - THEN PANTHER - HIGH VOLTAGE - AND THEN THERE'S
TELL.
WHAT ?
MY HERO
TIGER TEA T.N-T -
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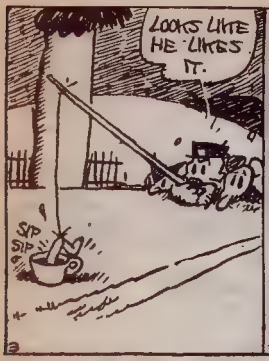
6-29

YOU HEARD WHAT DR. Y. ZOWL SAID ABOUT THE DIFFERENT KINDS OF KATNIP TEA THERE WERE - HEH ?
SURE, I DID - KITTEN - KAT - WILD KAT - KOOGER, PANTHER - AND -
1
TIGER -
AND THAT TIGER BREW IS A WHOLE HUNDRED PER CENT T. N. T., GENTS.
2

BUT THERE'S NO TIGER TEA IN COCONINO COUNTY - IS THERE, DOC. ?
WELL, THERE IS PLENTY OF IT HERE NOW, AND THAT KRAZY KAT BROUGHT IT IN - FROM A FAR-OFF -
DID I HEARD SOME BODDA MANSION MY NAMES ?
6-30

IF WE ONLY COULD GET A BIT OF THAT TEA WE COULD MAKE SURE IT WAS THE TIGER TYPE OF KATNIP.
WE MUST DEVISE A WAY.
MAY I SUGGEST A WAY?
1
WE'LL DIP THIS ANGLE WORM IN HIS TEA, AND SEE WHAT A SIP OF IT DOES TO HIM.
HOLD STILL, WORM - WE'RE NOT GOING TO HURT YOU.
QUIT WIGGLING.
2


LOOKS LIKE HE LIKES IT.
SIP SIP

WAA-AA-
YAAA-A-A-
I'M A BOA CONSTRICTOR -
A ANACONDA -
A PYTHON -
WAAA-
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7-1

HA-A-AY THERE, YOU - QUIT RUNNING THAT WORM AROUND -
AAH- SHUT UP, KOP - I'M OUT AFTER MY BREAKFAST, AND I'M GOING TO GET IT - SAVVY?

WELL, L'IL WOIM - HERE, HAVE A SWIGGIL OF THIS.

EXCUSE ME, KOP - BUT I HAD TO DO IT - — WHEN A EARLY BIRD IS OUT AFTER HIS MORNING'S CHUCK - NOTHING CAN STOP HIM - NOT EVEN A KOP -

TACKLE A RATTLE-SNAKE WILL YOU? MONKEY WITH A MOKKI SIN, GET KIBBY WITH A KING KOBRA - HEH? YOU - YOU -
POLICE POLICE !!!
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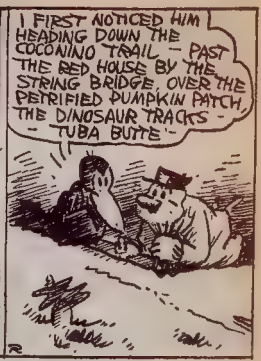
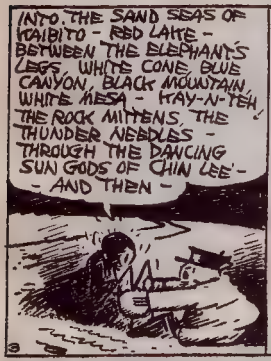
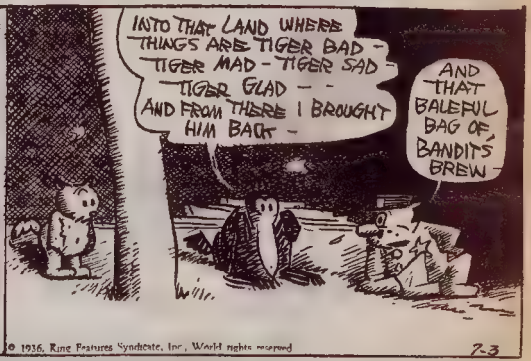
7-2

LET ME GO, KOP - LET ME GO - I HAVE DUTIES, AND DELIVERIES TO DO.
NOT UNTIL YOU TELL ME WHERE KRAZY GOT THAT T.N.T. BEVERAGE - TIGER TEA -


I FIRST NOTICED HIM HEADING DOWN THE COCONINO TRAIL - PAST THE RED HOUSE BY THE STRING BRIDGE, OVER THE PETRIFIED PUMPKIN PATCH, THE DINOSAUR TRACKS - TUBA BUTTE -


INTO THE SAND SEAS OF KAIBITO - RED LAKE - BETWEEN THE ELEPHANT'S LEGS, WHITE CONE, BLUE CANYON, BLACK MOUNTAIN, WHITE MESA - KAY-N-TEH, THE ROCK MITTENS, THE THUNDER NEEDLES - THROUGH THE DANCING SUN GODS OF CHIN LEE - - AND THEN -


INTO THAT LAND WHERE THINGS ARE TIGER BAD - TIGER MAD - TIGER SAD - TIGER GLAD - - AND FROM THERE I BROUGHT HIM BACK -
AND THAT BALEFUL BAG OF BANDITS BREW -
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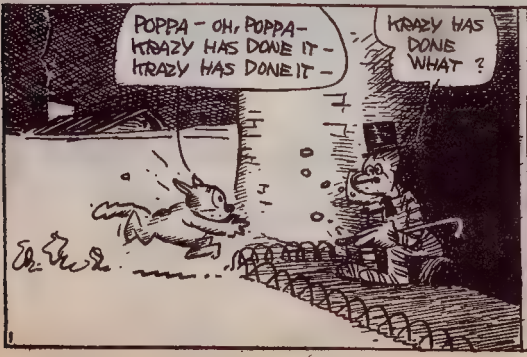
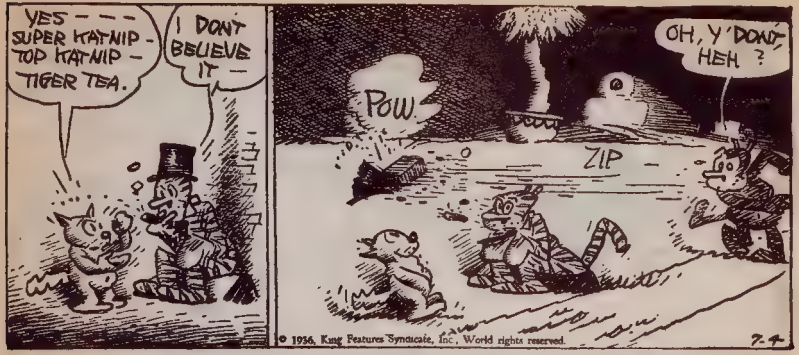
7-3


POPPA - OH, POPPA - KRAZY HAS DONE IT - KRAZY HAS DONE IT -
KRAZY HAS DONE WHAT ?

WAY - WAY OFF SOME PLACE HE'S FOUND SOME KATNIP -
NO.


YES - - - SUPER KATNIP - TOP KATNIP - TIGER TEA.
I DONT BELIEVE IT -
POW
ZIP -
OH, Y'DONT HEH ?
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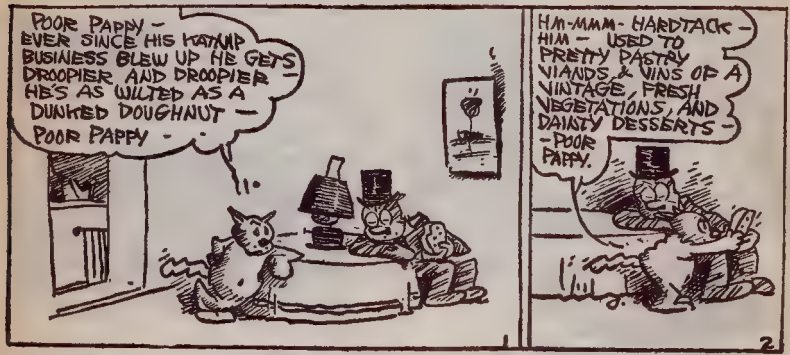
7-4


POOR PAPPY - EVER SINCE HIS KATNIP BUSINESS BLEW UP HE GETS DROOPIER AND DROOPIER - HE'S AS WILTED AS A DUNKED DOUGHNUT - POOR PAPPY -
1
HM-MMM- HARDTACK - HIM - USED TO PRETTY PASTRY VIANDS & WINS OF A VINTAGE, FRESH VEGETATIONS, AND DAINTY DESSERTS - - POOR PAPPY.
2

I MUST MOISTEN THIS MORSEL - I MUST SOFTEN IT - I JUST KNOW THAT PAPPY'S TOOTH AINT EQUAL TO THE GNAWAGE, AND GRINDAGE REQUIRED TO REDUCE THIS IRON BISCUIT
3
DEAR KRAZY - I'M SURE HE WOULD N'T DENY ME A DIP, OR TWO IN HIS TEA -
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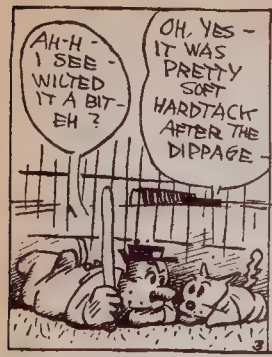
7-6
4

WHAT MIGHT BE ITCHING YOU, MR MEEYOWL? - YOU LOOK SO PINCHED - SO GAUNT - Y'TAKING ON A LOOK OF JERKY LATELY - AINT Y'GETTING YOUR CHUCK REGULAR?
WA-A-AL - I AM A BIT BEHIND ON MY FODDER SCHEDULE THESE DAYS - OFFICER PUPP -
1
AINT YOU ET TODAY?
I WAS JUST ABOUT TO DINE - SIR -
2
AND DID AT YOU?
NO - I CLOSED MY EYES FOR A MOMENT'S NAP, AND SOMEBODY STOLE MY DINNER
3
HERE'S YOUR HARDTACK BISCUIT, PAPPY - I TOOK IT FROM YOU TO DIP IT IN KRAZY KAT'S TEA SO'S YOUR TOOTH COULD HANDLE IT
© 1936, King Features Syndicate, Inc. World rights reserved 7-7
4
YOUR POOR OLE DAD WAS SURE HIT LOW IN THAT KATNIP KRASH, EH? HIS BEAN BIN IS SORT OF SPARSE THESE TIMES - NO? - HEH -
WELL, YES, MR. KOP, HIS FOODS ARE RARE NOWATIMES - HIM WHO WAS SO USED TO RARE FOODS, TOO -
1
YES, I WAS SURE HE WAS MISSING A MEAL OR SO - HE WAS MAKING A FULL COURSE DINNER OUT OF A HARDTACK BISCUIT YESTERDAY - I DID AT KNOW HIS MOLAR COULD MILL THAT KIND OF CHUCK -
WELL - I HAD SOFTENED IT UP A BIT - I'D DIPPED IT IN KRAZY KAT'S TEA
2


AH-H - I SEE - WILTED IT A BIT - EH ?
OH, YES - IT WAS PRETTY SOFT HARDTACK AFTER THE DIPPAGE -
3

WEE HEE
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4

WHAT DID YOU DO TO THAT HARDTACK BISCUIT I HAD FOR DINNER YESTERDAY? - SOMETHING HAPPENED TO IT -
WELL- PAPPY-Y-SEE, IT WAS SO CONCRETEY SO CEMENTY- WELL SO UNSOFT - SO I TENDERED IT A BIT BY DIPPAGE.
1

AHHH- AND WHAT DID YOU DIP IT IN ?
A CUP OF TEA -
2

YESYESYES WHAT TEA ? WHOSE TEA ? WHERE DID YOU GET IT ? ? ? ? ?
KRAZY KAT HAD IT
3

KAT, WHERE ARE YOU?!!
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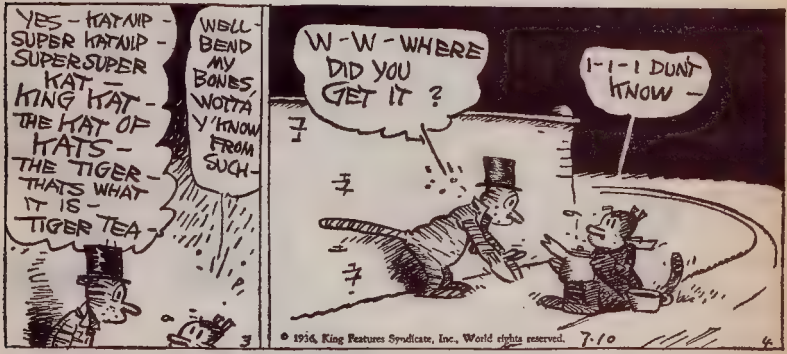
4

IS THAT THE TEA IN WHICH MY CHILD, GATITA, DIPPED MY HARD TACK YESTERDAY - KREAZY ? - IS IT ?
Y'MIN LIL KITTIN KET ? YETZ, THIS IS THE TEA - WY ?
DO YOU KNOW WHAT KIND OF TEA THAT IS ?
SHOE - KETNIP TEA, - IS NT IT ?


YES - KATNIP - SUPER KATNIP - SUPER SUPER KAT - KING KAT - THE KAT OF KATS - THE TIGER - THATS WHAT IT IS - TIGER TEA -
WELL - BEND MY BONES, WOTTA Y'KNOW FROM SUCH -
W-W-WHERE DID YOU GET IT ?
I-I-I DUNT KNOW -
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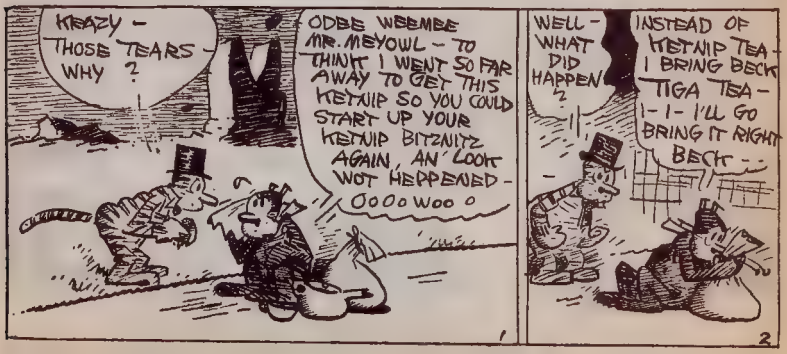
7-10


KREAZY - THOSE TEARS - WHY ?
ODBE WEEMBE MR. MEYOWL - TO THINK I WENT SO FAR AWAY TO GET THIS KETNIP SO YOU COULD START UP YOUR KETNIP BITZNITZ AGAIN, AN' LOOK WOT HEPPENED - OOOO WOO O
WELL - WHAT DID HAPPEN ?
INSTEAD OF KETNIP TEA - I BRING BECK TIGA TEA - I-I- I'LL GO BRING IT RIGHT BECK -

NO-NO-NO-NO-
IT'S WORTH A BILLION !!!
A BILYIN WOT ?
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7-11
ODEE - OWEE - OMEE - HERE I WENT EFTA KETNIP TEA AN' WOT I BRING BACK IS TIGA TEA - OOY, HOW AWFIL -
DONT TAKE IT SO SADPULLY, MY DEAR KRAZY - YOUR EFFORTS HAVE GLORIFIED YOU - THAT TIGER TEA MEANS BILLIONS BILLIONS -
AND WITH BILLIONS IN PROSPECT, THE MEEYOWL MANSION WILL ONCE MORE REAR ITS TOWERS TO THE WORLD OF WEALTH
IT'S GARDENS, IT'S GROVES, IT'S FERNS, AND FLORA WILL AGAIN FLING THEIR FRAGRANCE TO THE WINDS.
AND THROUGH ITS GATES WILL PASS THE ELECT ELITE AND ILLUSTRIOUS OF THE REALM OF RICHMENT - -
SPEAKING OF THE GATES - BOSS . .
PRIVATE KEEP OUT
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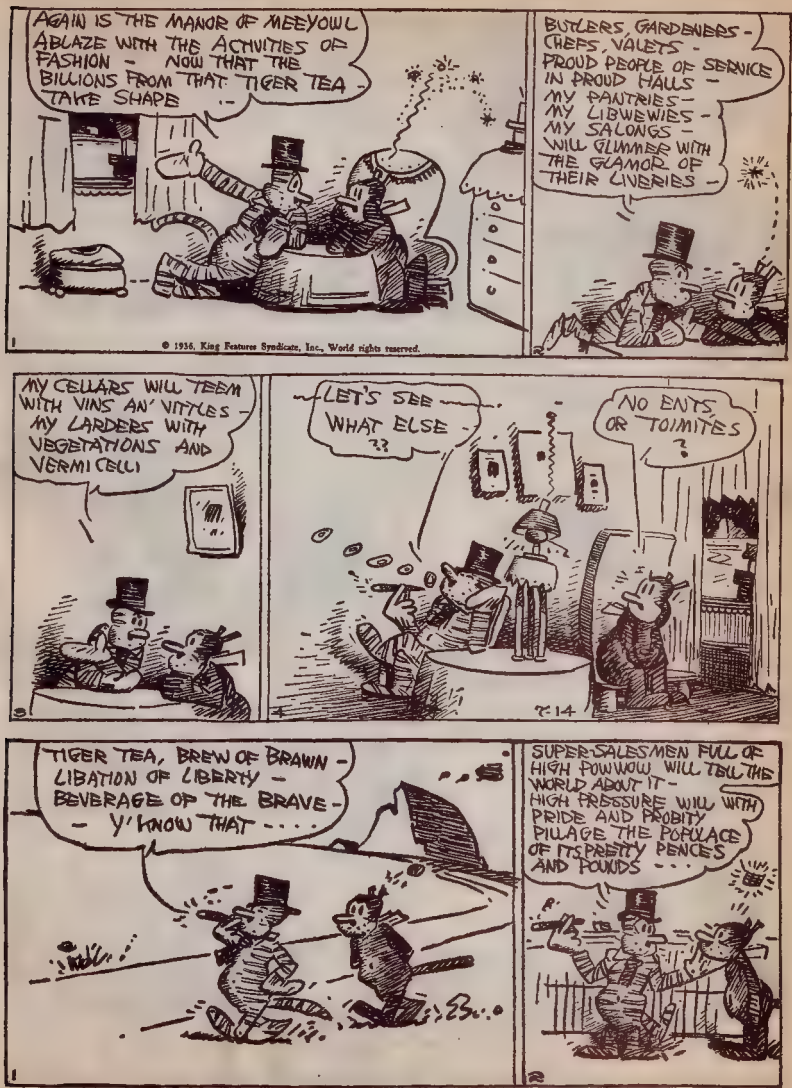
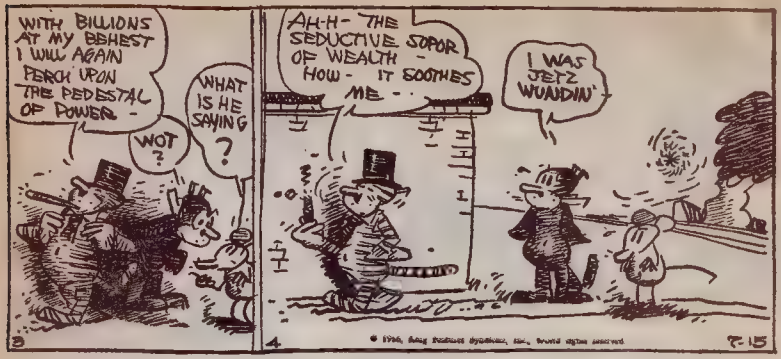
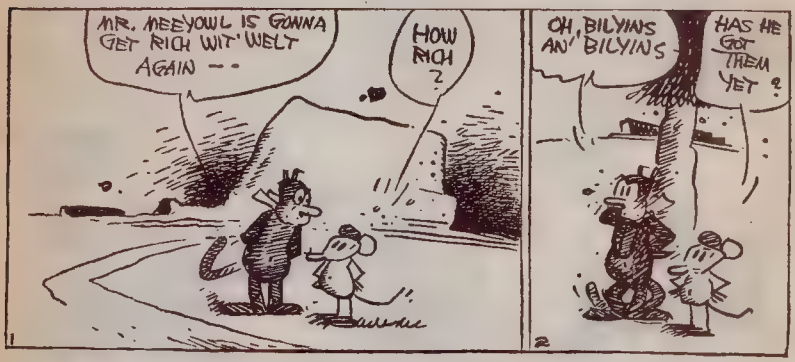
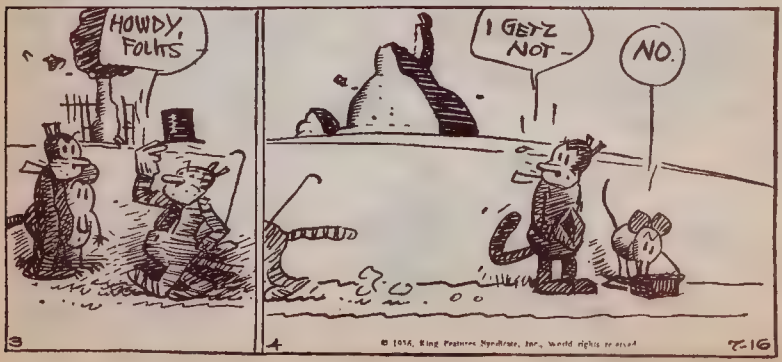
7-13

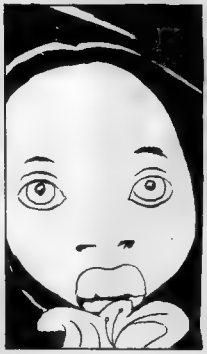

AGAIN IS THE MANOR OF MEEYOWL ABLAZE WITH THE ACTIVITIES OF FASHION – NOW THAT THE BILLIONS FROM THAT TIGER TEA – TAKE SHAPE
© 1936, King Features Syndicate, Inc., World rights reserved.
BUTLERS, GARDENERS – CHEFS, VALETS – PROUD PEOPLE OF SERVICE IN PROUD HALLS – MY PANTRIES – MY LIBWERIES – MY SALONGS – WILL GLIMMER WITH THE GLAMOR OF THEIR LIVERIES –
MY CELLARS WILL TEEM WITH VINS AN' VITTLES – MY LARDERS WITH VEGETATIONS AND VERMI CELLI
LET'S SEE WHAT ELSE ??
NO ENTS, OR TOIMITES ?
TIGER TEA, BREW OF BRAWN – LIBATION OF LIBERTY – BEVERAGE OF THE BRAVE – – Y'KNOW THAT . . . .
SUPER-SALESMEN FULL OF HIGH POWWOW WILL TELL THE WORLD ABOUT IT – HIGH PRESSURE WILL WITH PRIDE AND PROBITY PILLAGE THE POPULACE OF ITS PRETTY PENCES AND POUNDS . . .


WITH BILLIONS AT MY BEHEST I WILL AGAIN PERCH UPON THE PEDESTAL OF POWER -
WOT ?
WHAT IS HE SAYING ?
AH-H- THE SEDUCTIVE SOPOR OF WEALTH - HOW - IT SOOTHES ME - -
I WAS JETZ WUNDIN'
3
4
7-15


MR. MEEYOWL IS GOWNA GET RICH WIT' WELT AGAIN - -
HOW RICH ?
OH, BILYINS AN' BILYINS -
HAS HE GOT THEM YET ?
1
2


HOWDY, FOLKS -
I GETZ NOT -
NO.
3
4
7-16

NORTH AMERICANS



Translation by Eduardo Kaplan. Lettering by Phil Felix.

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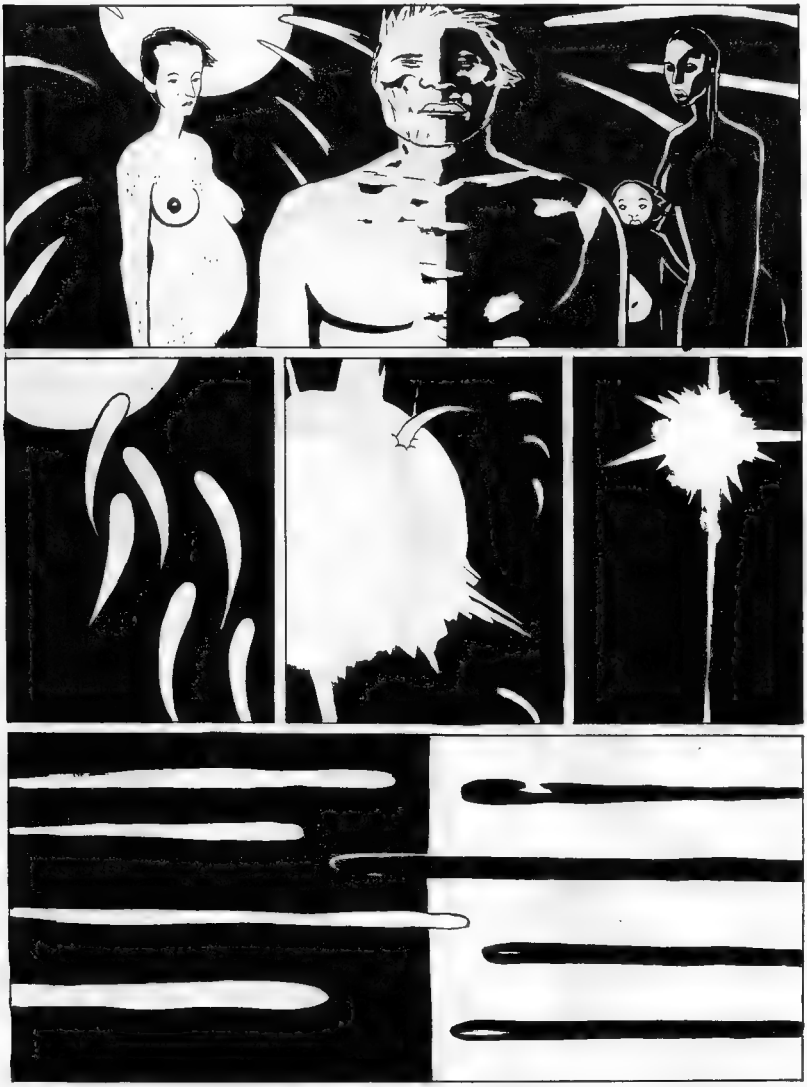


Push love, Bish

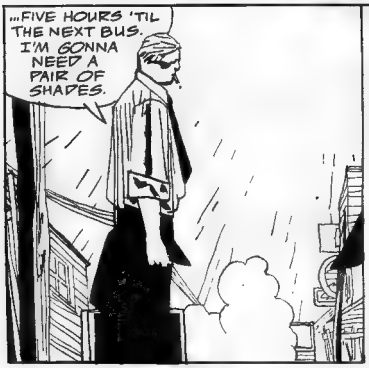
Ha ha Bish

...THIS IS YOUR STOP! YOU HAVE TO GET OFF NOW!
...CHERYL... OH, I'M SORRY... THANKS.

CHERY

... YOUR NEXT BUS ARRIVES IN FIVE HOURS. IT STOPS RIGHT HERE...
THANKS AGAIN...

DID YOU HAVE A NICE DREAM...? I SEE THE BULGE IN YOUR PANTS.
Wahaa HOUND


...FIVE HOURS 'TIL THE NEXT BUS. I'M GONNA NEED A PAIR OF SHADES.

COULD YOU SPARE ANY-THING?
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, MY FRIEND?
SOME CHANGE...
HOLY TV BELT
THAT GUY REMINDS ME OF SOMEONE.

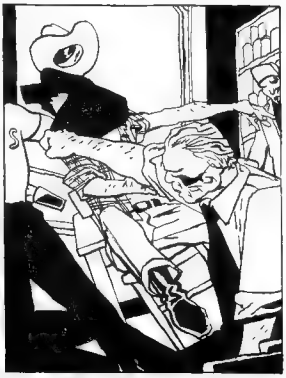
WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE?

WHEW! IT'S HOT! ...A VERY COLD BEER, PLEASE.
MEXICAN BEER?

NO, A MILLER.
WE DON'T HAVE MILLER... ONLY MEXICAN BEER... THAT'S ALL.

SAME THING... I'LL TAKE ANY-THING COLD.
THERE'S NOTHING LEFT, IT EVAPOR-ATED IN THIS HEAT THAT YOU WERE CURSING OUT, YOU KNOW?

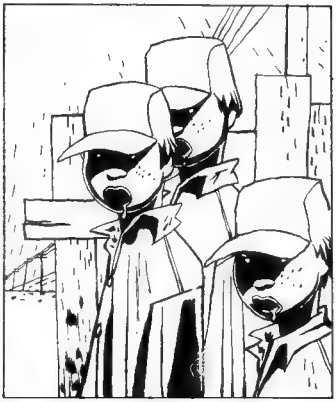
WELL... I GUESS I'M NOT WELCOME HERE...
HEY, PETE! HERE'S YOUR COLD BEER!



* THEY'RE REALLY HOSPITABLE AROUND HERE, AREN'T THEY?

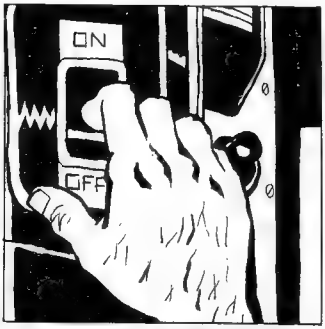
...I WAS BORN HERE, I'M AN AMERICAN. MY PARENTS WERE MEXICAN, BUT I'M NOT. I'M ALSO WAITING FOR THE BUS, BUT NOT THE SAME BUS, YOU KNOW?
SURE.

ALSO, LISTEN CHIEF, DON'T GET IN TROUBLE... I'M AN AMERICAN AND I NEVER GET IN TROUBLE.
OK. THANKS FOR THE ADVICE.



HOT, EH?

ICED DRINK


ON
OFF

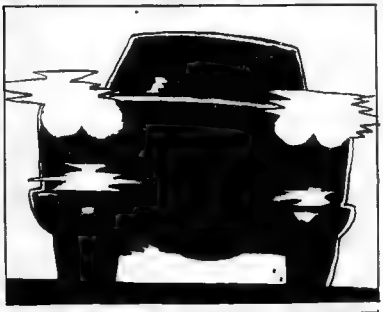
IT ISN'T WORKING. THERE'S NO ELECTRICITY.
COULD YOU GIVE ME A GLASS OF WATER, THEN?
U.S.

THERE'S NO WATER EITHER, THE PUMP IS ELECTRIC.
TERRIBLE HEAT, EH, WYNTON? AND THE THING ABOUT THE HEAT IS THAT IT BRINGS OUT THE COCKROACHES...

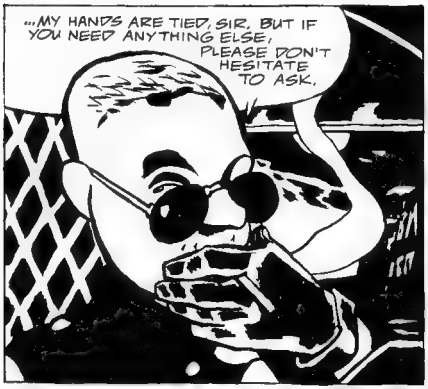
MOTHER-FUCKER...

HEY!
MILLER, RIGHT?
YEAH, VERY COLD.
NOTHING BETTER IN THIS HEAT.
AND THEN?
AND THEN YOU TAKE A PISS AND KEEP DRINKING!
DO YOU NEED ANYTHING, SIR? WE'RE HERE TO HELP STRANGERS.
WATER, THAT'S WHAT I NEED.
THAT'S EASY...
YOU JUST GO TO THAT STORE OVER THERE AND BUY ANYTHING YOU WANT. THEY HAVE A BIG ICE BOX. SURE IS HOT HERE, EH?

General
Store
BEER



I... ...I'LL PRESS CHARGES...
YEAH. AND THEY DESERVE IT... BUT THE PLATES ARE FROM ANOTHER STATE... YOU KNOW HOW IT IS...


...MY HANDS ARE TIED, SIR. BUT IF YOU NEED ANYTHING ELSE, PLEASE DON'T HESITATE TO ASK.

I NEED WATER, BUT THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANY IN THIS TOWN.
VERY FUNNY... ANY-THING ELSE?

HE'S STILL AROUND...
...MAYBE HE LIKES IT...
Señor Ernie!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

THAT'S FOR THE BEER, KEEP THE CHANGE.

HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT...? I'VE JUST HAD ONE OF THOSE FINE MEXICAN BEERS.

WHA... WHAT'S THAT?
YOU GAVE IT TO HIM, YOU IDIOT!
BUT... WHAT COULD I DO WHEN...?

BI NG!

WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING, YOU LITTLE CREEPS?

THEY'RE RETARDED, YOU KNOW... THEY'RE NOT FULLY RESPONSIBLE. IF YOU STILL WANT A SODA, THE MACHINE IS WORKING NOW.

THANKS. MY BUS IS HERE. MAYBE NEXT TIME.

U
S
POLICE

HEY, YOU! YEAH, YOU, THE "AMERICAN"...

COME HERE, "AMERICAN"... WE WANNA TALK TO YOU...

END

I REMEMBER PEGGY

ME

PEGGY

By Aline Goldsmith, Grad '90

Spring 1990... watching TWIN PEAKS on TV

HEY GUYS I KNOW HER... THAT'S PEGGY LIPTON.. I WENT TO HIGH SCHOOL WITH HER...

SHE STILL LOOKS FABULOUS AN' SHE'S A YEAR OLDER THAN ME -- NO WRINKLES!

HOW COME SHE SEEMS YOUNGER THAN YOU MOMMY? DID SHE GET A FACE JOB?

I HATE THE WAY SHE LOOKS. SHE'S TOO SKINNY! I HOPE YOU DON'T WANNA BE LIKE HER!

LOUSY ACTRESS

HOW CAN HE SAY THAT?! TO ME SHE WAS PERFECT.

I CLEARLY REMEMBER HER.

SHE WAS ONE OF US...

AND YET.

IT WAS 1965 IN CEDARHURST, LONG ISLAND.....

WE HAD PROBLEMS...

LARGE NOSES

BRACES

BIG HAIR HARD TO CONTROL

OILY SKIN

FIRE PLUG PHYSIQUES

PUSHY PERSONALITIES NOT PERKY OR DREAMY ENUFF.

PAPAGALLO SHOES A MUST

WE TRIED TO WORK WITH OUR FLAWS...

HAIR IRONING

CONTACT LENSES

RHINO PLASTY

CHIN JOB

DERMA-BRASION

PANTY GIRDLE

DARK STOCKINGS

POINTY SHOES TO ELONGATE LEGS

AND WE MIGHT HAVE ACCEPTED OUR FATE AS GENETIC DESTINY MORE EASILY IF ONLY.....

PEGGY

SHE'S A GODDESS. I WISH I COULD BE HER. SHE'S SO ABOVE US!!

NATURALLY STRAIGHT BLONDE HAIR

RICH

HOW CAN SHE BE JEWISH & LOOK LIKE THAT?!

FAIR SKIN

HUGE NOSE

COOL & RESERVED

IT'S NOT FAIR IS IT?

GOOD TASTE

BUT I CAN'T HELP IT I LOVE PEGGY

SLIM THIN BODY

LAST NAME LIKE LIPTON

INFATUATED...

I WATCHED HER FROM A DISTANCE.....

SHE MUST BE THINKING ABOUT SOMETHING SPECIAL + WONDERFUL

I WOULDN'T DARE INTERRUPT HER

ANYTHING I'D SAY IS TOO DUMB

USUALLY ALONE

PROBABLY NOT THINKING TOO MUCH ABOUT ANYTHING

I WENT OUT WITH HER BROTHER KENNY JUST TO GET NEAR HER.

WHAT A PEST! BUT SHE'S SMART

KENNY YA WANNA STUDY FOR FINALS AT YOUR HOUSE?

GOD I HOPE PEGGY'S HOME!

YEAH WHY NOT?

TOMORROW

AWRIGHT

PEGGY WASN'T HOME BUT I PEEKED INTO HER ROOM.

PEGGY'S SLIPPERS AWAITING HER RETURN!

LATER THAT YEAR THE LIPTONS MOVED TO L.A.

I IMAGINED PEGGY'S LIFE!

MIRACULOUSLY PEGGY LANDED A STARRING ROLE IN THE TV SERIES "MOD SQUAD"...

SHE'S A FABULOUS ACTRESS TOO!*

C'MON LINK I THINK THERE'S BIG TROUBLE

WISE POTATO CHIPS

*IF YOU EVER SAW THIS SHOW YOU REALIZE HOW DERANGED I WAS..

BY 1968 I'D LOST TRACK OF PEGGY AND DISCOVERED PSYCHEDELIC DRUGS...

I FINALLY THREW OUT MY GIRDLE + LEARNED TO LOVE MY BIG HAIR

HEY DIG IT MAN.... THIS IS SO GROOVY!

I FINALLY HAD SOME BOYFRIENDS

THANK GOD FOR THE 60'S... I DEFINITELY WOULD'VE MARRIED A DENTIST OTHERWISE...

13 YEARS LATER, NORTHERN CALIF, I WAS WATCHING BAWWAW WAWAW INTERVIEWING QUINCY JONES...

HEY THAT'S PEGGY LIPTON ARRANGING FLOWERS!

WHERE DO YOU GO FROM HERE QUINCY?

SO THAT'S WHAT SHE DID AFTER "MOD SQUAD".

LATER READ THAT THEY'D SPLIT UP + HAD DRUG PROBLEMS (IN THE ENQUIRER!)

BACK TO THE PRESENT: I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO THE NEXT EPISODE OF "TWIN PEAKS" EVEN THO I ADMIT PEGGY'S NOT A GREAT ACTRESS...

DOING THIS STORY MADE ME THINK ABOUT HIGH SCHOOL SO MUCH... I MIGHT HAFTO GO TO MY 25 REUNION!

IT COULD BE INTERESTING TO SEE WHAT HAPPENED TO THE REST OF US... SCHLUBS!

LAWRENCE H.S. Class of '66

FIN

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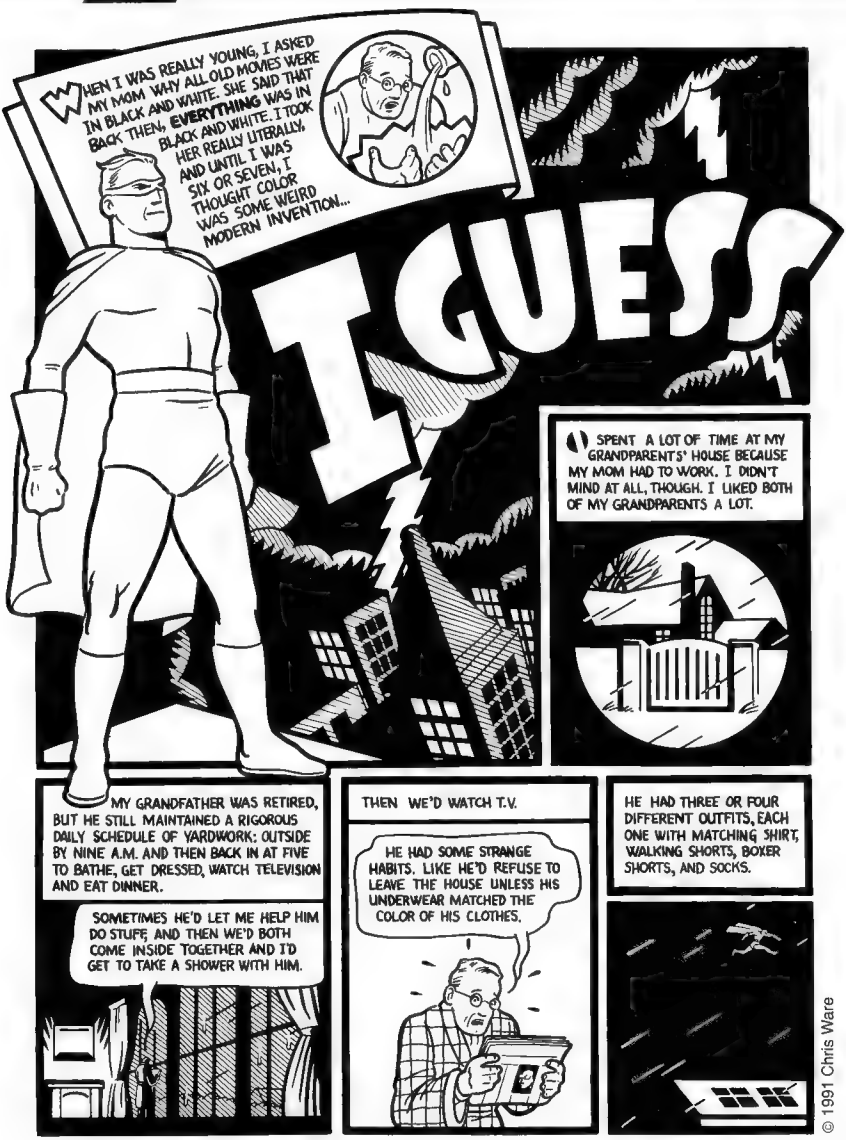

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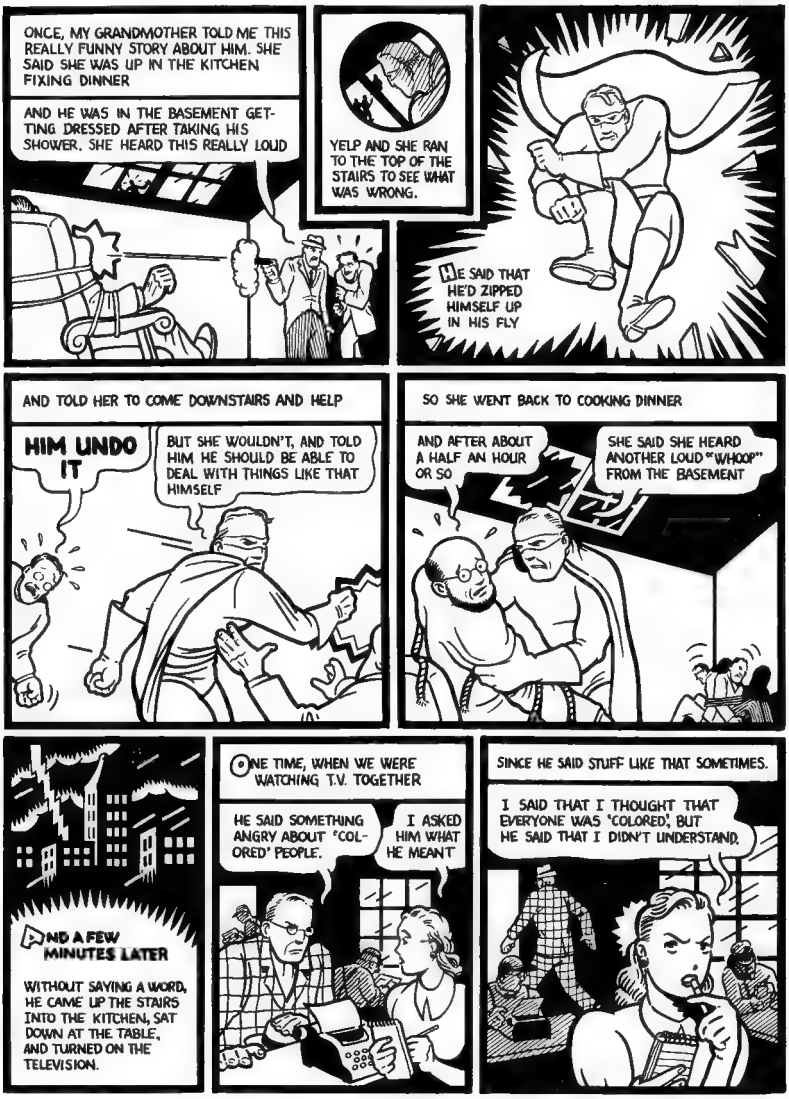

ONCE, MY GRANDMOTHER TOLD ME THIS REALLY FUNNY STORY ABOUT HIM. SHE SAID SHE WAS UP IN THE KITCHEN FIXING DINNER
AND HE WAS IN THE BASEMENT GETTING DRESSED AFTER TAKING HIS SHOWER. SHE HEARD THIS REALLY LOUD
YELP AND SHE RAN TO THE TOP OF THE STAIRS TO SEE WHAT WAS WRONG.
HE SAID THAT HE'D ZIPPED HIMSELF UP IN HIS FLY
AND TOLD HER TO COME DOWNSTAIRS AND HELP
HIM UNDO IT
BUT SHE WOULDN'T, AND TOLD HIM HE SHOULD BE ABLE TO DEAL WITH THINGS LIKE THAT HIMSELF
SO SHE WENT BACK TO COOKING DINNER
AND AFTER ABOUT A HALF AN HOUR OR SO
SHE SAID SHE HEARD ANOTHER LOUD "WHOOP" FROM THE BASEMENT
AND A FEW MINUTES LATER
WITHOUT SAYING A WORD, HE CAME UP THE STAIRS INTO THE KITCHEN, SAT DOWN AT THE TABLE, AND TURNED ON THE TELEVISION.
ONE TIME, WHEN WE WERE WATCHING T.V. TOGETHER
HE SAID SOMETHING ANGRY ABOUT 'COLORED' PEOPLE.
I ASKED HIM WHAT HE MEANT
SINCE HE SAID STUFF LIKE THAT SOMETIMES.
I SAID THAT I THOUGHT THAT EVERYONE WAS 'COLORED', BUT HE SAID THAT I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND.

EVERYONE IN
OUR CLASS WAS IN-VITED TO THIS GIRL'S BIRTHDAY PARTY, AND EVERYONE SAID THEY WERE GOING TO GO.
BUT HARDLY ANYONE DID. MY BEST FRIEND AND I WERE THE ONLY BOYS THERE.

HER HOUSE MADE ME FEEL FUNNY AND THE HOT DOGS WE HAD FOR DINNER DIDN'T TASTE LIKE THE KIND I WAS USED TO.

I ENDED UP SPENDING THE NIGHT AT MY FRIEND'S HOUSE, AND AFTER
WE'D BEEN LAYING IN BED FOR A LONG TIME
NOT SAYING ANYTHING HE

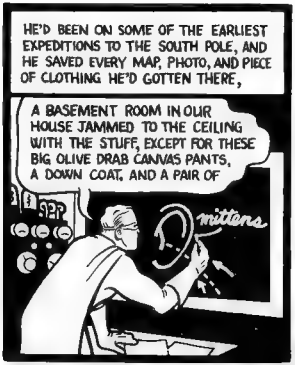
ASKED ME IF I FELT WEIRD THAT WE WERE THE ONLY BOYS
AT THE PARTY. I SAID NO, AND THEN I

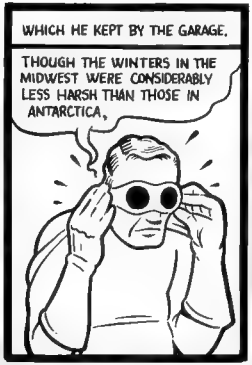
ASKED HIM IF HE FELT WEIRD THAT WE WERE THE ONLY WHITE
KIDS AT THE PARTY. HE SAID NO, AND THEN

HE ASKED ME WHY I SAID THAT. I
REALLY DIDN'T KNOW AND ALL OF A SUDDEN I FELT GROSS SO I ROLLED OVER AND PRETENDED TO GO TO SLEEP.

MY BEST FRIEND
AND I COLLECTED COMIC BOOKS. WE KNEW ALL THE ARTISTS
AND TRIED TO TRACE OUR FAVORITE PICTURES.

SOMETIMES, WHEN WE TRACED STUFF, WE'D CHANGE THE CHARACTER'S COSTUMES. WE MADE UP OUR OWN SUPERHEROES THAT WAY. I NAMED MINE "THE HURRICANE." I HAD THIS YELLOW CAPE, A RED SHIRT, AND A MASK MY MOM HAD MADE FOR ME.
ONE TIME, WE EVEN COLORED OUR JOCKEY SHORTS WITH FABRIC CRAYONS
TO MAKE THOSE TRUNKS OR WHATEVER THOSE THINGS ARE THAT SUPERHEROES WEAR. IT MADE
ME FEEL SORT OF WEIRD WHEN WE DID THIS, AND I WASN'T EXACTLY SURE WHY...
OUR FAVORITE THING, THOUGH, WAS WATCHING OLD BATMAN AND SUPERMAN MOVIES ON T.V., BECAUSE THEY SEEMED A LOT MORE REAL TO US THAN THE COMIC BOOKS DID.
I LIKED MY SECOND FATHER OKAY, SINCE I'D NEVER REALLY HAD ONE AROUND BEFORE. WE GOT ALONG PRETTY WELL, TOO,
FOR A WHILE.
HE WORKED AT THE NATIONAL WEATHER SERVICE, READING THE RADAR AND MAKING
RADIO BROADCASTS.
SOMETIMES HE WOULDN'T BE HOME FOR DINNER BECAUSE HE HAD TO WORK A REALLY WEIRD SCHEDULE,
but I could turn on the radio and hear his voice, if I wanted to. Frequently.
HE WOULD SLEEP DURING THE DAY, AND MY MOM TOLD MY FRIENDS AND ME TO DO SOMETHING QUIET
LIKE READ
OR DRAW SO WE WOULDN'T WAKE HIM UP.
ANYWAY,
WHEN HE SLEPT HE WORE THIS MASK
OVER HIS EYES
SO THE SUNLIGHT WOULDN'T BOTHER HIM. I THOUGHT IT MADE HIM LOOK EXACTLY LIKE ROBIN DID ON T.V.
ONCE, WHEN NO ONE WAS HOME, I TRIED IT ON,
BUT I FORGOT I COULDN'T SEE MYSELF IN THE MIRROR BECAUSE THE MASK DIDN'T HAVE ANY
EYEHOLES.


HE'D BEEN ON SOME OF THE EARLIEST EXPEDITIONS TO THE SOUTH POLE, AND HE SAVED EVERY MAP, PHOTO, AND PIECE OF CLOTHING HE'D GOTTEN THERE,
A BASEMENT ROOM IN OUR HOUSE JAMMED TO THE CEILING WITH THE STUFF, EXCEPT FOR THESE BIG OLIVE DRAB CANVAS PANTS, A DOWN COAT, AND A PAIR OF
mittens


WHICH HE KEPT BY THE GARAGE.
THOUGH THE WINTERS IN THE MIDWEST WERE CONSIDERABLY LESS HARSH THAN THOSE IN ANTARCTICA,

HE STILL INSISTED ON WEARING ALL OF THIS STUFF WHEN SHOVELING THE WALKS OR EVEN
JUST SCRAPING THE ICE OFF HIS WINDSHIELD.
THIS

REALLY STARTED TO BUG ME,
SINCE HE COULD BARELY MOVE DRESSED LIKE THAT AND LOOKED SORT OF
LIKE
A BIG CLOWN.

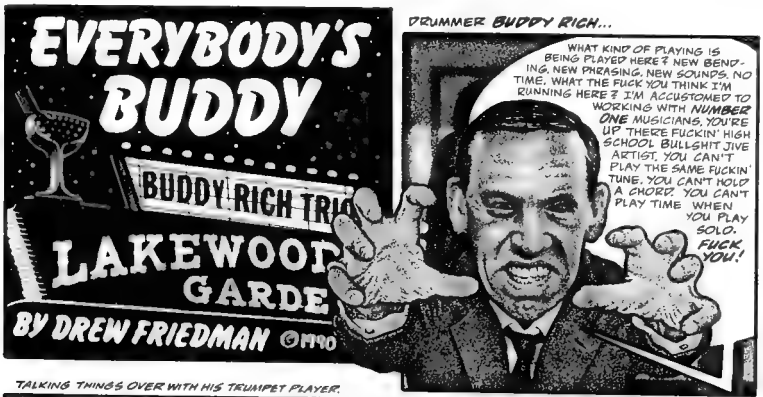
THE WORST PART, THOUGH, WAS WHENEVER HE WENT OUTSIDE

WEARING THIS STUFF, HIS NOSE WOULD GO NUMB AND DEVELOP A DROP OF
PERFECTLY CLEAR LIQUID AT ITS TIP. IT WAS GROSS.

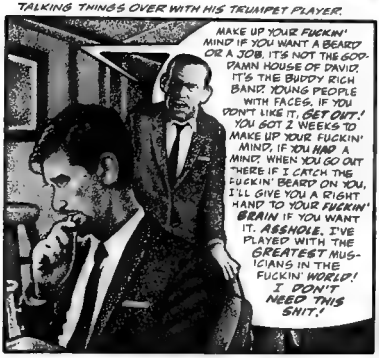
HE SEEMED TOTALLY UNAWARE OF THIS DROP, AND NO MATTER HOW MUCH
HE EXERTED HIMSELF
IT ABSOLUTELY REFUSED TO FALL.

IT GOT TO THE POINT WHEN WE WERE OUTSIDE TOGETHER WHERE I WOULDN'T LOOK HIM IN THE FACE OR I WOULD PURPOSEFULLY BLUR
MY EYES TO AVOID HAVING TO CATCH A GLIMPSE OF IT.

I REMEMBER THIS ONE TIME AT DINNER. HE WAS TELLING ME
CREEPY THINGS LIKE HE SOMETIMES DID, LIKE HOW
I SHOULD 'LOOK OUT' FOR 'COLORED PEOPLE' BECAUSE THEY WANTED TO 'HURT ME.' MY MOM
SEEMED TO BE GETTING REALLY ANGRY, AND WHEN HE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT HOW
'HITLER WAS RIGHT,' SHE THREW A PLATE AND STARTED YELLING AT HIM.
I DON'T THINK THEY STAYED TOGETHER MUCH LONGER AFTER THAT.
ONE OF THE LAST TIMES I EVER SAW HIM WAS WHEN I SPENT THE NIGHT AT HIS APARTMENT. I REMEMBER FEELING REALLY UNCOMFORTABLE.
HE COOKED DINNER, BUT I DIDN'T EAT MUCH BECAUSE IT WASN'T VERY GOOD.
I DIDN'T SAY VERY MUCH BECAUSE I KNEW HE WANTED US BOTH TO SLEEP IN THE SAME ROOM.
HE SAID HE WANTED US TO TELL STORIES AND JOKES TO EACH OTHER LIKE HE REMEMBERED MY FRIENDS AND ME DOING AT SLUMBER PARTIES,
MAYBE THAT'S WHAT WE DID, BUT I DON'T REMEMBER IT.
I GUESS
THAT ACTUALLY WAS THE LAST TIME I EVER SAW HIM.
BUT THAT WAS OKAY WITH ME,
SINCE I LIKED THINGS BETTER
WHEN
IT WAS JUST MY MOM AND ME, ANYWAY.



TALKING THINGS OVER WITH HIS TRUMPET PLAYER.



LATER, TWO FRIENDS SHARE A DRINK AT THE HOTEL BAR...

EPILOGUE

BUDDY RICH DIED IN 1987. A DAY AFTER HIS DEATH, A MUSICIAN WHO HAD PLAYED FOR BUDDY CALLED HIS HOME AND SPOKE WITH HIS WIFE. "IS BUDDY HOME?" THE MAN ASKED. "BUDDY IS DEAD." HIS WIFE ANSWERED. THE NEXT DAY THE MAN CALLED AGAIN. "MAY I SPEAK WITH BUDDY?" HE ASKED. AGAIN HIS WIFE REPEATED "BUDDY IS DEAD." THE NEXT DAY HE CALLED AGAIN. "IS BUDDY IN?" HIS WIFE, NOW CLEARLY ANNOYED, BARKED BACK "NO! THE THIRD TIME YOU'VE CALLED ASK ME FOR MY HUSBAND BUDDY IS DEAD." "I KNOW" SAID THE MAN. "IT JUST LIKE HEARING IT."

END

THANKS TO AL WOOTEN, PAUL BERG, JIM HEGEDUS AND ERIC F.

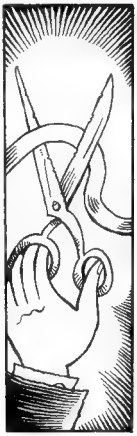
Garish Feline I-VI

© 1991 R. Sikoryak

PROXY

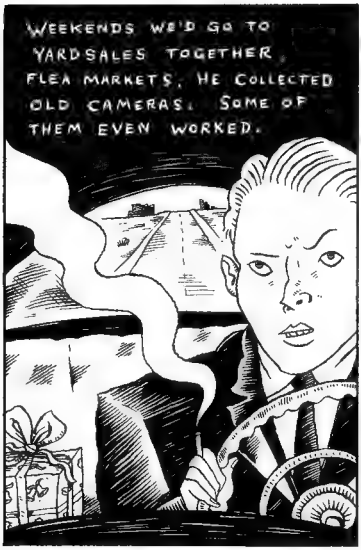
DOC'S FIRST WIFE WAS A BIG GIRL. NOT FAT, JUST ... BIG. BUT THIS GIRL VERNA THAT HE'S MARRYING TODAY? I DON'T KNOW HER. GEEZ ... I DON'T KNOW DOC ANYMORE. IT'S BEEN ALMOST SEVEN YEARS.

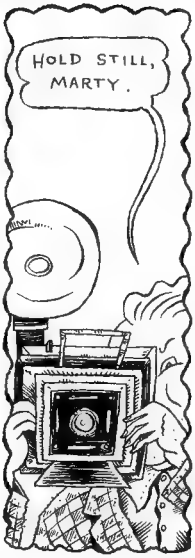
YOU'D PROBABLY LIKE DOC, JOAN. SURE YOU WON'T CHANGE YOUR MIND AND COME WITH ME?

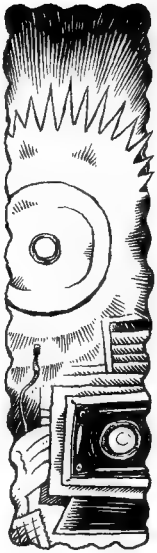


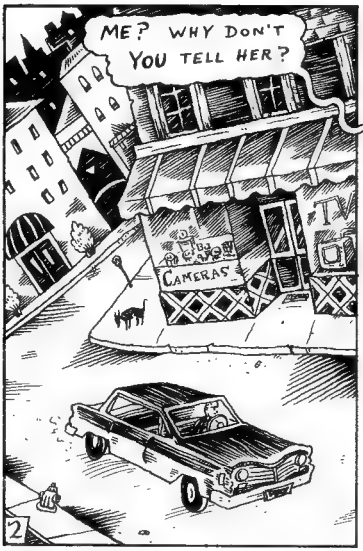
Story: Tom De Haven

Pictures: Richard Sala

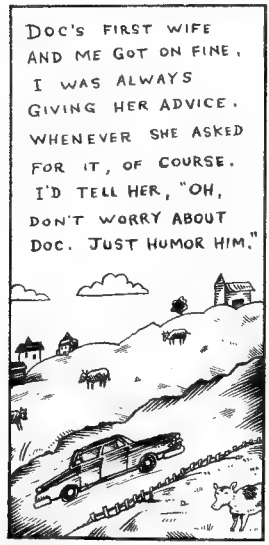

WEEKENDS WE'D GO TO YARDSALES TOGETHER, FLEA MARKETS. HE COLLECTED OLD CAMERAS. SOME OF THEM EVEN WORKED.


HOLD STILL, MARTY.



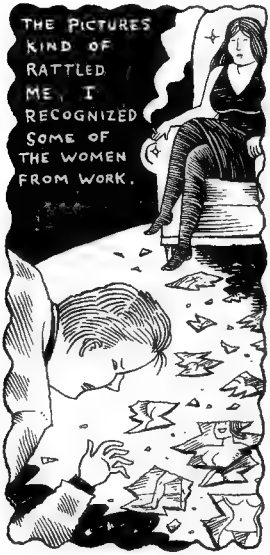

ME? WHY DON'T YOU TELL HER?
TV
CAMERAS
2

YOU'RE NOT LISTENING. IF IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF BREAKING UP, I'D DO IT. BUT IT'S MORE THAN THAT. I COULD GET MYSELF ARRESTED! SHE FOUND THE PICTURES!
25¢


DOC'S FIRST WIFE AND ME GOT ON FINE. I WAS ALWAYS GIVING HER ADVICE. WHENEVER SHE ASKED FOR IT, OF COURSE. I'D TELL HER, "OH, DON'T WORRY ABOUT DOC. JUST HUMOR HIM."

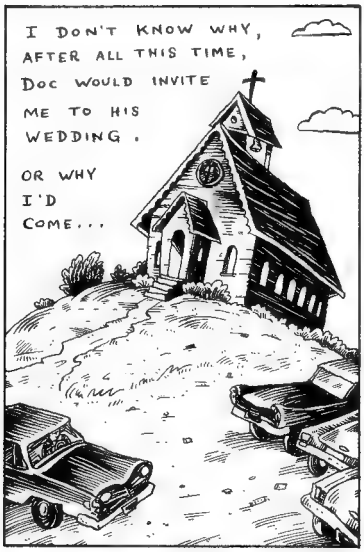
SHE LIKES YOU, MARTY... SO COULD YOU KIND OF SMOOTH THINGS?
WHAT PICTURES ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
LISTEN — ARE YOU GONNA DO ME THIS FAVOR OR NOT?
-YEAH, SURE- I'LL TALK TO HER...

SHE WASN'T SURPRISED WHEN I SHOWED UP. SHE SEEMED VERY COMPOSED.

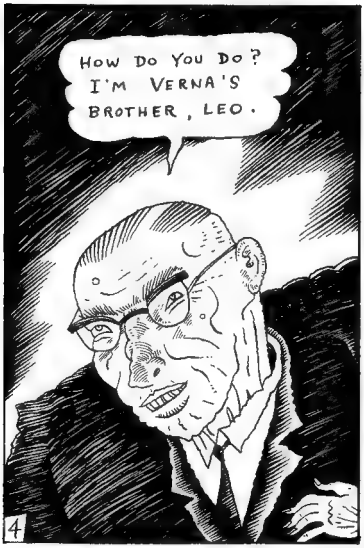

THE PICTURES KIND OF RATTLED ME. I RECOGNIZED SOME OF THE WOMEN FROM WORK.

SEE ANYTHING YOU LIKE?

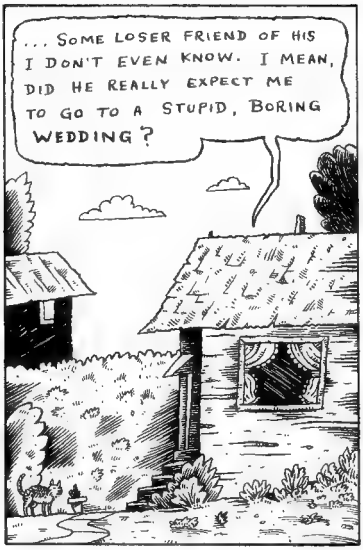
SHE WAS A BIG GIRL... DOC'S FIRST WIFE.
3


I DON'T KNOW WHY, AFTER ALL THIS TIME, DOC WOULD INVITE ME TO HIS WEDDING.
OR WHY I'D COME...

FRIEND OF...?
THE GROOM.

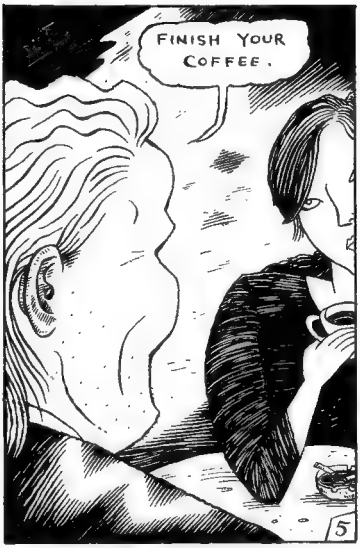

HOW DO YOU DO? I'M VERNA'S BROTHER, LEO.
4

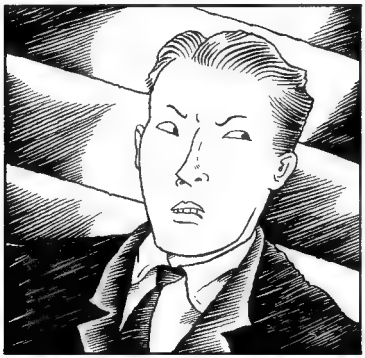
MARTIN BROWN.
WELL... WELL... WELL... ...SHALL WE GO ON INSIDE?

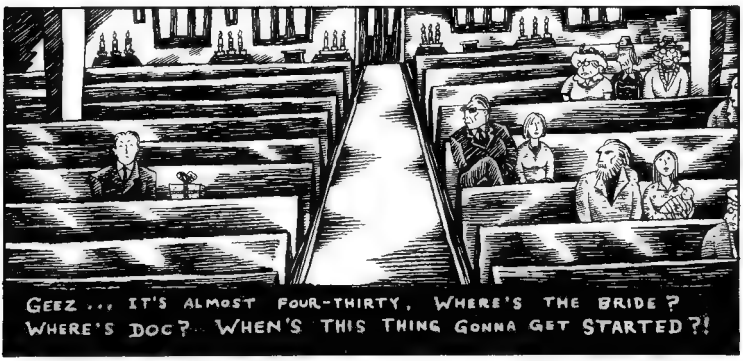

... SOME LOSER FRIEND OF HIS I DON'T EVEN KNOW. I MEAN, DID HE REALLY EXPECT ME TO GO TO A STUPID, BORING WEDDING?

HE WON'T BE BACK BEFORE NINE OR TEN ... CLOSER TO TEN. BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN ... I'M NOT SUGGESTING ...
JOAN ...

... I MEAN ... IT'S NICE THAT YOU HAPPENED TO CALL TODAY ...
JOAN...


FINISH YOUR COFFEE.
5




GEEZ ... IT'S ALMOST FOUR-THIRTY. WHERE'S THE BRIDE? WHERE'S DOC? WHEN'S THIS THING GONNA GET STARTED?!

MARTY? COULD I HAVE A WORD WITH YOU OUTSIDE? I NEED TO ASK A FAVOR.

"FAVOR...?"
6

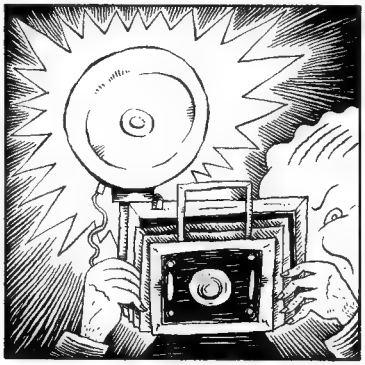
"WHAT KIND OF FAVOR?"
"WE HAVE A LITTLE PROBLEM. THE GROOM HAS BEEN ... DELAYED."

"FOR HOW LONG?"
"I'M AFRAID HE WON'T BE ABLE TO MAKE IT AT ALL, MARTY."

"WHY? IS HE SICK?"
"NO, NO! HE'S JUST... UNABLE TO GET HERE, FROM WHAT I CAN GATHER. IT WAS A BAD CONNECTION..."

"WHERE THE HELL IS HE?"
"WE DON'T KNOW, BUT IT WOULD BE NICE IF WE DIDN'T HAVE TO POSTPONE ANYTHING."

"... BUT..."
"WE WERE THINKING THAT PERHAPS WE COULD HAVE THE CEREMONY WITHOUT DOC."



...WE WERE WONDERING ... SINCE YOU AND DOC ARE SUCH GOOD FRIENDS ... IF YOU MIGHT ... ER ... FILL IN FOR HIM?
WHAT?!
BELOVED
IT'S ALL VERY PROPER AND LEGAL, YOU KNOW. WE'D EVEN BE WILLING TO PAY YOU SOMETHING!

WELL...
I WON'T FORGET THIS, MARTY, AND NEITHER WILL VERNA!
OKAY... BUT...
8

IT'S OKAY, VERNA!

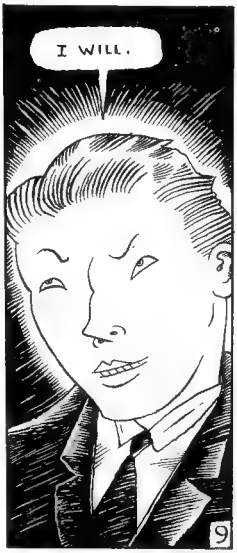
WE'RE ALL SET!

...WHICH IS AN HONORABLE ESTATE INSTITUTED BY GOD IN THE TIME OF MAN'S INNOCENCE...

I ALWAYS KNEW DOC WAS A BASTARD. I LOANED HIM MONEY. HE NEVER PAID ME BACK.
...SIGNIFYING UNTO US THE MYSTIC UNION BETWIXT...

JUST THE KIND TO MISS HIS OWN WEDDING.
...IN SICKNESS AND IN HEALTH...

"...FOR AS LONG AS YOU BOTH SHALL LIVE..."


I WILL.
9

THAT WASN'T SO BAD. IT'LL MAKE A GOOD STORY. TELL JOAN, "HEY ~ GUESS WHAT I DID AT DOC'S WEDDING? MARRIED HIS BRIDE!"

...I WONDER IF SHE'LL LAUGH.
Seeds

10

QUICK ~ FOLLOW ME!

HEY!
THWOK!
INTO THE CAR!

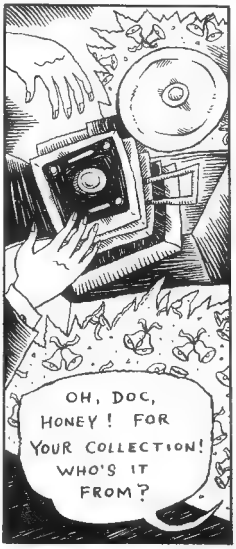
HURRY! CLOSE THE DOOR!

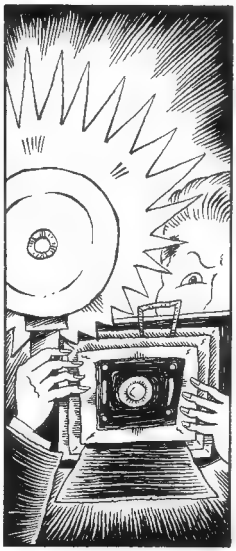
WHAP!
VROOM!

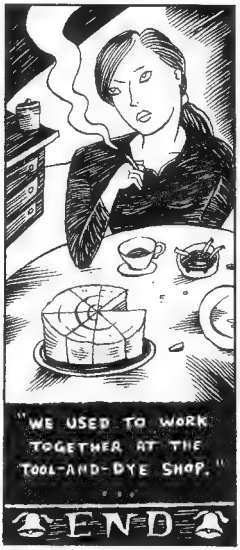
CAN WE OPEN SOME PRESENTS NOW?

I APOLOGIZE FOR MY FATHER. IT WAS JUST ... ALL THOSE PHOTOGRAPHS OF VERNA IN THAT DISGUSTING MAGAZINE ... HE WAS PRETTY UPSET.

WE'LL ... HAVE TO GO BACK LATER ... FOR MY CAR ...
WHATEVER YOU SAY, DOC.







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MAUS

ART SPIEGELMAN, a cartoonist born after WW II, is planning a book about his parents' lives as Polish Jews during the war. He interviews his father. They don't get along.

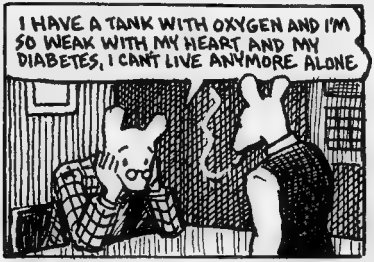
VLADEK, his father, lives in Rego Park, NY. He is in poor health. In 1937, in Sosnowiec, he married **Anja**. Their first son, Richieu, died in the war. In 1968, Anja killed herself.

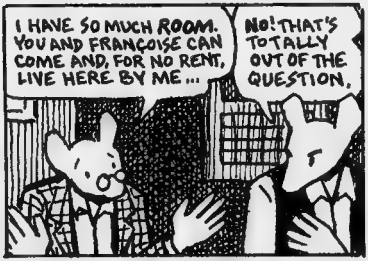
MALA, Vladek's second wife, is also a survivor. Their relationship is stormy. This past summer she has left him.

CHAPTER TEN

SYNOPSIS: In March, 1944, after years in ghettos and in hiding, Vladek and Anja were caught and sent to Auschwitz, where they were separated. Still alive when the camp was evacuated, he was taken to Dachau. "Here," he said, "my troubles began." Starved and weak, he got typhus and almost died. In the Spring he was put on a train to Switzerland...

Back in Rego Park. Late Autumn...





MAUS. Chapter Ten: "Saved." © 1991 art spiegelman.

I ONLY DON'T KNOW HOW TO ARRANGE MYSELF...MAYBE TO YOUR ROOM I CAN FIND A TENANT TO TAKE CARE ON ME.
UH-HUH. MAY-BE...

WELL...COME! WE HAVE NOW TO CARRY UP MY STORM WINDOWS TO PUT IN.
SHIT. I WAS HOPING YOU'D TELL ME MORE OF YOUR STORY...

THIS WE CAN TALK MAYBE AFTER, BUT ALREADY I'M COLD. I LOSE MONEY TO HEAT WITH NO STORM WINDOWS.
SIGH.

IN OTHER YEARS I PUT BY NOW THE WINDOWS, THAT I DIDN'T NEED HELP.
LOOK...I'LL DO IT, BUT FIRST, JUST TELL ME MORE ABOUT ANJA.

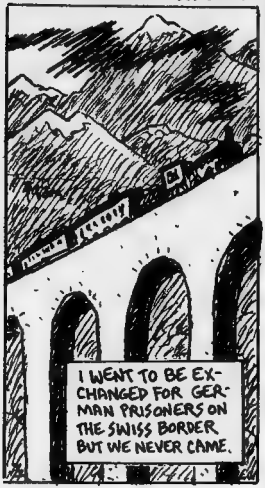
ANJA? WHAT IS TO TELL? EVERYWHERE I LOOK I'M SEEING ANJA...

FROM MY GOOD EYE, FROM MY GLASS EYE, IF THEY'RE OPEN OR THEY'RE CLOSED, ALWAYS I'M THINKING ON ANJA.

UH, I MEANT WHEN YOU WERE IN DACHAU. WHERE WAS ANJA?

I DON'T KNOW-TO DIFFERENT CAMPS... SHE MARCHED FROM AUSCHWITZ EARLIER AS ME, AND CAME ALSO THROUGH GROSS ROSEN, AND THEN-I DON'T REMEMBER-

IT WAS THE LAST MINUTES OF THE WAR, I LEFT DACHAU...



I REMEMBER WE GOT EACH A TREASURE BOX FROM THE SWISS RED CROSS: SARDINES! BISCUITS! CHOCOLATE!

SO, AT NIGHT, SOME TRIED TO STEAL FROM ME...

WITH MY TYPHUS I NEEDED STILL MUCH TO REST, BUT THIS TREASURE WAS MORE TO ME THAN SLEEPING.

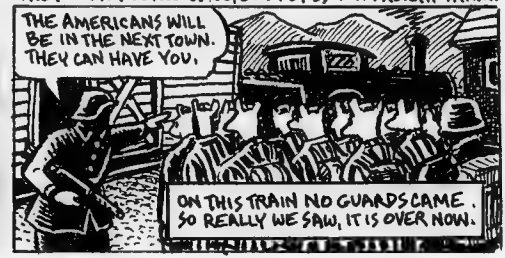
EVERYBODY OUT! LINE UP IN FIVES!
HERE WAS THE END OF OUR RIDE.

WE HAD FROM HERE TO GO BY FOOT TO THE FRONTIER...
AND I SAW, IT'S NOT EVERYWHERE, MY HELL. IT'S STILL LIFE THINGS GOING ON.

WE MARCH. WE STOP. FOR HOURS WE STOOD.
WHAT'S GOING ON?
THEY'RE TAKING US BACK TO DACHAU!
NO, NO. THE AMERICANS ARE COMING.

IT WAS COMMOTIONS AND RUMORS. THEN SHOUTS:
THE WAR IS OVER!
IT WAS OVER.

MARCH BACK TO THE TRACKS! SCHNELL!


THEY DIDN'T LEAVE US GO, BUT PUT US TO A FREIGHT TRAIN.
THE AMERICANS WILL BE IN THE NEXT TOWN. THEY CAN HAVE YOU.
ON THIS TRAIN NO GUARDS CAME. SO REALLY WE SAW, IT IS OVER NOW.

IN A HALF HOUR THIS TRAIN STOPPED

SOME WENT ONE WAY, SOME ANOTHER...

LITTLE BY LITTLE THEY GOT ALL OF US WHAT WERE GOING TO BE FREE, MAYBE 150 OR 200 PEOPLE, OVER IN THE WOODS, BY A BIG LAKE...

THEY GUARDED SO WE COULDN'T GO AWAY.

IN THE LATER AFTERNOON I WENT OVER CLOSE TO THE EDGE OF THE WATER ...
VLADEK SPIEGELMAN! IS THAT YOU?!
SHIVEK?! YOU'RE ALIVE?
SHIVEK WAS FROM BEFORE THE WAR, A FRIEND FROM BEDZIN, NEAR SOSNOWIEC.
WE SURVIVED EVERYTHING JUST TO GET SHOT WHILE THE WAR ENDS!
I STILL HAVE A LITTLE COFFEE I ORGANIZED. LET'S MAKE A LAST CUP.
LOOK! GET HIM!
SPLASH
ONE OLDER GUY, HE WAS MAYBE 50, JUMPED TO THE LAKE. IT WAS A FAR SWIM.
KBANG! KBANG!
HE MADE IT! DO YOU HAVE THE STRENGTH TO TRY?
JUST STAY NEAR THE WATER. WE CAN ALWAYS TRY IT WHEN THE REAL SHOOTING STARTS.
SO IT CAME NIGHT. WE WERE TERRIBLE FRIGHTENED. WE SAT AND WAITED.
IT WAS CRYING AND PRAYING. SO LONG WE SURVIVED, AND NOW WE WAITED ONLY THAT THEY SHOOT, BECAUSE WE HAD NOT ELSE TO DO.

IN THE EARLY MORNING WE WERE STILL ALL ALIVE.
THEY'RE GONE!
IT'S A MIRACLE! THERE'S NOT ONE GERMAN LEFT— JUST THEIR GUNS!
WHAT HAPPENED?
I WAS LYING NEAR THE HEAD OFFICER'S TENT— HIS GIRLFRIEND WAS ARGUING WITH HIM...
SHE BEGGED HIM TO LET US GO. SHE WARNED HIM HE'D BE PUNISHED.
"THE WAR IS OVER," SHE CRIED. "LET'S RUN AWAY!" SHE SAVED US!
SOME, WE WENT ONE WAY, SOME ANOTHER.
MAYBE WE CAN GET FOOD AT ONE OF THESE FARMS.
HALT!
ON THE ROAD WAS ANOTHER PATROL, ALSO CATCHING JEWS.
SO WE HAD AGAIN THE SAME STORY. THEY FOUND 40 OR 50 OF US, AND CLOSED US TO A BIG BARN.

WE HEARD ALL NIGHT SHOOTING IN THE MOUNTAINS AROUND...
KPOK KPOK KPOK
OUR GUARDS- THEY ALL RAN AWAY!
SO THIS NEXT MORNING WE WERE STILL AGAIN ALIVE!
COME, SHIVEK. LET'S FIND A BUNKER UNTIL THINGS QUIET DOWN.
WE CAME BY A GARAGE. SO I WENT OVER...
PLEASE, SIR. WE NEED A PLACE TO HIDE 'TIL THE AMERICANS GET HERE.
GO AWAY! I DON'T WANT TO GET INVOLVED!
HAVE PITY. IT'S JUST FOR A DAY OR TWO!...
WELL...THERE'S A PIT IN THE BACK. IT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS IF YOU WANT TO LIE IN IT!
OVER A DAY WE LAY THERE, THEN TWO WEHRMACHT CAME.
HEY! WHICH WAY IS INNSBRUCK?
THAT WAY, OFFICER.
BUT WAIT-TWO JEWS ARE BACK THERE, HIDING IN A PIT!
THEY WERE IN SO BIG A HURRY TO RUN, THEY DIDN'T EVEN LOOK TO US.

LET'S GO, SHIVEK. WE'LL FIND A SAFER SPOT.

WE PASSED TO A FEW HOUSES AND PEEKED INSIDE...
LOOK. NOBODY SEEMS TO BE HOME HERE.

A PART OF THIS HOUSE, IT WAS A BARN.
WE CAN HIDE UP HERE UNDER THE HAY.

FROM THE WALLS WE HEARD SHOUTING:
SCHNELL, ELSA! PACK WHAT YOU CAN.
HURRY! THIS MAY BECOME A BATTLEFIELD ANY MINUTE!

THE VILLAGERS ARE RUNNING AWAY!
FINE. THE FARTHER THE BETTER!

KKABOOM

THE FAR SIDE FROM OUR BARN FELL DOWN A LITTLE...
MY GOD! WH-WHAT HAPPENED?!
THE WEHRMACHT IS RETREATING AND BLEW UP THE BRIDGE TO SEAL THEIR TRAIL. IT MEANS WE'RE FREE!

LET'S LOOK AROUND. IT'S SAFE NOW!
UH-UH. I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE!

I WENT MYSELF TO THE EMPTY HOUSE
GASP. MILK!
SLURP! SLURP!
I DRANK SO LONG, I DON'T KNOW WHEN I STOPPED!
I TOLD YOU IT'S SAFE NOW. I GOT YOU SOME MILK!
MILK!
SO, WE BOTH DRANK TOO MUCH MILK AND LOOKED AROUND.
AAH! CHICKENS!
HE WAS A FARM BOY, SHIVEK. HE KILLED EACH DAY A CHICKEN, AND MILKED US A COW.
I USED TO DREAM ABOUT CHICKENS!
LOOK! I FOUND CLOTHES UPSTAIRS. WE CAN THROW AWAY OUR STRIPES.
SKRAAAK!
THERE! I'M STARTING TO FEEL HUMAN AGAIN!
ME TOO. EXCEPT I'M-ULP GETTING N-NAUSEOUS...
OUR STOMACH GOT A SHOCK TO EAT MILK AND CHICKENS, WE GOT VERY SICK OF DIARRHEA.
WE LAY A FEW DAYS IN BAD SHAPE UNTIL THE AMERICANS CAME...
HANDS UP! IDENTIFY YOURSELVES!

I TOLD EVERYTHING HOW WE SURVIVED TO HERE...

ONE TIME IT CAME A WOMAN WITH *OFFICIALS* TO THE HOUSE.

ARREST THOSE TWO JEWISH THIEVES!

THEY STOLE MY HUSBAND'S CLOTHES!

WE NEVER *LOOKED* ON WHAT CLOTHES WE TOOK!

ROB-BERS!

YOU'LL HAVE TO GIVE 'EM BACK, WILLIE.

"SO, LET HER TAKE," I TOLD. "WE HAVE *STILL* 3 FULL VALISES!"

ACH! LOOK ON THE TIME! WE HAVE TO *HURRY* NOW WITH MY WINDOWS.

BUT, BEFORE I FORGET– I PUT HERE A BOX WHAT YOU'LL BE HAPPY TO SEE.

?

I THOUGHT I LOST IT, BUT YOU SEE HOW I SAVED!

MOM'S DIA-RIES?!

NO, NO! ON THOSE IT'S NO MORE TO SPEAK. THOSE IT'S GONE, FINISHED!

BUT, BELOW MY CLOSET I FIND THESE SNAPSHOTS, SOME STILL FROM POLAND.

THANKS.

COME. YOU'LL LOOK AFTER THE WINDOWS!

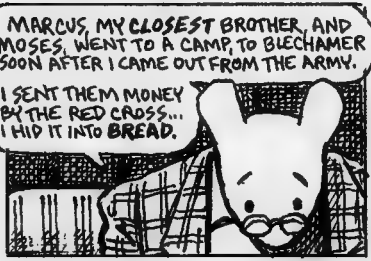
IS THIS UNCLE HERMAN?

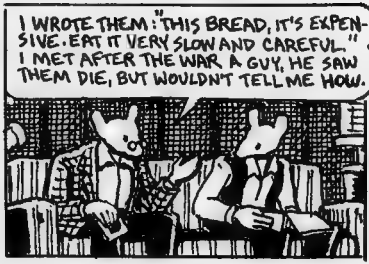
YAH. HE WAS ANJA'S OLDEST BROTHER. HE RAN, IN LODZ, THE FAMILY HOSIERY FACTORY.
Herman + Hela . Lodz 1929
IN 1939 HE AND HELA CAME TO SEE THE WORLD FAIR, AND STAYED HERE THE WAR. IN 1950 - YOU WERE A BABY - WE CAME ALSO HERE, FROM STOCKHOLM TO HIS HOUSE.
I LIKED BETTER TO STAY IN SWEDEN - I HAD AGAIN A GOOD BUSINESS - BUT ANJA INSISTED TO BE WITH THE ONLY SURVIVING ONE OF ALL HER FAMILY.
AND - OY - WHEN HERMAN DIED FROM A HIT-AND-RUN DRIVER IN 1964, ANJA STARTED THE ALSO TO DIE A LITTLE.
Herman . Norristown . Pa . 1957
SO HERE IT'S THEIR TWO KIDS, LOLEK AND LONIA, WHAT STAYED BY US, IN SOSNOWIEC, IN THE WAR.
LOLEK, YOU KNOW HE THEN CAME OUT ALIVE FROM AUSCHWITZ. SO NOW HE'S AN ENGINEER AND A BIG-SHOT COLLEGE PROFESSOR.
Lolek + Hela 1946
THE LITTLE GIRL, SHE FINISHED WITH RICHIEU IN THE GHETTO.
THIS BROTHER OF ANJA, JOSEF, HE WAS A SIGN PAINTER, A COMMERCIAL ARTIST, ALWAYS SHE SAID YOU RESEMBLE.
Josef . Lodz . 1934

HE HAD, IN LODZ, A GIRLFRIEND-A BEAUTY- BUT SHE LIKED MONEY AND NIGHTCLUBS. THEN THE GERMANS TOOK AWAY THE FACTORY FROM ANJA'S FAMILY.
SO HE HAD LESS MONEY AND SHE LEFT HIM AND HE KILLED HIMSELF.
Josef + Sonia. 1939
THE MIDDLE BROTHER, LEVEK, HE RAN WITH HIS WIFE TO RUSSIA WHEN THE WAR CAME, BUT WHEN HE SAW HOW IT WAS THERE HE WANTED TO RUN BACK.
THOSE WHO RAN TO RUSSIA, THEY PUT TO SIBERIA AS TRAITORS, BUT TO SMUGGLE BACK OVER THE BORDERS COST A FORTUNE. I SENT SOME MONEY...
IN '38, WHEN I NEEDED CASH TO MY FACTORY, HE GAVE. SO NOW I HELPED HIM COME BACK TO HIS WIFE'S FAMILY ...TO WARSAW.
Levek. Sosnowiec '27
IN WARSAW, YOU KNOW HOW IT WAS. IF THEY STAYED ONLY IN RUSSIA, THEY STILL NOW COULD MAYBE BE ALIVE.
ANJA'S PARENTS, THE GRANDPARENTS, HER BIG SISTER TOSHA, LITTLE BIBI AND OUR RICHIEU ... ALL WHAT IS LEFT, IT'S THE PHOTOS.
1939

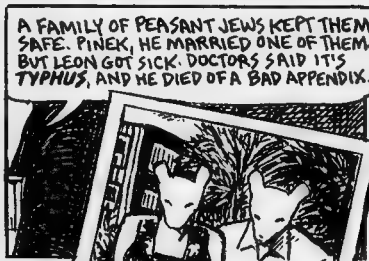
WHAT ABOUT YOUR SIDE OF THE FAMILY?
MY SIDE?... MY FATHER, AND FELA, AND HER 4 KIDS, I TOLD YOU GOT TAKEN IN '42.

ZOSHA AND YADJA, MY YOUNGER SISTERS, HAD ONLY 1 KID EACH AND CAME WITH ME INTO THE GHETTO BEFORE THEY ALL DIED LATER, TO AUSCHWITZ.


MARCUS, MY CLOSEST BROTHER, AND MOSES, WENT TO A CAMP, TO BLECHAMER SOON AFTER I CAME OUT FROM THE ARMY.
I SENT THEM MONEY BY THE RED CROSS... I HID IT INTO BREAD.


I WROTE THEM: "THIS BREAD, IT'S EXPENSIVE. EAT IT VERY SLOW AND CAREFUL."
I MET AFTER THE WAR A GUY, HE SAW THEM DIE, BUT WOULDN'T TELL ME HOW.

MY OTHER BROTHERS, LEON AND PINEK, THEY DESERTED OUT FROM THE POLISH ARMY TO LEMBERG, IN RUSSIA...


A FAMILY OF PEASANT JEWS KEPT THEM SAFE. PINEK, HE MARRIED ONE OF THEM. BUT LEON GOT SICK. DOCTORS SAID IT'S TYPHUS, AND HE DIED OF A BAD APPENDIX.

Sarah + Pinek. Tel Aviv. 1963
SO ONLY MY LITTLE BROTHER, PINEK, CAME OUT FROM THE WAR ALIVE... FROM THE REST OF MY FAMILY, IT'S NOTHING LEFT, NOT EVEN A SNAPSHOT.

THESE PHOTOS WE GOT FROM RICHIEU'S POLISH GOVERNESS.
WE GAVE HER OUR VALUABLE THINGS TO HOLD UNTIL THE WAR IS OVER.

BUT AFTERWARD SHE SAID, "ALL THESE VALUABLES, THE NAZIS GRABBED AWAY."
WE DIDN'T BELIEVE, BUT THE PICTURES AT LEAST, SHE GAVE BACK.

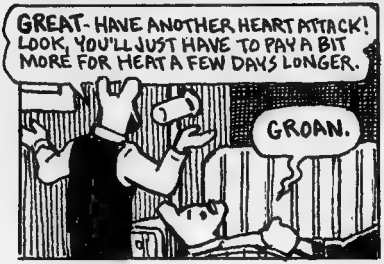
CAN I TAKE THESE HOME?
YAH. IT'S FOR YOU. BUT, WAIT- I'LL PUT THEM TO AN ENVELOPE...

THE CIGAR BOX I CAN NEED FOR-
AKKH!

WHOO- YOU SEE. MY NITRO-STAT HELPS ME RIGHT AWAY. BUT I TALKED TOO MUCH. I'LL LIE A LITTLE DOWN.

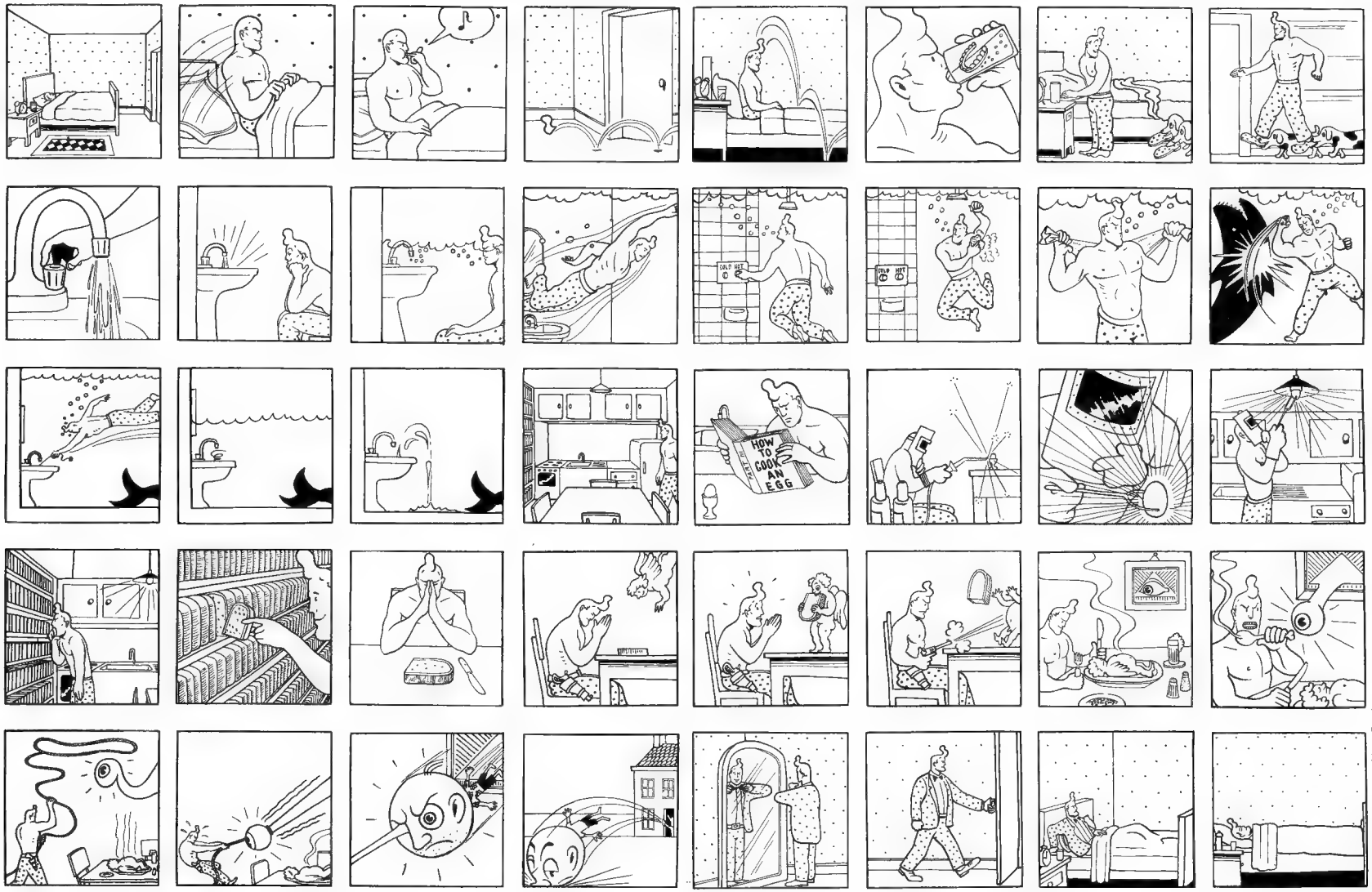
UM--WHAT ABOUT THE STORM WINDOWS?
ALONE YOU CAN'T KNOW HOW TO DO, AND I'M NOW TOO TIRED FOR THIS. MAYBE TOMORROW WE'LL DO.

IMPOSSIBLE. I'M TOO BUSY! I'LL COME OUT AGAIN NEXT WEEK.
ACH. THEN NOW WE MUST DO IT. I'LL-UNNF


GREAT- HAVE ANOTHER HEART ATTACK! LOOK, YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO PAY A BIT MORE FOR HEAT A FEW DAYS LONGER.
GROAN.

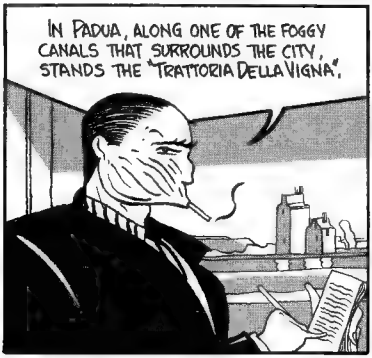
I'M -UH- SORRY I MADE YOU TALK SO MUCH, POP.
SO, NEVER MIND, DARLING. ALWAYS IT'S A PLEASURE WHEN YOU VISIT.

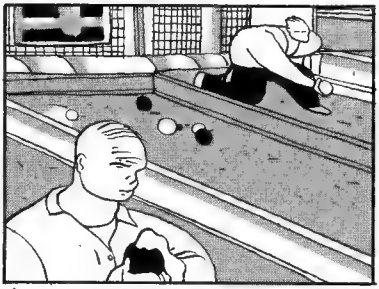
A DAY IN THE LIFE OF COWBOY HENK



© 1991 Kamagurka / Herr Seele

WRITTEN ON THE WIND

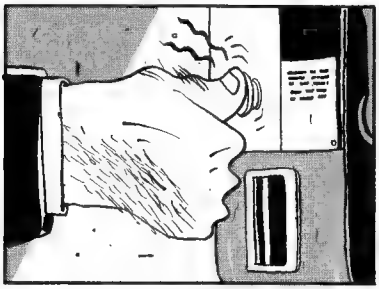




IN THE SUMMER PEOPLE EAT ON THE TERRACE AND PLAY BOCCE. IN WINTER THEY STAND ON THE SAWDUST COVERED FLOOR DRINKING AT THE COUNTER.

THERE'S AN OLD MAN NAMED BEPPI WHO MIGHT BE THE OWNER OF THE PLACE, OR MAYBE THE FATHER OF THE OWNER, OR MAYBE NOT.

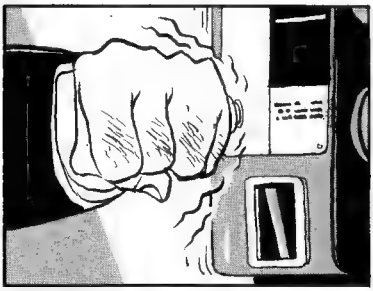
HE WALKS AROUND THE PLACE, PICKING UP EMPTY BOTTLES, LEANING ON THE DOOR, GRUMBLING ABOUT THE WEATHER.



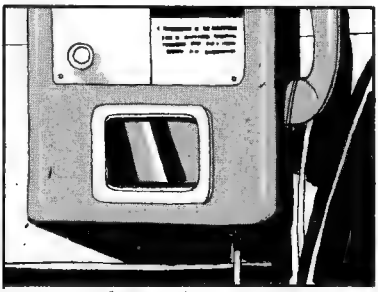
HE HAS A STRANGE HABIT: FIRST HE PUSHES THE COIN-RETURN BUTTON ON THE PUBLIC PHONE...

THEN HE WALKS BY AGAIN AND HITS IT.

Translation by Eduardo Kaplan & a.s. Lettering by Paul Karasik.
© 1986 Lorenzo Mattotti & Toni Capuozzo

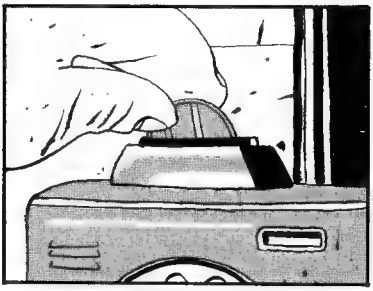


THEN HE WALKS BY ONE MORE TIME AND WHACKS IT AGAIN.



FOR OLD BEPPI THAT PAY PHONE IS LIKE A STINGY SLOT MACHINE.

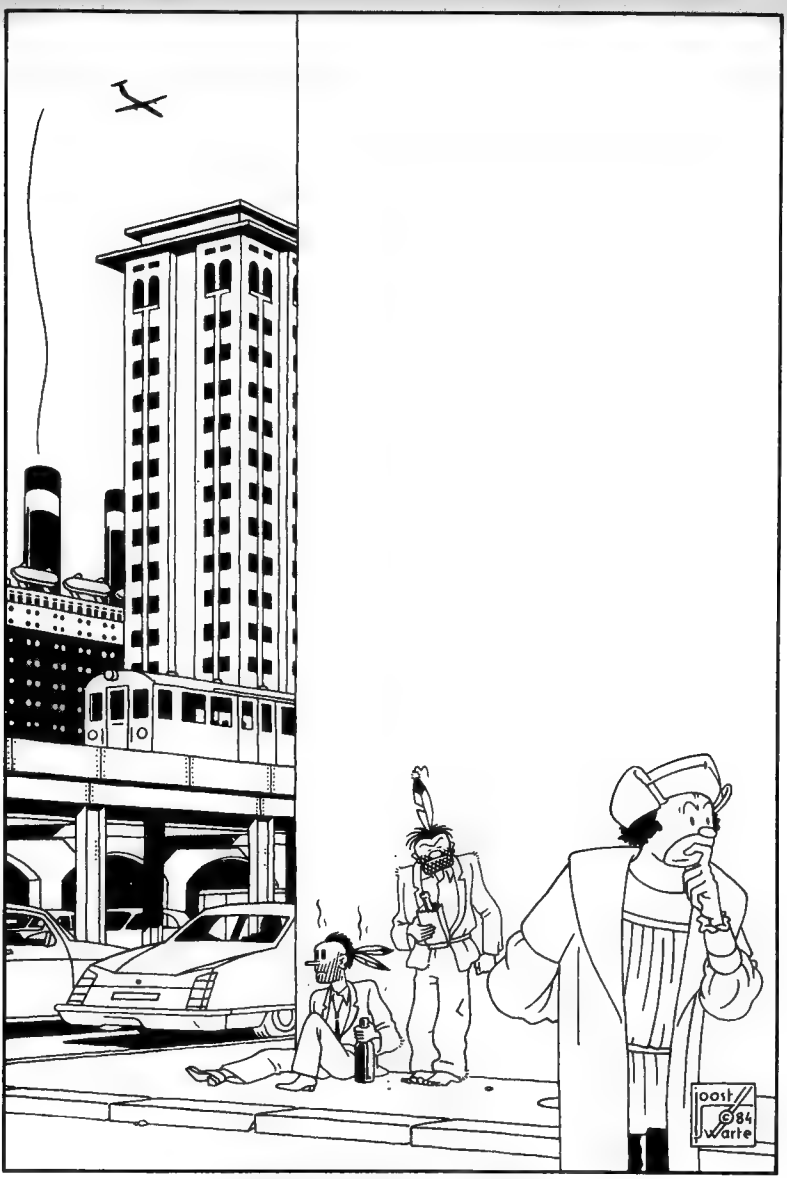
THE OTHER NIGHT THE GUYS PLAYED A TRICK ON HIM. THEY WAITED UNTIL HE WENT OUT...



THEN THEY PUT A HALF DOZEN COINS IN THE PHONE WITHOUT MAKING A CALL.

WHEN BEPPI CAME BACK HE PUNCHED THE COIN-RETURN. THE COINS STARTED TO POUR OUT IN WHAT SEEMED LIKE AN ENDLESS FLOW.

BEPPI LOOKED AROUND, ASTONISHED, THEN LET OUT A LOUD, EMBARRASSED, AND HAPPY LAUGH.

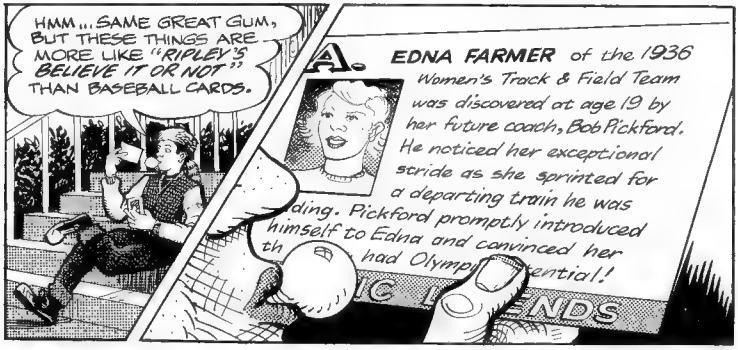


COLUMBUS RETURNS AND RECONSIDERS

NO MORE BASEBALL CARDS, MR. PERONI?
TH' SEASON'S OVER, KID - ALL I GOT ARE THEM THINGS!
NEHI
MILLER MOTORS INC.

HUH? "OLYMPIC LEGEND" CARDS? WHAT EXACTLY ARE THEY?
I GOT NO IDEA. THEY CAME WITH THE LAST BATCH.
DING

©'90 JUSTIN GREEN
Binky Brown Meets
OLYMPIC LEGENDS
COLLECT 68 EM ALL
ONE IN A SERIES OF TRUE STORIES ABOUT SOME OF THE GREATEST ATHLETES IN AMERICAN HISTORY.
1931
Q. Which Olympic Star was discovered while running for a train?


HMM... SAME GREAT GUM, BUT THESE THINGS ARE MORE LIKE "RIPLEY'S BELIEVE IT OR NOT" THAN BASEBALL CARDS.
A. EDNA FARMER of the 1936 Women's Track & Field Team was discovered at age 19 by her future coach, Bob Pickford. He noticed her exceptional stride as she sprinted for a departing train he was ding. Pickford promptly introduced himself to Edna and convinced her th had Olymp ential!

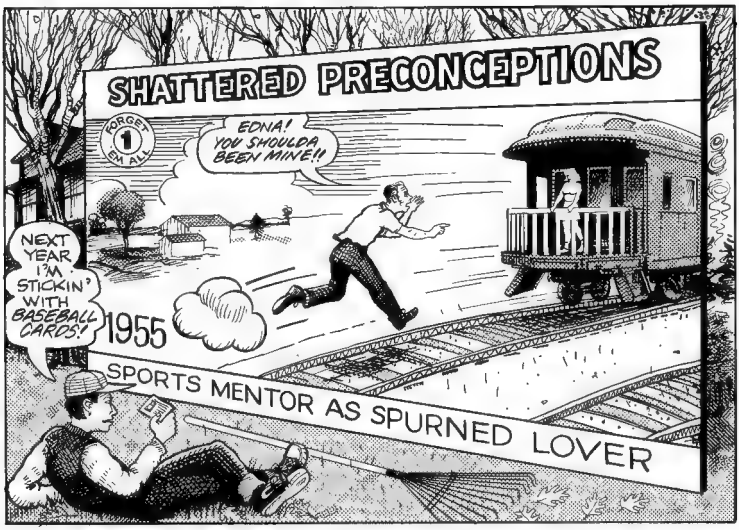
THE FOLLOWING SPRING
HEY, SCHWARTZ! YOU GOT THE WHOLE SET OF "OLYMPIC LEGENDS."
YEAH, WE GOT 'EM FREE. NUMBER 68 IS ABOUT MY MOM... SHE USED TO BE A GREAT RUNNER!
Parlez my Bloop
YEAH, BUT IT SAYS HERE THAT HER NAME WAS EDNA FARMER.
THAT'S BEFORE SHE GOT MARRIED YOU SPAZ!
UH, MRS. SCHWARTZ, I WAS JUST CURIOUS... IS THAT REALLY YOU ON THIS CARD?
OH THAT THING?
YES, IT'S ME ALRIGHT!
SEE? WHAT DID I TELL YUH?
WAR
BINK DEVELOPED AN UNHEALTHY INTEREST IN HIS FRIEND'S MOTHER.
SHE'S PROBABLY GOING TO PLAY TENNIS AGAIN.
HIS OWN MOM LACKED PIZZAZZ.
I COVER THE WATERFRONT
ALL SHE DOES IS READ & SING THOSE SAD SONGS.
LATER—AN OFFER HE COULDN'T REFUSE
HEY BINKY—MY DAD HAS TO WORK AND MY SISTER IS GOIN' TO CAMP SO JUST ME AND MY MOM ARE GOIN' TO A LITTLE LAKE IN INDIANA FOR A COUPLE WEEKS. WANT TO COME WITH US?
S-SURE.
THANK YOU, GOD!
SEND US A POSTCARD!
OK! BYE!
I'LL BE WITH A TRULY EXCITING MOM!

SO THERE BINKY WAS, IN SEVENTH HEAVEN.
CABINS
BOB CALLED!
GAS
Blatz BEER
WHO'S BOB?
HE'S THAT COACH WHO DISCOVERED MY MOM.
Balls a Poppin
ROYAL FLUSH
ONE EVENING THE OLYMPIC LEGEND HIMSELF APPEARED, BEARING GIFTS NO LESS!
I BROUGHT YOU GUYS SOME MAJOR LEAGUE BATS.
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE!
BOB!
WOW! LOUISVILLE SLUGGERS!
EDNA, YOU'RE STILL ABSOLUTELY BEAUTIFUL! HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN? HOW ARE YOU? HOW'S OLD WHAT'S-HIS-FACE?
BOB, PLEASE.
MINE'S A MUSIAL.
I GOT KINER.
BOB KNEW WHAT MAKES BOYS TICK.
SO THERE I WAS IN A CORNFIELD SLIGHTLY DAZED, BUT OTHERWISE OK! THEY OFFERED TO TAKE US BACK TO THE AIRPORT – OR – TO GIVE US FREE ROOM AND BOARD AT A NEARBY HOTEL...
I TOLD MYSELF: "IF YOU DON'T GET BACK ON AN AIRPLANE NOW YOU'LL NEVER FLY AGAIN!" BUT A SALESMAN HAS TO FLY – SO I JUST MADE MYSELF GET ON THAT BUS BOUND FOR THE AIRPORT!
SMECK
WOW!
AHEM, BOB
ARE YOU STILL TELLING THAT PLANE CRASH STORY?
BUT DOLL-
HERE'S SOME DOUGH.
WHY DON'T YOU TWO GO OUT TO THE MOVIES?
FIVE BUCKS!
THANKS, MRS. SCHWARTZ.

SO THE DUO PESTERED A TRAILER PARK WITH FIRECRACKERS FOR THE ENTIRE EVENING.
I'LL POLECOCK YOU LITTLE SUM BITCHES!
☆◎!!#!
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
AM
BIO
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

THE JUVENILE DELINQUENTS RETURN
MAW?
EDNA -SNOCK- YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN MY QUEEN OF -GAK- HEARTS!
STOP IT. PLEASE LEAVE.

NEXT MORNING
RING
DON'T ANSWER IT!
WHY NOT?
RING
IT'S THAT DAMN BOB!
RING


SHATTERED PRECONCEPTIONS
FORGET 'EM ALL
1
EDNA! YOU SHOULDA BEEN MINE!!
NEXT YEAR I'M STICKIN' WITH BASEBALL CARDS!
1955
SPORTS MENTOR AS SPURNED LOVER

EYESORE

© 1983–91 Gary Panter

SKETCHBOOK DRAWINGS 1983–1988

GARY PANTER

MAGIC GUM
TUTTI FRUTTI
BUBBLE GUM
GOMME
MACHEN
BUBBLE GUM
KAUGUMMI
CHICLE
MAGIC GUM

MAR 15 1987

JUN 4 1984
4S. LIGHT OF JAPAN

S1. HEATHEN TRIBAL CUSTOMS FLOURISH IN this cannibal village.

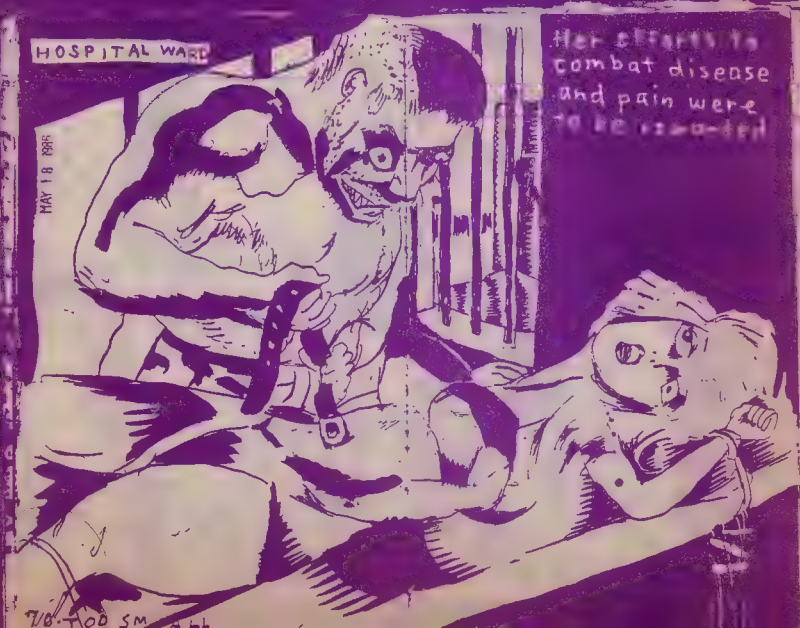
ARRIBA, sin nosotros
en su división, sigan
siguiendo al mar
56. MISIONEROS DE LA MUERTE

APR 1-2 1984

31. Police Sharpshooter

DUCKLINGS
APR 6 1936
APR 6 1936
59. POWPENG
68. FEYMAN
PAY LATER
JAN 26 1936

77. YOU CAN DEVELOP A HE-MAN VOICE

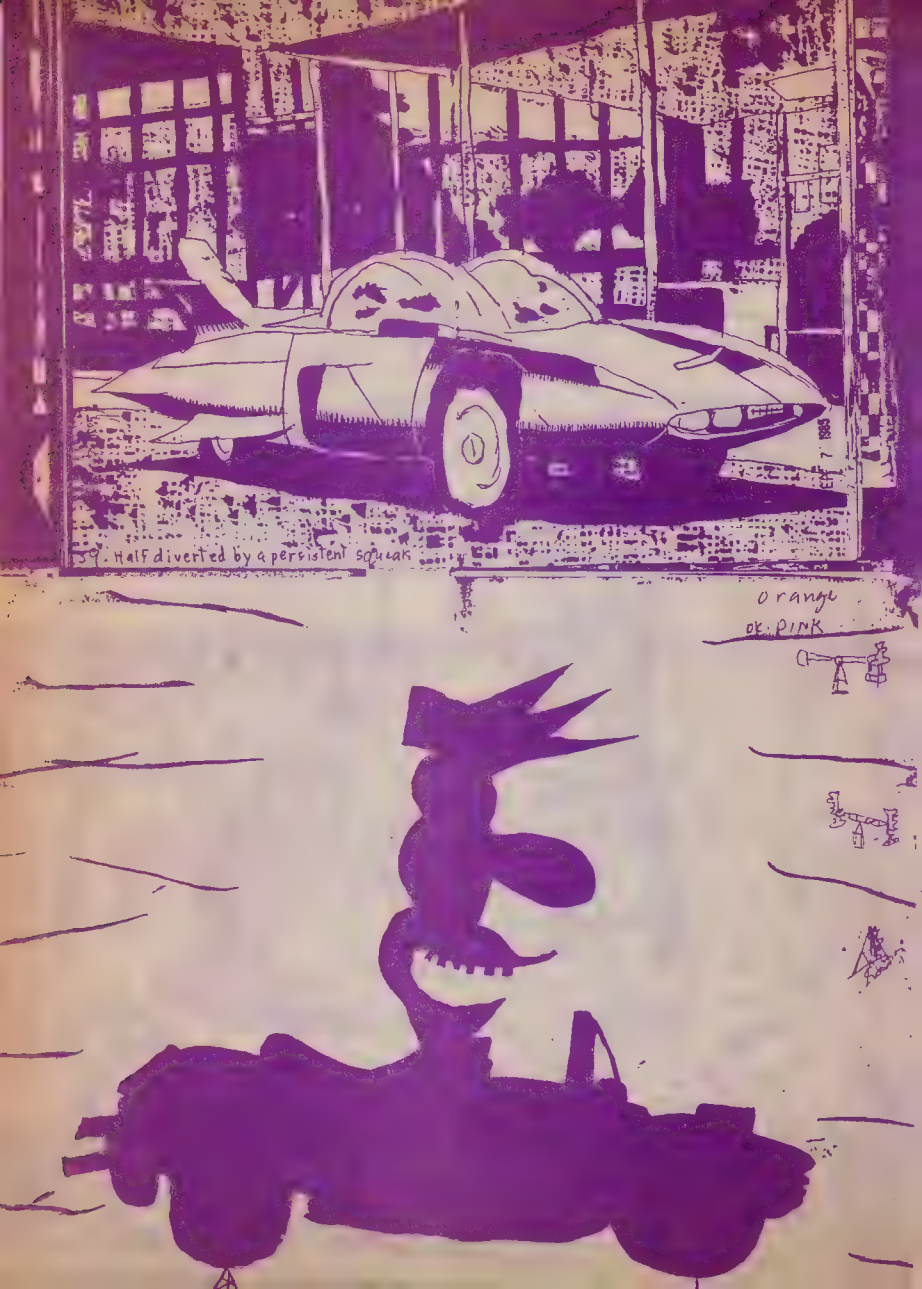


78. TOO SM

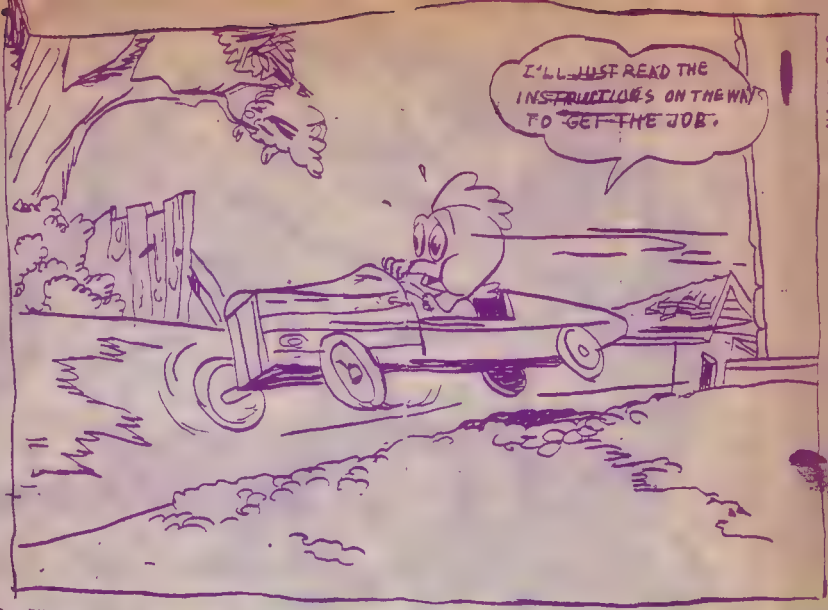
SEP 29 1985

46. Two of Arizona's Prosperous Farmers

SEP 29 1985


57. Half diverted by a persistent squeak
orange
OK. PINK

NOV 15 1960



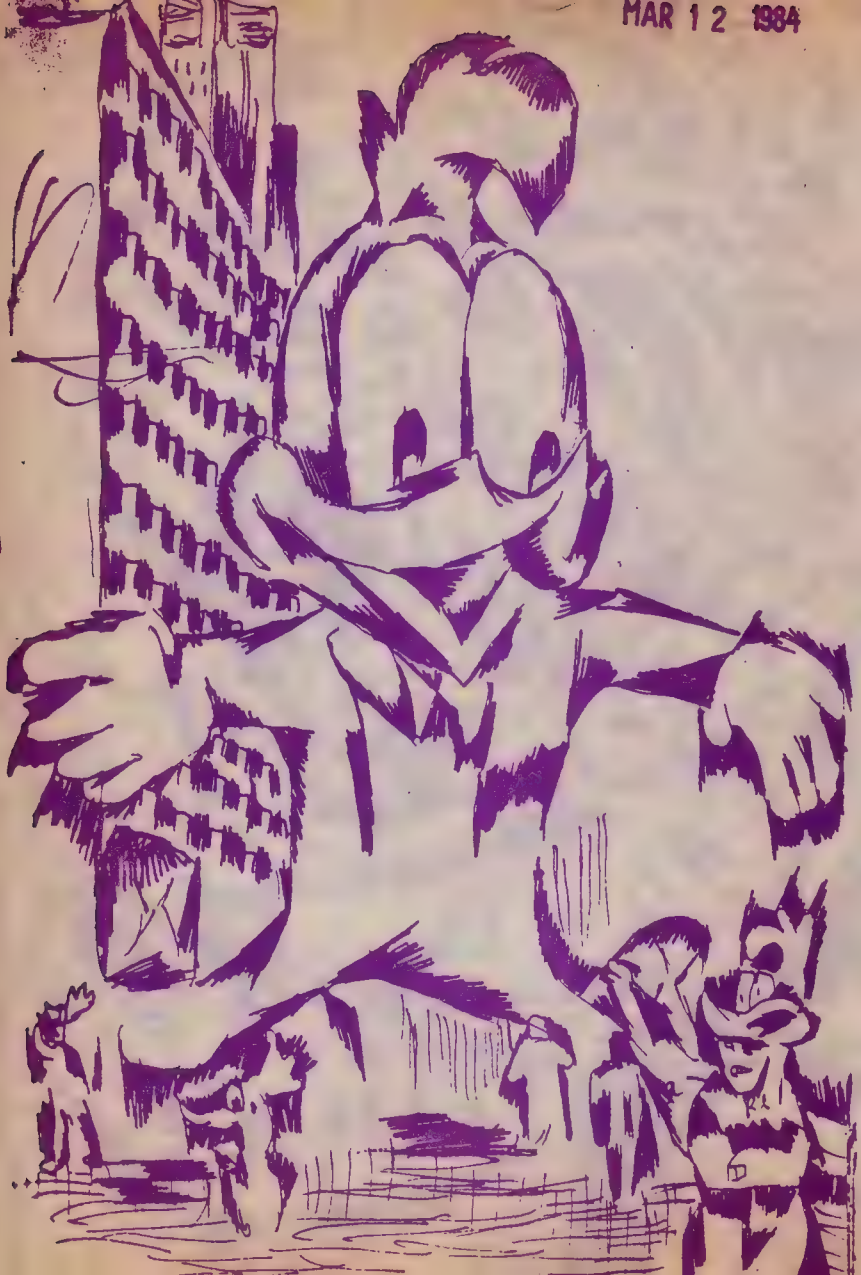
19- THREE EASY LESSONS

AUG 30 1985

36. Tear my Flesh off and eat it

AUG 30 1985

MAR 12 1984



SEP 23 1985

PIXIELAND

SEP 23 1985

43. Halfway between the EQUATOR AND THE NORTH POLE

15. Where to find your Pot-o'-gold

SPUR

A PAGAN KINGDOM

the job was mine
for as long as I stayed alive.

26. Another unfinished

APR 12 1984

JUN 9 1985

19 Deadlier than male

227. LIVE Entertainment
8. 9.85

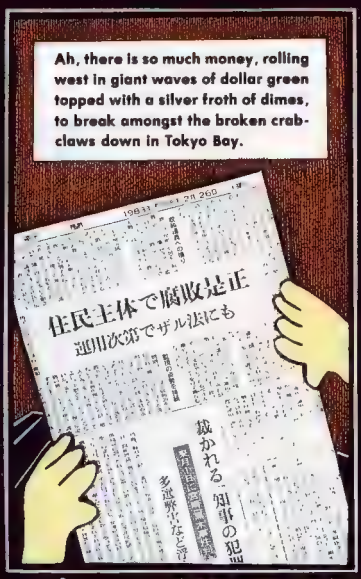
SEP 4 1985

NET WT.
6½ OZ.

55. NIACIN.....30

OCT 31 1986

APR 2 1983



Story: Alan Moore

THE BOWING MACHINE

Pictures: Mark Beyer

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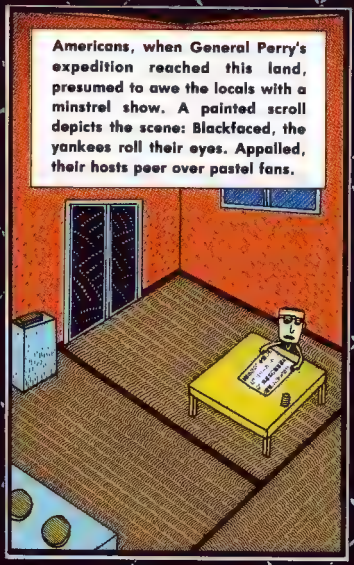
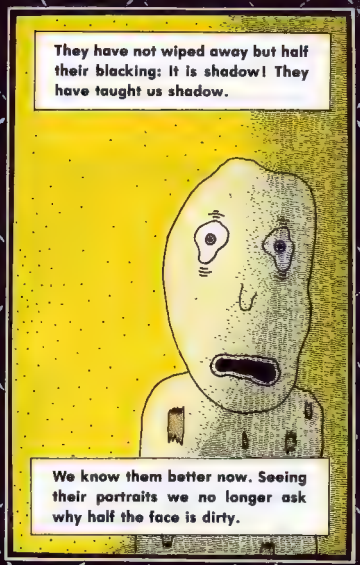
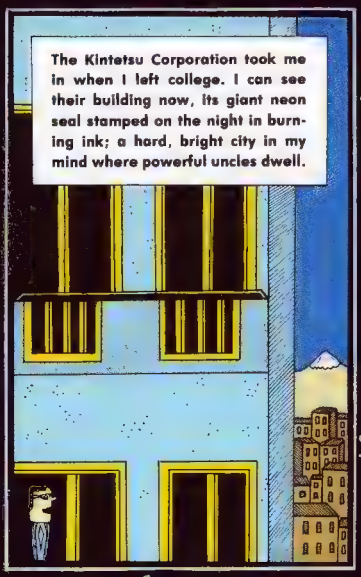

Americans, when General Perry's expedition reached this land, presumed to awe the locals with a minstrel show. A painted scroll depicts the scene: Blackfaced, the yankees roll their eyes. Appalled, their hosts peer over pastel fans.


They have not wiped away but half their blacking: It is shadow! They have taught us shadow.
We know them better now. Seeing their portraits we no longer ask why half the face is dirty.

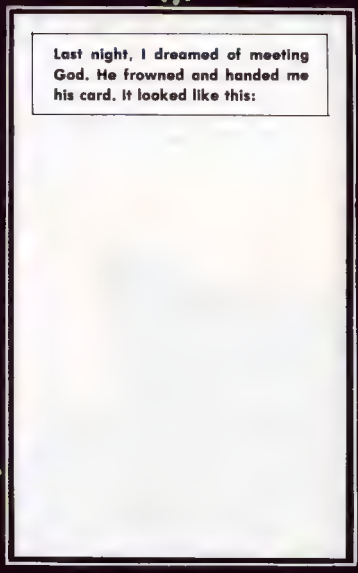
Now we know them better.

Blackfaced, they abased themselves to us, yet as an insult, as a condescension. Beaten, we defer to them and imitate their ways, our mimicry more lucrative than their original.
Thus bow our enemies. Thus bow we in return.


The Kintetsu Corporation took me in when I left college. I can see their building now, its giant neon seal stamped on the night in burning ink; a hard, bright city in my mind where powerful uncles dwell.

Those big men, their approval, this was everything. I'd hoard their business cards, where information content falls as owner's prospects rise. Truly important cards bear only names: No title, no address, no number you should call.
近鉄

In my obeisance, my humility, in these things I stood unexcelled amongst the young executive. Well-liked by my superiors, I had but one true rival, his politeness as carnivorous as my own. No hatred ever was more civilized.


Last night, I dreamed of meeting God. He frowned and handed me his card. It looked like this:

Before last night, my rival's face monopolized my dreams. I was obsessed. For all its slow, small steps and studied calm, our competition was a frenzy, a blood-flecked ferocity of smiles and opened doors.

Temple of Sudden Death

THE TEMPLE of Sudden Death is a million-dollar-a-year business that has never looked brighter.

Aged Japanese come by the busloads along the paddy roads, outside the ancient capital of Nara, seeking the temple's special blessing. A sense of relief departed from the end of Shunsuke Ito that night, as Buddha's emissary, the temple is supposed to have been founded in A.D.607 to guide Buddha's dying from the elements necessary to a designated afterlife. The external cultural property is the temple's vital name in Yashida (field of good fortune), but it is popularly known as

You must study to know what's going on in this modern world. And if you study, you'll find some reason to live. You won't lose interest in life. You won't lose

I ask in an interview, he says, if the temple is making demands of its people in return for such a place in the life. Yes, he says, the temple is devoted to the belief that people must be saved, to be judged, and be saved, in a place in the life. Yes, says, of course people are afraid of death, but I tell them of happiness and heaven that pain is temporary.

"Heaven is rather like a hot bath in the cold weather. You don't want to leave, but you know you must. You know you have to get out. But when you do, you feel so good, and you don't want to get out. But when you do, you feel so good. But when you do, you feel better than ever."

Yamashita says, reassuring himself to wave his long hair, hope for a speech dispute is at end of it. We take the tea.

Across the board room, each observed the other one's technique. I'd note his hushed, respectful tones and moderate my voice accordingly. He'd lower his still further; I would follow suit...

Quite swiftly, we became inaudible.

Spurred on by mutual excess, our flattery scaled heights that would embarrass emperors, who also might have paled at our expenses in bestowing gifts, an upward spiral of discreet extravagance.

Another paper has arrived. Did Thursday pass so soon?

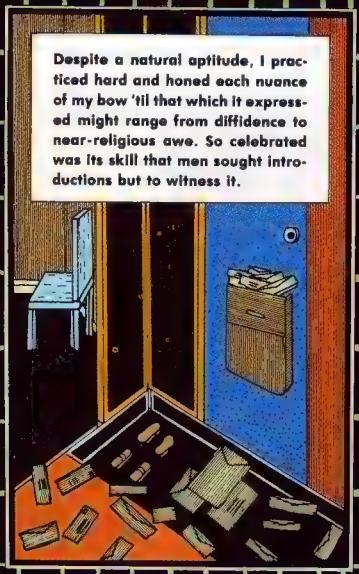
We struggled for supremacy in lighting other people's cigarettes. Our choice of tie, our teeth, our very postures were at war. I understood that I must specialize, perfect one skill that made his repertoire seem merely adequate.

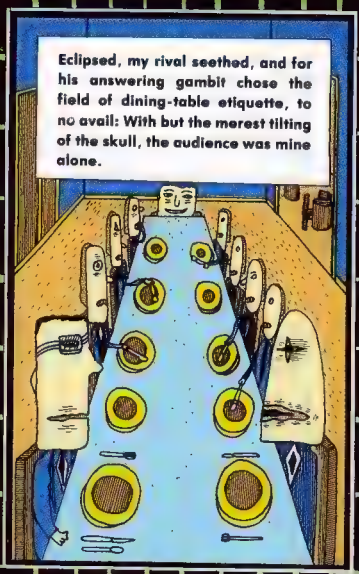
The bow. The bow, that is the thing.

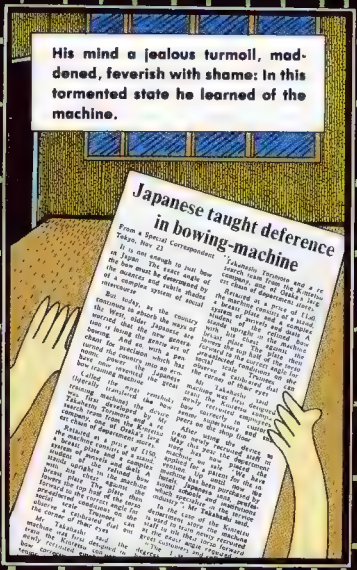
Its subtlety, its great centrality, its infinite gradations of degree dependent on the rank of he who bows, the rank of him who's bowed to. Doormen merit but a nod; vice presidents a forehead that is grazed.

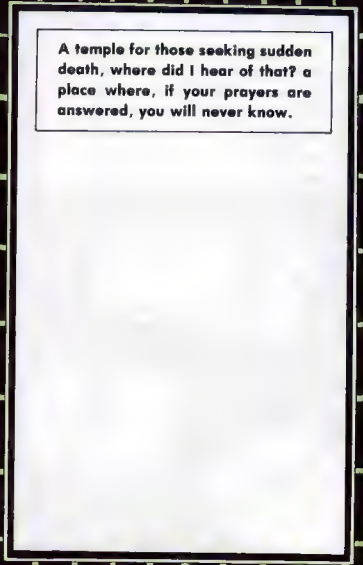
And yet, between these two extremes how many octaves of respect? How many semi-tones of cordiality that must be mastered? Ah, the bow...

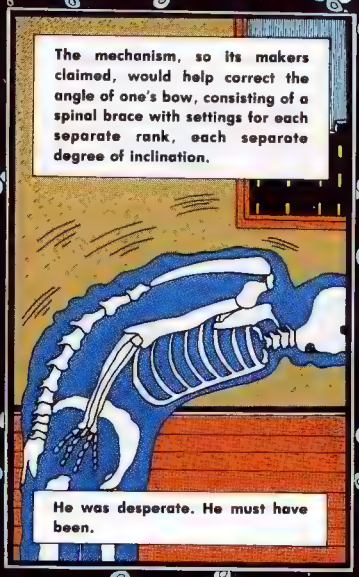
It is the backbone's aria.

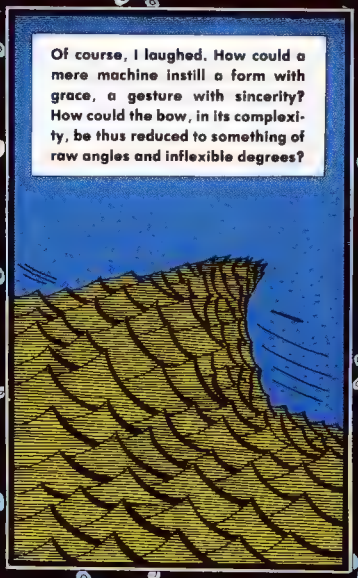

Despite a natural aptitude, I practiced hard and honed each nuance of my bow 'til that which it expressed might range from diffidence to near-religious awe. So celebrated was its skill that men sought introductions but to witness it.

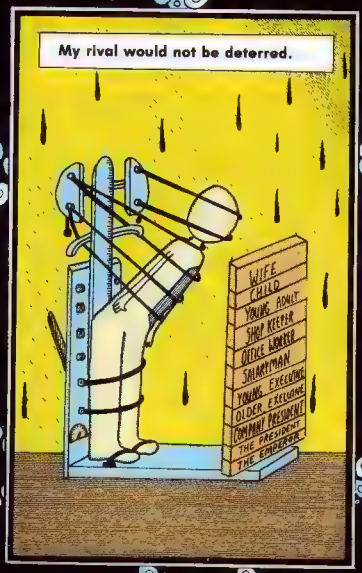

Eclipsed, my rival seethed, and for his answering gambit chose the field of dining-table etiquette, to no avail: With but the merest tilting of the skull, the audience was mine alone.


His mind a jealous turmoil, maddened, feverish with shame: In this tormented state he learned of the machine.
Japanese taught deference in bowing-machine


A temple for those seeking sudden death, where did I hear of that? a place where, if your prayers are answered, you will never know.

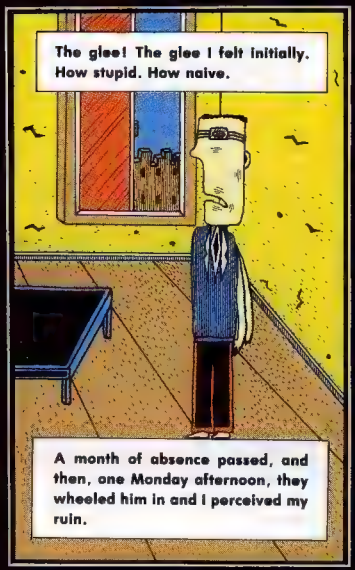

The mechanism, so its makers claimed, would help correct the angle of one's bow, consisting of a spinal brace with settings for each separate rank, each separate degree of inclination.
He was desperate. He must have been.


Of course, I laughed. How could a mere machine instill a form with grace, a gesture with sincerity? How could the bow, in its complexity, be thus reduced to something of raw angles and inflexible degrees?


My rival would not be deterred.
WIFE
CHILD
YOUNG ADULT
SHOP KEEPER
OFFICE WORKER
SALESMAN
YOUNG EXECUTIVE
OLDER EXECUTIVE
COMPANY PRESIDENT
THE PRESIDENT
THE EMPEROR

He claimed vacation time, spent days indoors with his device, and when at night I passed his house the lights were on and all I heard was laboured breath and squeaking, squeaking, squeaking.

It was a week, then, before someone called and found him. His machine had jammed and he'd been in it, bowing, two days straight.
The damage to his spine was irreversible.


The glee! The glee I felt initially. How stupid. How naive.
A month of absence passed, and then, one Monday afternoon, they wheeled him in and I perceived my ruin.

Now I will grow old behind my desk, watch younger men promoted past me. Now I long to join the other fruit, there in the woods outside Kyoto.

Now he has laid himself so low that I can never rise above him.

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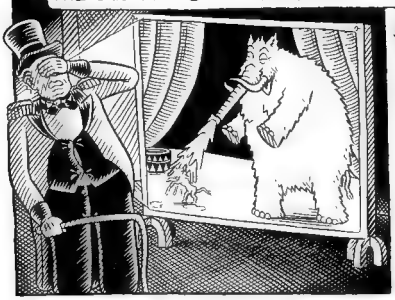
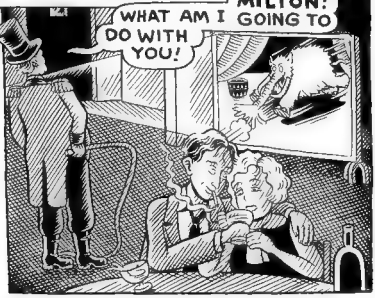
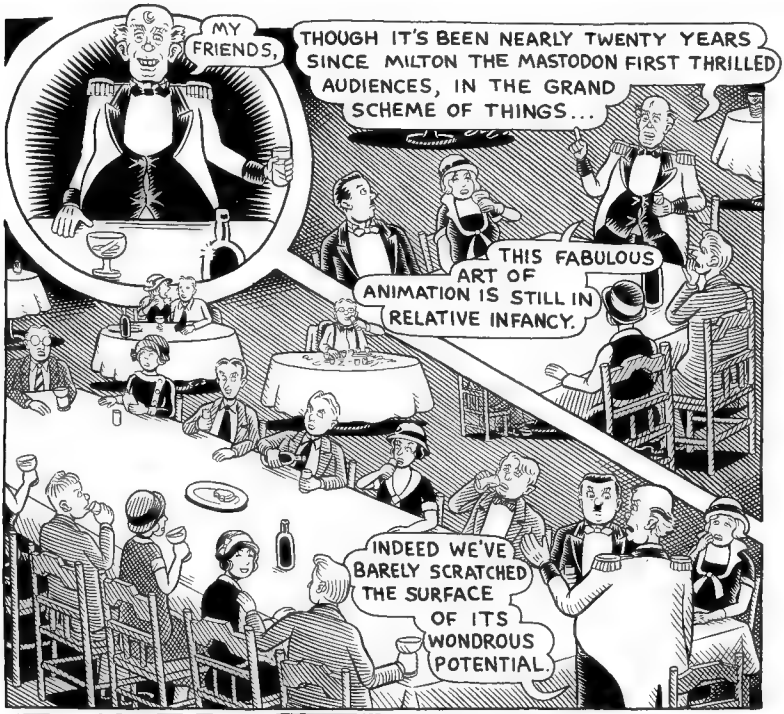
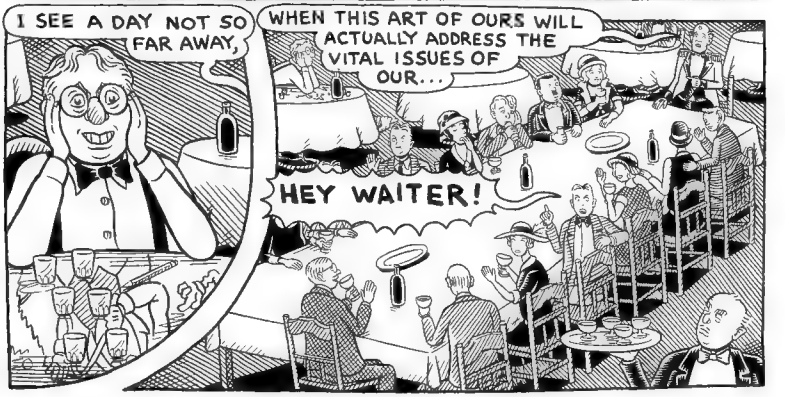
NEARLY TWENTY YEARS LATER, UNDER SOMEWHAT DIMINISHED CIRCUMSTANCES, THE OLD ACT STILL HAS PLENTY OF CHARM AND APPEAL.





THOUGH IT SEEMS PRETTY MUCH LOST ON MOST OF THE CROWD AT SEVERINI'S
AH, THAT'S MORE LIKE IT.
STANLEY!
ONE MAJOR EXCEPTION IS THIS YOUNG MAN ... TED MISHKIN
HIC!
NOT BAD.
BUT JUST A BIT DRY, IF YOU GET MY DRIFT
COULD WE HAVE TWO MORE PLEASE?
INTRODUCING FRED FONTAINE, PRESIDENT OF FONTAINE FABLES CARTOONS
HEY GANG, HOW ABOUT A WORD FROM OUR GUEST OF HONOR?
MY ESTEEMED COLLEAGUE, THE INIMITABLE WINSOR NEWTON,
THE MAN WHO VIRTUALLY CREATED THIS BUSINESS.

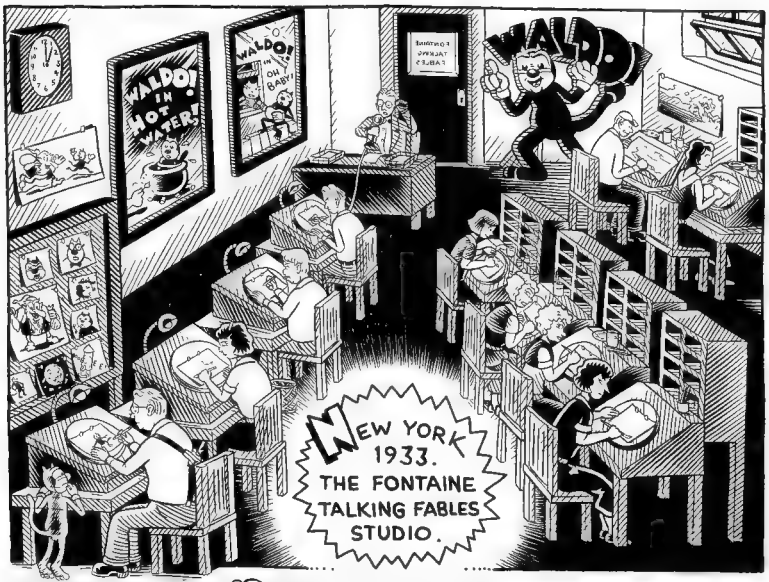

MY FRIENDS,
THOUGH IT'S BEEN NEARLY TWENTY YEARS SINCE MILTON THE MASTODON FIRST THRILLED AUDIENCES, IN THE GRAND SCHEME OF THINGS...
THIS FABULOUS ART OF ANIMATION IS STILL IN RELATIVE INFANCY.
INDEED WE'VE BARELY SCRATCHED THE SURFACE OF ITS WONDROUS POTENTIAL.


I SEE A DAY NOT SO FAR AWAY,
WHEN THIS ART OF OURS WILL ACTUALLY ADDRESS THE VITAL ISSUES OF OUR...
HEY WAITER!

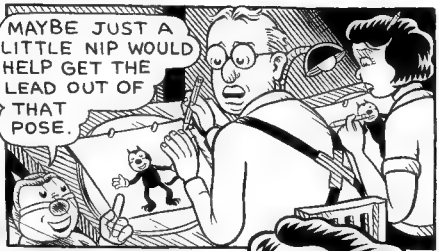
GOD DAMN IT!
THE HELL WITH ALL OF YOU!
YOU GUYS HAVE TAKEN THE ART I CREATED AND TURNED IT INTO SHIT!
AW PIPE DOWN, YA OLD STEW BUM!
SIT DOWN MATTY!

COME ON FRED, LET'S BLOW!
MR. FONTAINE,
BEFORE YOU GO, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET MY BROTHER TED...
WE COULD USE ANOTHER ANIMATOR AND...
SURE AL, BRING HIM OVER. I GUESS WE CAN WAIT A FEW MINUTES.
OH, ON SECOND THOUGHT, MAYBE WE SHOULD MAKE IT ANOTHER TIME.
A BIT DRY!

WONDER of the WORLD
I'M COUNTING ON YOU TO BE THE TORCH BEARER OF THIS THRILLING YOUNG ART OF OURS!
LISTEN SON,
SEE AND HEAR IT
THE JAZZ SINGER!
SEE HIM
HEAR HIM
DON'T END UP ON SOME WRETCHED ASSEMBLY LINE LIKE THAT PHILISTINE FONTAINE FABLES OUTFIT! PROMISE ME!
I PROMISE!


WALDO! IN HOT WATER!
WALDO! IN OH BABY!
WALDO!
NEW YORK 1933. THE FONTAINE TALKING FABLES STUDIO.

BOOWEEE!
I DON'T KNOW, TEDDY.....

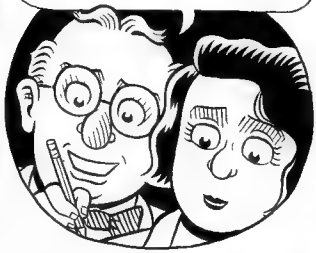

MAYBE JUST A LITTLE NIP WOULD HELP GET THE LEAD OUT OF THAT POSE.

ER, TED,

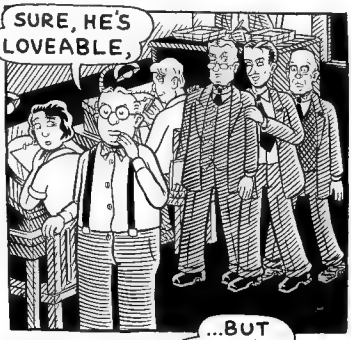
I'M HAVING A LITTLE TROUBLE WITH THIS POSE.

GOSH LILLIAN, THAT'S NOT BAD AT ALL!

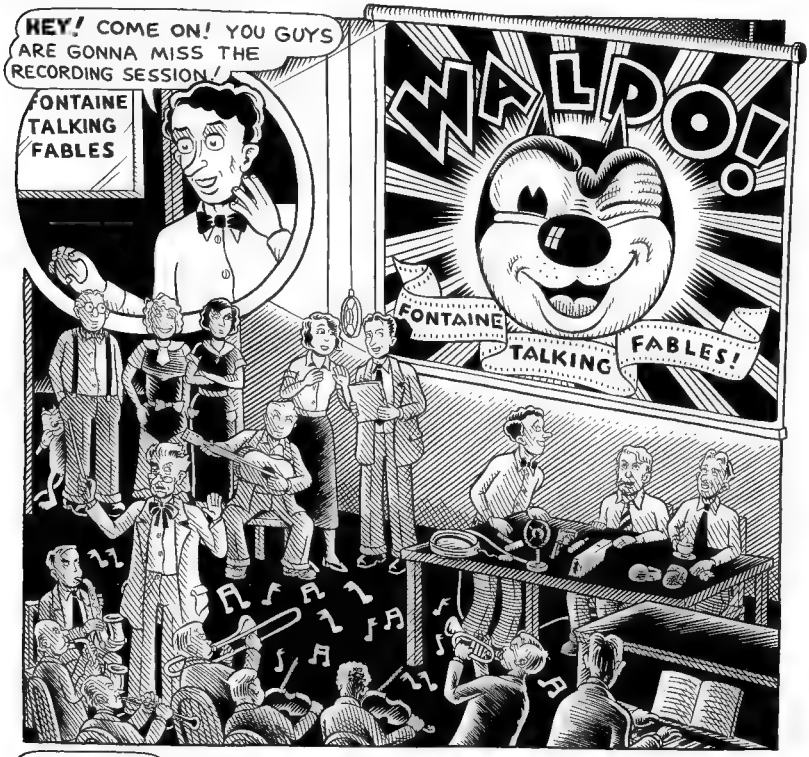
BUT IF WE COULD JUST GET A BIT MORE ROGUISHNESS IN WALDO'S FACE HERE.

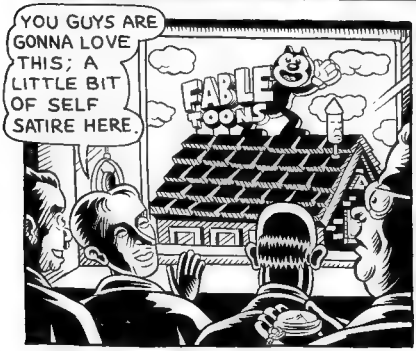

THE THING TO KEEP IN MIND ABOUT WALDO IS, HE'S ALL CHARM AND CUTE ON THE OUTSIDE,

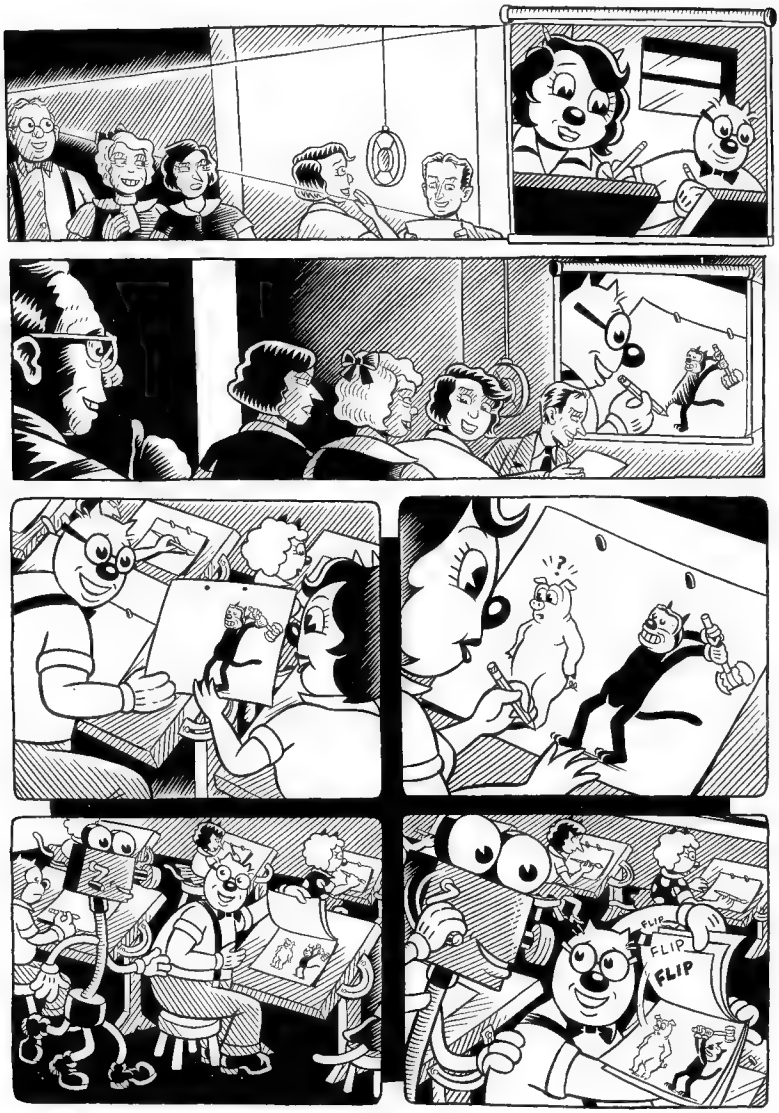
BUT INSIDE HE'S PURE DEVIL!


SURE, HE'S LOVEABLE,

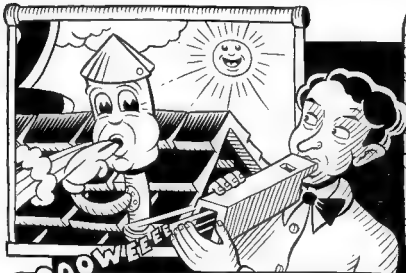
...BUT HE'S DEFINITELY NOT TO BE TRUSTED.


HEY! COME ON! YOU GUYS ARE GONNA MISS THE RECORDING SESSION!
FONTAINE TALKING FABLES
WALDO!
FONTAINE TALKING FABLES!


YOU GUYS ARE GONNA LOVE THIS; A LITTLE BIT OF SELF SATIRE HERE.
FABLE TOONS

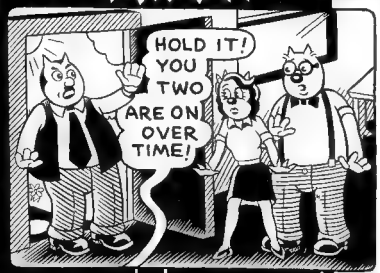

?
FLIP
FLIP
FLIP

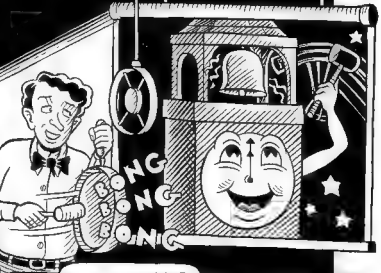
FLIP
FLIP
FLIP
FLIP
FLIP
FLIP
QUIET WHEN LIGHT IS ON!


BOOOWEEE

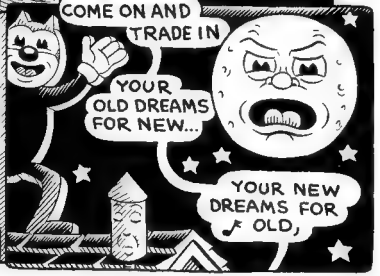
WHOOPIE!

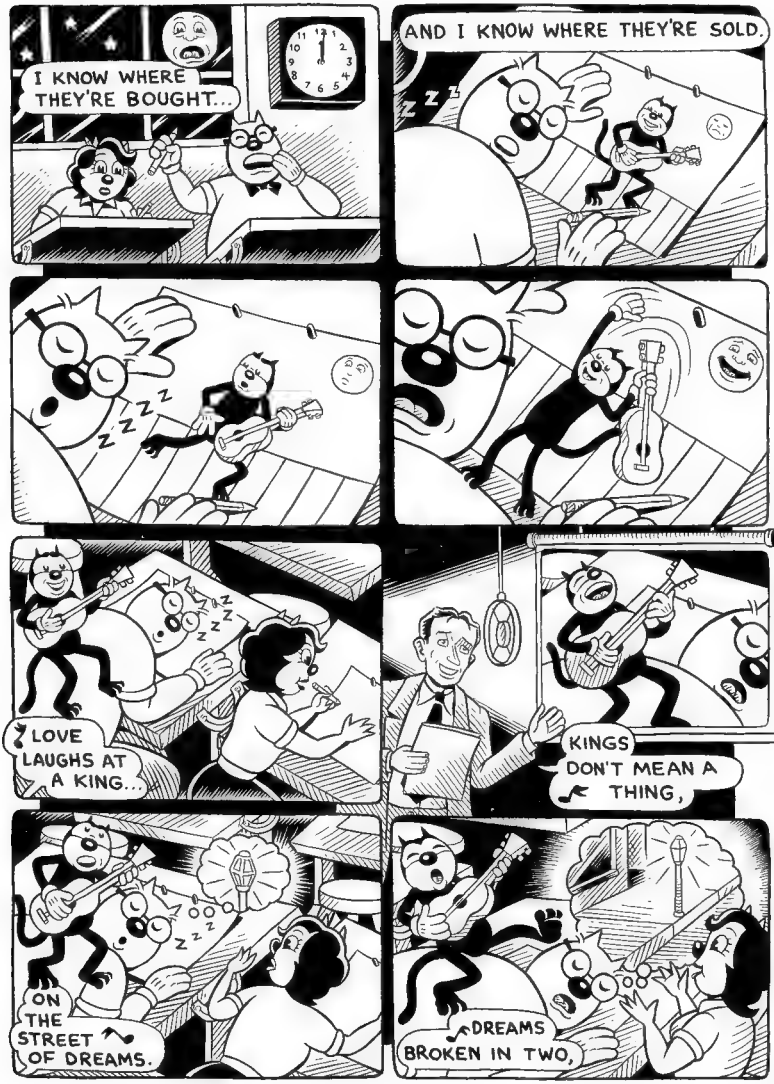
FABLE TOONS


HOLD IT! YOU TWO ARE ON OVER TIME!


BONG
BONG
BONG

MIDNIGHT, YOU HEAVY LADEN, IT'S MIDNIGHT.


COME ON AND TRADE IN
YOUR OLD DREAMS FOR NEW...
YOUR NEW DREAMS FOR OLD,

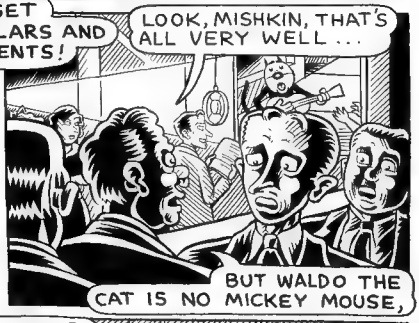

I KNOW WHERE THEY'RE BOUGHT...
AND I KNOW WHERE THEY'RE SOLD.
LOVE LAUGHS AT A KING...
KINGS DON'T MEAN A THING,
ON THE STREET OF DREAMS.
DREAMS BROKEN IN TWO,

CAN BE MADE LIKE NEW,

ON THE STREET OF DREAMS...

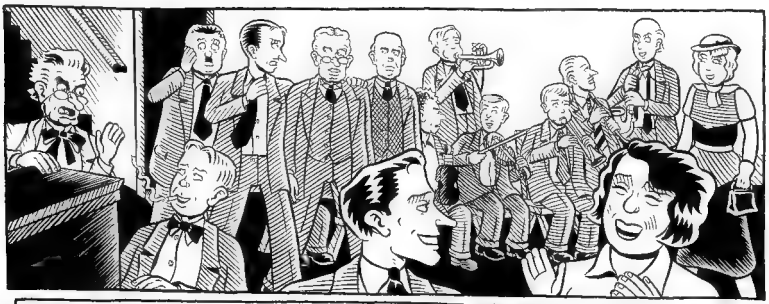
I SEE WE'RE RUNNING LONGER THAN USUAL.

YES, AND UNDER BUDGET BY FIFTEEN DOLLARS AND EIGHTY-TWO CENTS!


LOOK, MISHKIN, THAT'S ALL VERY WELL...
BUT WALDO THE CAT IS NO MICKEY MOUSE,

AND AS THE BANK'S REPRESENTATIVE I'M AFRAID...
HEY GUYS! YOU'RE MISSING THE BEST PART!

GOLD...SILVER AND GOLD. ALL YOU CAN HOLD..
...IS IN THE MOONBEAMS♫
NIGHTMARE ALLEY
SAND
EEEK!
SAND
GR-R-ROW!!



INTRODUCING REBA, A FORMER INK AND PAINTER, NOW MRS. FRED FONTAINE.
SORRY TO INTERRUPT YOU GENTLEMEN, BUT I'M JUST A LITTLE SHORT OF CASH DEAR...

OKAY, BUT THAT'S ALL 'TIL FRIDAY.

HEY, DID YA GET A LOAD OF THAT LOOK SHE GAVE AL?
I'LL SAY!
I WONDER WHEN FONTAINE'S GONNA GET WISE TO THOSE TWO?
YEAH!

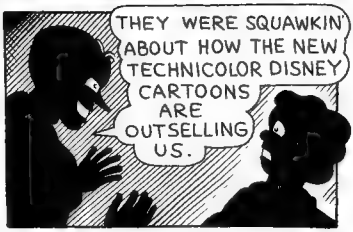
WELL, GIRLS, A LITTLE BIRDY TOLD ME, THAT'S NOT THE ONLY PIE HE'S GOT HIS FINGER IN!
THAT'S RIGHT. SOME GIRLS DON'T CARE WHAT THEY DO TO GET AHEAD!

LATER, AT AL'S PLACE.
LOOK, LIL, I'M TRYING TO GET OUT OF IT, BUT IT'S NOT AS EASY AS ALL THAT!
IF I END IT TOO ABRUPTLY, REBA MIGHT SQUAWK TO FONTAINE AND THEN WHERE WOULD I BE?
WELL, THIS SECRET STUFF GIVES ME A LARGE SIZED PAIN!
YOU'RE A FINE ONE TO TALK! YOU'RE THE ONE WHO MADE SUCH A FUSS ABOUT KEEPING OUR AFFAIR SECRET.
THAT'S DIFFERENT.
YOU'VE HEARD THE OTHER GIRLS TALK ABOUT HOW REBA SCREWED HER WAY OUT OF THE INK AND PAINT DEPARTMENT.
AS IT IS THEY'RE ALL JEALOUS OF ME WORKING AS TED'S ASSISTANT.
AW, DON'T BE SILL...

TED SAYS YOU'VE GOT MORE TALENT THAN ANY TWO ANIMATORS COMBINED.

JUST SIT TIGHT AND TRUST ME. YOUR BIG CHANCE IS COMING, AND SOONER THAN YOU THINK.

LISTEN, ME AND FRED WERE TALKIN' TO THE BOYS FROM THE BANK TODAY.


THEY WERE SQUAWKIN' ABOUT HOW THE NEW TECHNICOLOR DISNEY CARTOONS ARE OUTSELLING US.

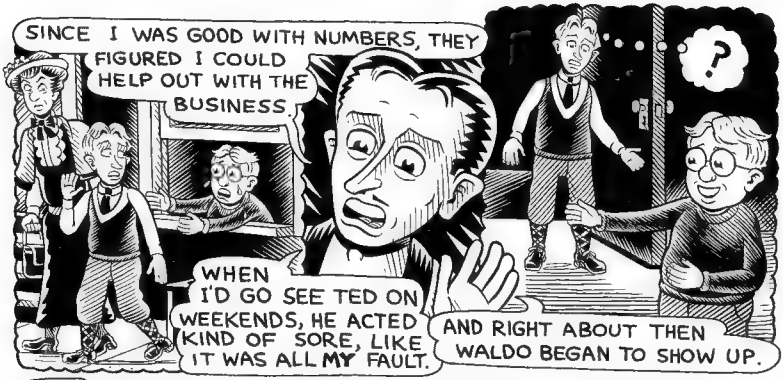
... AND MAKING NOISES ABOUT PULLING OUT.

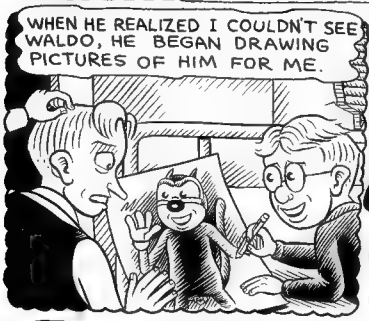
HEY! EASY! FONTAINE DON'T PAY ME FOR MY GOOD LOOKS. I GOT THE WHOLE THING FIXED!

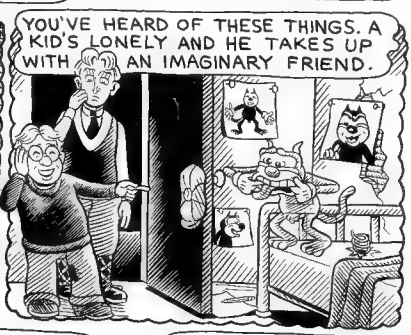
I'VE GOT 'EM CONVINCED THE ONLY THING TO DO IS FIGHT FIRE WITH FIRE.

I TALKED 'EM INTO PUTTING MORE MONEY IN. WE'LL GO COLOR TOO!

AND I'VE BEEN TALKIN' TO JACK SCHICK; HE JUST QUIT DISNEY. WITH HIM WORKIN' FOR US, WE CAN GET THAT CUTER DISNEY LOOK!
BUT AL! OUR CARTOONS HAVE THEIR OWN LOOK! AND WHAT ABOUT TED? WALDO THE CAT IS PRACTICALLY A LIVING CREATURE TO HIM!
NO, NO, HE GOT OVER THAT YEARS AGO!
AL! YOU DON'T MEAN HE REALLY THINKS...
NO. NOT ANYMORE. OF COURSE THERE WAS A TIME...
HUH?
WELL, BACK WHEN WE WERE KIDS,
MY MOTHER WAS GOING THROUGH SOME HARD TIMES.
EDMOND STREET SETTLEMENT HOUSE
EDMOND STREET
EDMOND STREET
AND FOR A WHILE, ME AND TED WERE STAYING AT THE EDMOND STREET SETTLEMENT HOUSE.
THEN THE OLD LADY MARRIED A TAILOR OUT IN BROOKLYN.
TROUBLE WAS, HE COULD ONLY AFFORD TO BRING ONE OF US HOME.


SINCE I WAS GOOD WITH NUMBERS, THEY FIGURED I COULD HELP OUT WITH THE BUSINESS.
WHEN I'D GO SEE TED ON WEEKENDS, HE ACTED KIND OF SORE, LIKE IT WAS ALL MY FAULT.
?
AND RIGHT ABOUT THEN WALDO BEGAN TO SHOW UP.


WHEN HE REALIZED I COULDN'T SEE WALDO, HE BEGAN DRAWING PICTURES OF HIM FOR ME.

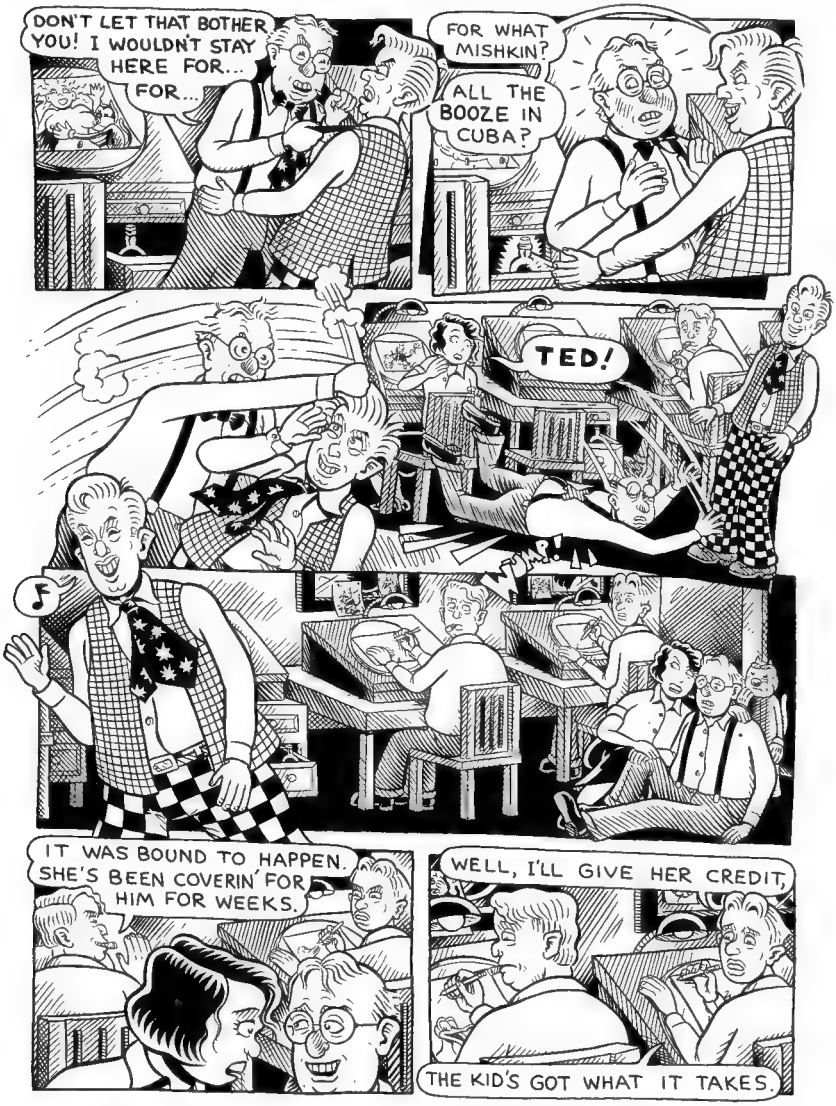

YOU'VE HEARD OF THESE THINGS. A KID'S LONELY AND HE TAKES UP WITH AN IMAGINARY FRIEND.

ANYWAY, IT ALL CLEARED UP WHEN WE GOT HIM OUT OF THERE.

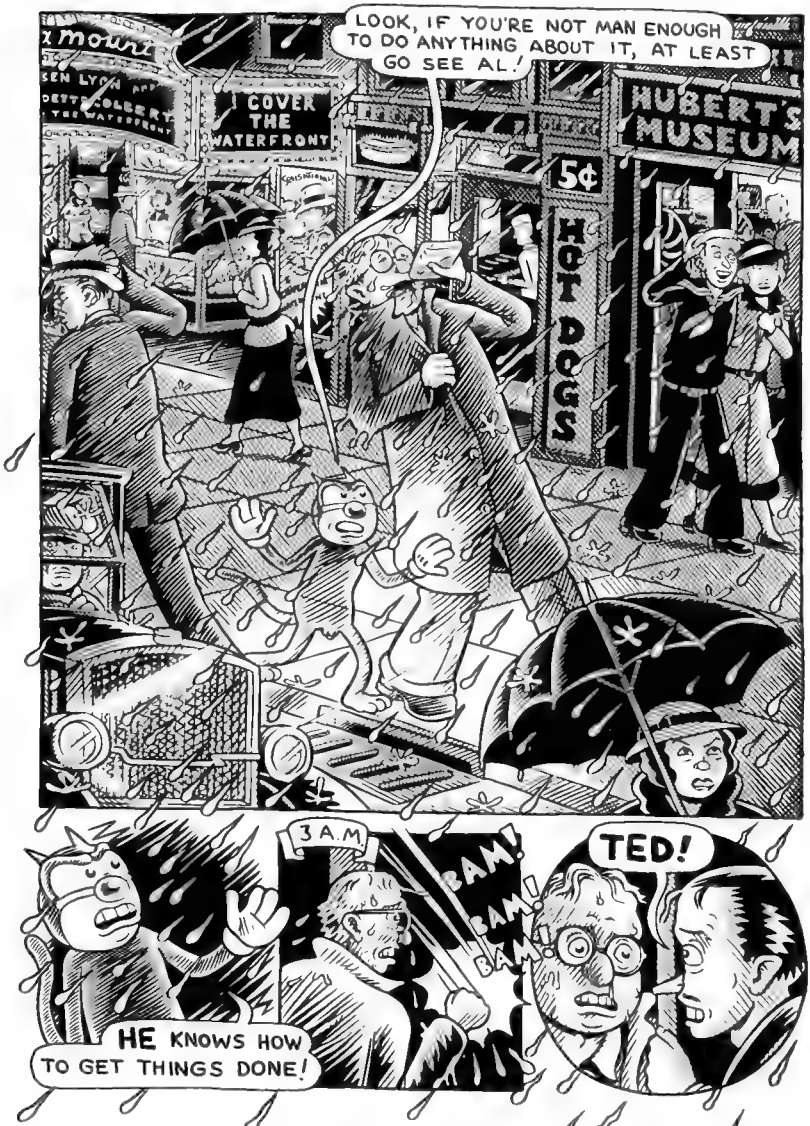
AND, HE'S BEEN PRETTY MUCH ALL RIGHT EVER SINCE.

THAT'S WHERE YOU COME IN!
LOOK, I WANT YOU TO KEEP AN EYE ON TED. HE THINKS THE WORLD OF YOU.
I NEED YOU TO HELP ME KEEP IT ALL RIGHT.
I - I KNOW.
YOU'VE GOT TO PUT IT OVER TO HIM THAT THIS SCHICK DEAL IS SINK OR SWIM!
SIX MONTHS LATER...
"LIL' WALDO!" THE NEW LOOK!
AH, THAT'S MY GIRL!

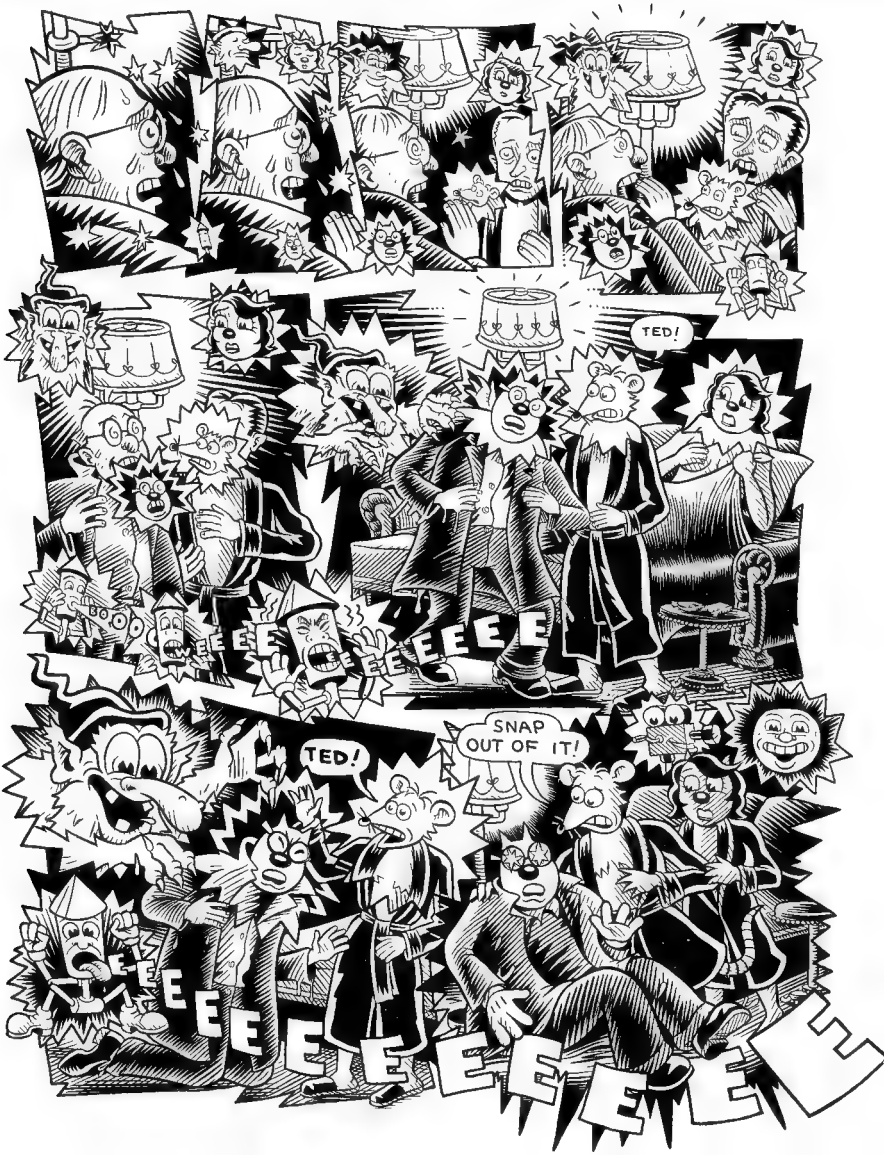
INTRODUCING JACK SCHICK, THE MAN IN CHARGE OF THE FONTAINE FABLES' NEW LOOK!
THAT BASTARD DISNEY'S GOT NOTHIN' ON US!
I MADE DISNEY WHAT HE IS TODAY. AND I'LL DO IT TO FONTAINE FABLES TOO!
OF COURSE WE MAY HAVE TO GET RID OF SOME DEAD WOOD AROUND HERE.
FUCK YOU!
YOU'VE RUINED EVERYTHING WE'VE WORKED HARD TO CREATE HERE!
LOOK, MISHKIN, IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT, DO US ALL A FAVOR AND QUIT!
THE ONLY REASON YOU WEREN'T FIRED WEEKS AGO IS ON ACCOUNT OF YOUR BROTHER!


DON'T LET THAT BOTHER YOU! I WOULDN'T STAY HERE FOR... FOR...
FOR WHAT MISHKIN?
ALL THE BOOZE IN CUBA?
TED!
IT WAS BOUND TO HAPPEN. SHE'S BEEN COVERIN' FOR HIM FOR WEEKS.
WELL, I'LL GIVE HER CREDIT,
THE KID'S GOT WHAT IT TAKES.

AN ALL NIGHT 42ND STREET THEATRE WHERE THE FIRST OF THE NEW, CUTER, COLOR FONTAINE FABLES IS PLAYING...
OH PLEEEZE HELP ME GET HOME!
JUST FOLLOW THE MAGIC GOOSE LIL' WALDO!
WHAT A LOAD OF CRAP!
THOSE SHITS ARE TURNING ME INTO A FUCKIN' PANSY!
OH MOTHER GOOSE! I'LL NEVER RUN AWAY AGAIN!
THAT'S GREAT! SIT THERE LIKE THE GREAT STONE FACE!
I'M THE ONE BEING HUMILIATED UP THERE!


LOOK, IF YOU'RE NOT MAN ENOUGH TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT, AT LEAST GO SEE AL!
COVER THE WATERFRONT
HUBERT'S MUSEUM
5¢
HOT DOGS
3 A.M.
BAM! BAM! BAM!
TED!
HE KNOWS HOW TO GET THINGS DONE!

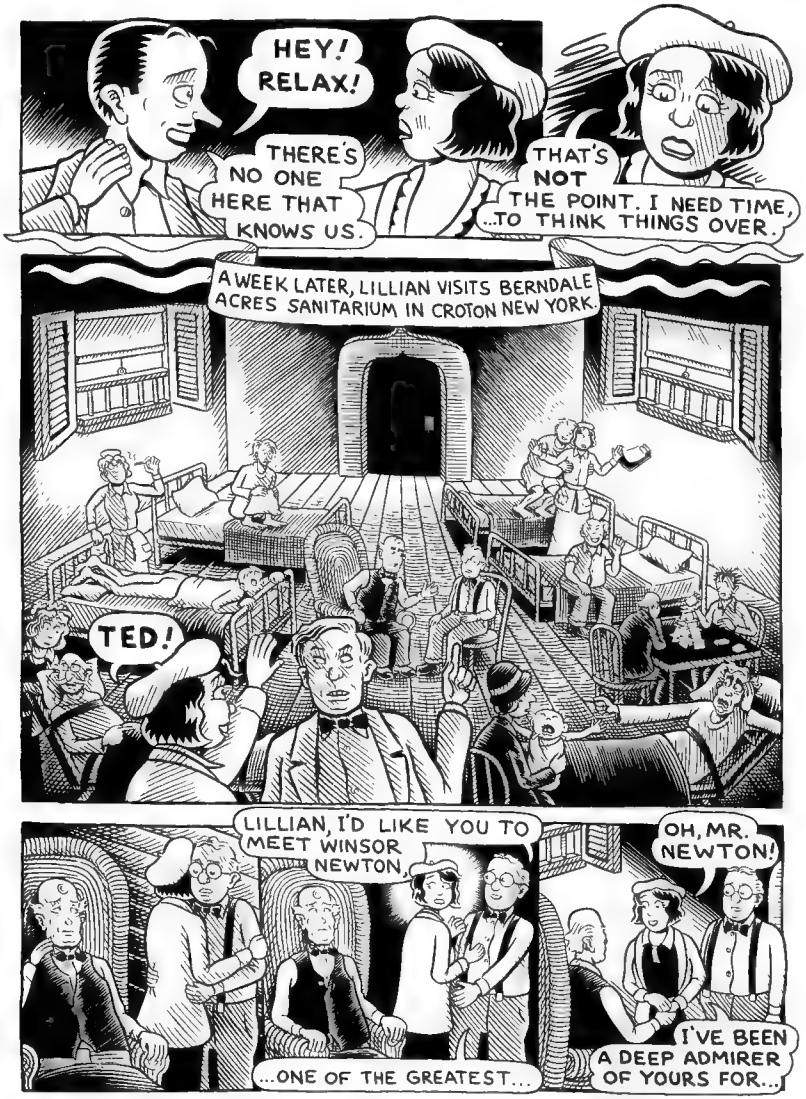
LOOK, AL, WE GOTTA TALK!
LISSEN! WE BEEN TALKIN, AND WALDO THINKS... I I MEAN I...
GEE, TED, (UH) THIS ISN'T REALLY SUCH A....
WALDO!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN? YOU HAVEN'T BEEN SEEING THAT FUCKING CAT AGAIN?
LISTEN TED, YOU KEEP IT UP...
NOW GO HOME AND...
DAMMIT! LEMME IN! WE...
...AND YOU'RE GOIN' RIGHT DOWN THE CRAPPER!

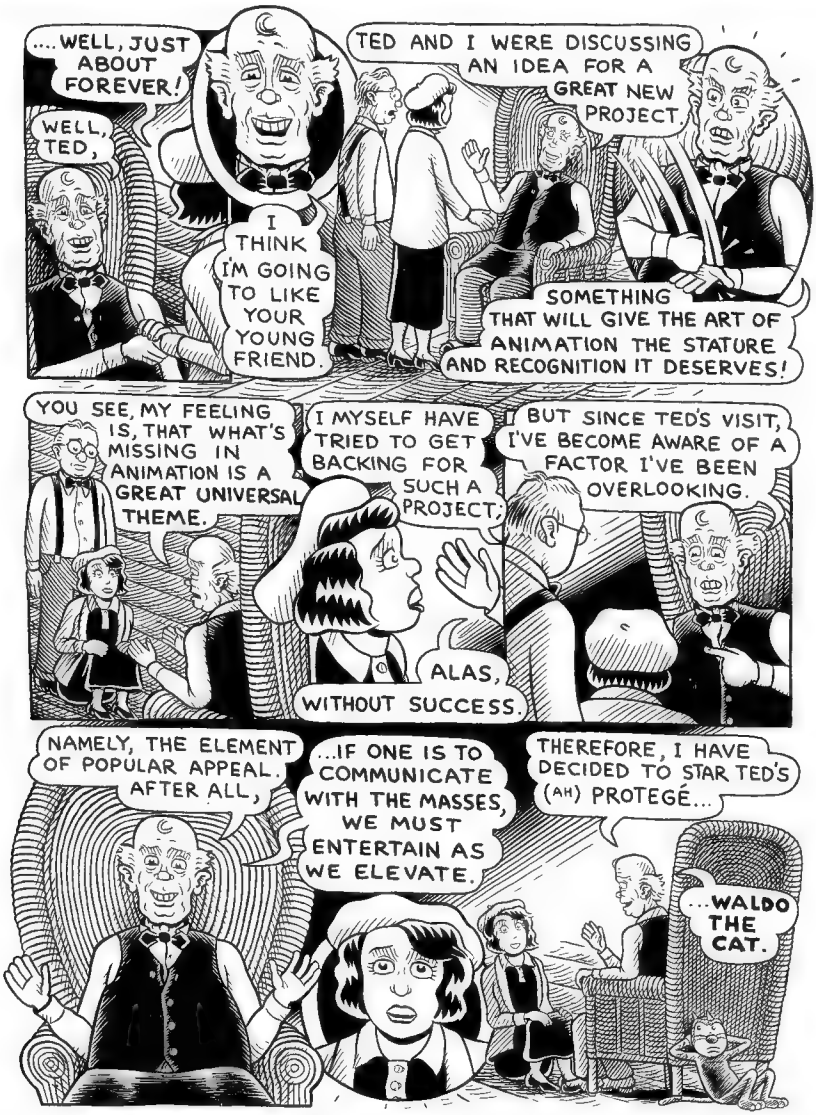

TED!
TED!
SNAP OUT OF IT!

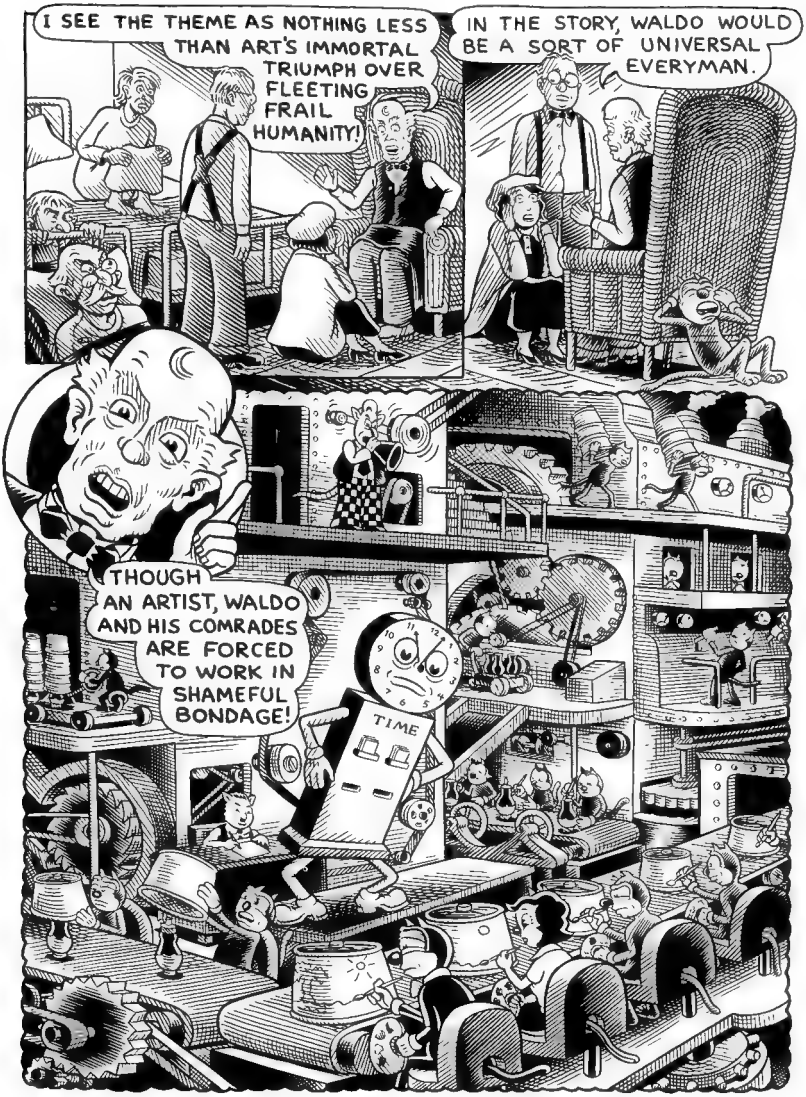
MY GOD, AL! HE'S IN ANOTHER WORLD! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?
TED!
SNAP OUT OF IT!
HA HA
HA HA HA
KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON. I'LL THINK OF SOMETHING!

FRED FONTAINE'S PLACE ON PARK AVENUE, ABOUT TWO HOURS LATER.
YEAH.
B-R-R-RING
AL?
OH, THAT'S ALRIGHT. WHAT'S UP?
NO, I'M OKAY.
IT'S TED! WE'RE AT BELLEVUE.
WHAT! AGAIN!
FRED! WHAT IS IT!
NOTHING, REBA,
JUST A LITTLE FRATERNIZATION PROBLEM.
LOOK, I WANT TO SEND TED TO BERNDALE ACRES FOR AWHILE.
JESUS AL! YOU'RE GONNA BREAK ME YET!
OKAY! OKAY!
NOW LET ME GET SOME SLEEP.
OY VEY!
TED MISHKIN JUST WALKED IN ON HIS BROTHER AL, SCREWING LILLIAN.

I GUESS TED HAD A CRUSH ON HER TOO.
HE'S BEEN DRUNK FOR MONTHS.
AND I'M STUCK WITH THE DRY OUT BILL.
THAT AL.
CAN YOU BEAT THAT GUY? CAN'T KEEP HIS PECKER IN HIS PANTS FOR FIVE MINUTES!
KAMINSKY'S WIFE WAS BAD ENOUGH,
AND THAT BUSINESS WITH MARKOWITZ'S DAUGHTER COULD HAVE COST US PLENTY!
OH WELL...
IT'S ALWAYS SOMETHING.
OKAY. THE COMPANY'LL PAY TO GET HIM DRIED OUT.
WELL, THAT'S SETTLED.
DON'T!


HEY! RELAX!
THERE'S NO ONE HERE THAT KNOWS US.
THAT'S NOT THE POINT. I NEED TIME, ...TO THINK THINGS OVER.
A WEEK LATER, LILLIAN VISITS BERNDALE ACRES SANITARIUM IN CROTON NEW YORK.
TED!
LILLIAN, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET WINSOR NEWTON.
...ONE OF THE GREATEST...
OH, MR. NEWTON!
I'VE BEEN A DEEP ADMIRER OF YOURS FOR...


....WELL, JUST ABOUT FOREVER!
WELL, TED,
I THINK I'M GOING TO LIKE YOUR YOUNG FRIEND.
TED AND I WERE DISCUSSING AN IDEA FOR A GREAT NEW PROJECT.
SOMETHING THAT WILL GIVE THE ART OF ANIMATION THE STATURE AND RECOGNITION IT DESERVES!
YOU SEE, MY FEELING IS, THAT WHAT'S MISSING IN ANIMATION IS A GREAT UNIVERSAL THEME.
I MYSELF HAVE TRIED TO GET BACKING FOR SUCH A PROJECT.
ALAS, WITHOUT SUCCESS.
BUT SINCE TED'S VISIT, I'VE BECOME AWARE OF A FACTOR I'VE BEEN OVERLOOKING.
NAMELY, THE ELEMENT OF POPULAR APPEAL. AFTER ALL,
...IF ONE IS TO COMMUNICATE WITH THE MASSES, WE MUST ENTERTAIN AS WE ELEVATE.
THEREFORE, I HAVE DECIDED TO STAR TED'S (AH) PROTEGÉ...
...WALDO THE CAT.


I SEE THE THEME AS NOTHING LESS THAN ART'S IMMORTAL TRIUMPH OVER FLEETING FRAIL HUMANITY!
IN THE STORY, WALDO WOULD BE A SORT OF UNIVERSAL EVERYMAN.
THOUGH AN ARTIST, WALDO AND HIS COMRADES ARE FORCED TO WORK IN SHAMEFUL BONDAGE!
TIME

PRODUCING GEEGAWS THAT MOCK THE VERY IDEA OF ART!
HIS SLAVE MASTERS ARE LOW PHILISTINES,
SPEED EM UP!
WHO CHEAPEN AND DEGRADE EVERY-THING THEY TOUCH.
SICK IN SPIRIT, OUR HERO QUITS.
TIME
DRINK! MOXIE!
SOUP KITCHEN
...AND NEARLY STARVES!

SOON THE SPIRIT OF SELF DESTRUCTION TAKES HOLD.
BRINGING HIM TO THE VERY BRINK OF EXTINCTION!
SUDDENLY, HE CATCHES SIGHT OF AN OLD FRIEND, ALSO IN DIRE STRAIGHTS.
AND AT THAT MOMENT, A MIRACULOUS TRANSFIGURATION TAKES PLACE!

IT'S AS THOUGH A FAIRY MUSE WAS ACTUALLY WHISPERING IN HIS EAR!
THE SCENE CHANGES. SUDDENLY WE SEE THIS PAIR IN A BREATHTAKING MORTAL PARADISE,
...BUT STRANGELY FROZEN IN TIME.

WHY? BECAUSE IT IS A PARADISE OF HIS OWN MAKING.
IT IS ART ITSELF.
TO BE SURE, JUST OUTSIDE IS STILL A BITTER WORLD...
SOUP KITCHEN
...OF PREDATORY LANDLORDS AND CALLOUS INDIFFERENCE!
APPLES 5¢
RENT BILL
BUT WITHIN, IF ONLY FOR A MOMENT, IS ONE SMALL VICTORY OVER SORRY FLESH!
AND MAYBE, JUST MAYBE, IF THAT ARTISTIC MOMENT IS GOOD ENOUGH,
WHEN THEY, INDEED, WHEN WE BECOME MERE ASHES AND DUST,

...MERE MORTALITY WILL HAVE BEEN VANQUISHED BY ART TRIUMPHANT!

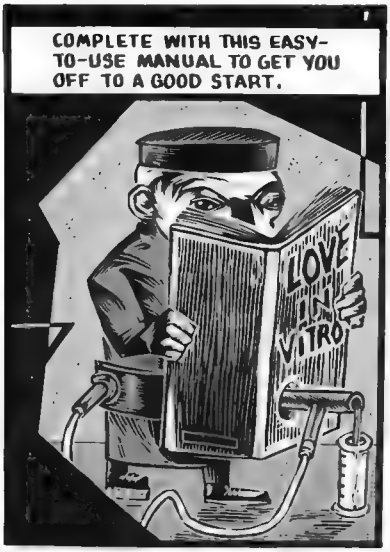
EPILOGUE: GOOD NEWS.....BAD NEWS.

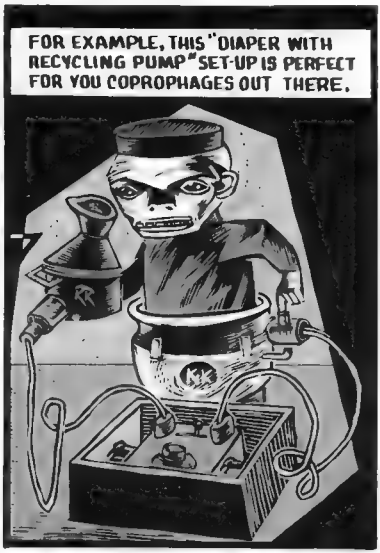
FRANKLY, I FEEL A LOT CLOSER TO WHAT YOUR BROTHER WAS DOING THAN YOU OR HE REALIZE.
BUT WHERE WE PART COMPANY IS, I CAN SEE THE HAND WRITING ON THE WALL.
DISNEY'S BRINGING US INTO A NEW ERA, AND FRANKLY, THERE'S NO STOPPING IT.
SURE, WE COULD FIGHT IT FOR AWHILE, AND RUN THIS PLACE RIGHT INTO THE GROUND.
IN THE END I'D PROBABLY END UP IN THE FUNNY FARM WITH YOUR BROTHER AND OLD NEWTON.
NO! WE'LL PLAY DISNEY'S GAME, AND GIVE HIM A GOOD RUN FOR HIS MONEY TOO!
BUT Y'KNOW, AL, LATELY I'VE BEEN FEELING LIKE THE PARADE'S PASSING BY ME, SAME AS IT DID FOR OLD NEWTON.
FOR MY MONEY, THE FUN'S GOIN' FAST.
SAND
FINIS

caro

AND NOW A WORD FROM OUR SPONSOR... (*"In Vitro Veritas"*)

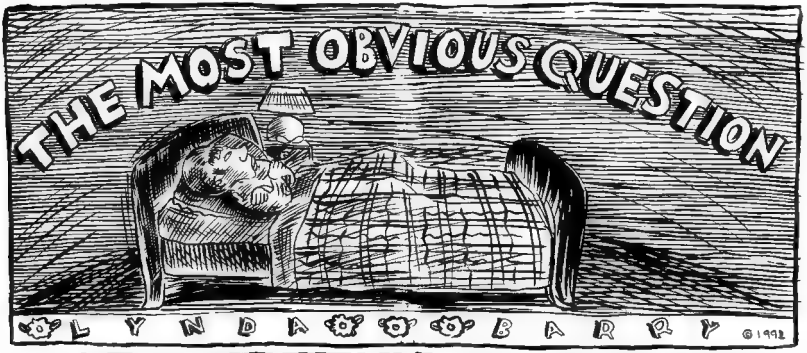
Translation by F.M. & a.s. Lettering by Paul Karasik. © 1986 Marc Caro


COMPLETE WITH THIS EASY-TO-USE MANUAL TO GET YOU OFF TO A GOOD START.
LOVE IN VITRO

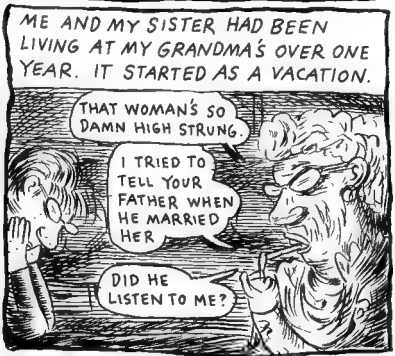

FOR EXAMPLE, THIS "DIAPER WITH RECYCLING PUMP" SET-UP IS PERFECT FOR YOU COPROPHAGES OUT THERE.

THERE'S *THIS* CONTRAPTION (IN CHERRY OR MINT) FOR ALL YOU ANIMAL LOVERS.
NOTE: NOT HARMFUL TO TEDDY BEARS.

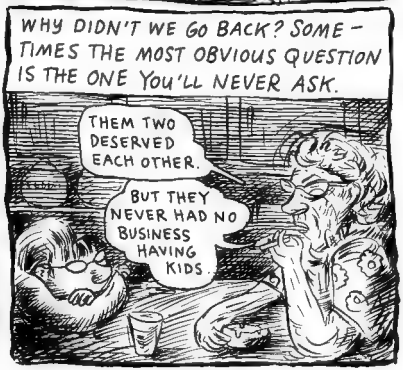
ACT NOW! THIS OFFER IS ONLY GUARANTEED 'TIL PUBERTY.


THE MOST OBVIOUS QUESTION
LYNDA BARRY ©1992

IT WAS COMING TO BE CHRISTMAS VACATION. I GOT THE IDEA TO TAKE THE GREYHOUND BUS BACK TO SEE MOM.
WHY THE HELL YOU WANT TO SEE HER FOR? SHE NEVER DID YOU NO FAVORS.
I JUST WANT TO.
YOU THINK SHE WANTS TO SEE YOU?


ME AND MY SISTER HAD BEEN LIVING AT MY GRANDMA'S OVER ONE YEAR. IT STARTED AS A VACATION.
THAT WOMAN'S SO DAMN HIGH STRUNG.
I TRIED TO TELL YOUR FATHER WHEN HE MARRIED HER
DID HE LISTEN TO ME?

WHEN TIME CAME TO GO HOME, INSTEAD YOU SAW US STANDING IN THE SEARS STORE, MY GRANDMA WITH HER CHARGE CARD OUT AND US BUYING SCHOOL CLOTHES.
HELL NO. HE JUST RUN OFF AND MARRY HER AND THE NEXT THING I KNOW SHE'S POOPING OUT TWO KIDS.
NOW LOOK WHO'S GOT 'EM.


WHY DIDN'T WE GO BACK? SOMETIMES THE MOST OBVIOUS QUESTION IS THE ONE YOU'LL NEVER ASK.
THEM TWO DESERVED EACH OTHER.
BUT THEY NEVER HAD NO BUSINESS HAVING KIDS.

"WELL," MY GRANDMA SAID, "SHE'S YOUR MOTHER. IF YOU WANT TO GO SEE HER I CAN'T STOP YOU."

CHRIST. I GIVE UP.

BUT YOU TALK TO HER. I'VE HAD MY FILL OF THAT WOMAN.

THE DEAL WAS I HAD TO CALL MOM AND TELL HER I WAS COMING. I GOT ALONE WITH THE TELEPHONE BUT I JUST COULDN'T DIAL IT. IF SHE ANSWERED WHAT WOULD I SAY?

WHEN I CAME BACK INTO THE KITCHEN MY GRANDMA SAID "WELL?" AND I SAID "SHE'S HAPPY. SHE'S HAPPY I'M COMING."

AND WHAT DID SHE HAVE TO SAY ABOUT YOU TAKING THE BUS HALFWAY ACROSS THE COUNTRY BY YOURSELF?

NOTHING.

SHE THINKS I'M OLD ENOUGH.

I FIGURED I'D CALL HER LATER BUT THEN IT WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE I LEFT AND I STILL HADN'T DONE IT. I WAS LAYING IN THE DARK AND PICTURES WERE COMING TO ME LIKE DREAMS.

ONE THOUSAND PICTURES FLYING LIKE THE PROJECTOR WAS TURNED ON MY EYES AND WOULDN'T QUIT RUNNING.

I SAW THEM. HIM DRIVING AND HER TOUCHING HIS BACK. SHE'S HOLDING MY SISTER AND I'M WATCHING. JUST WATCHING.

THEN A SOCK IN THE STOMACH. MY SISTER. IT WAS MORNING. "I HATE YOU!" SHE SAID. "I'M COMING WITH YOU! MOM WANTS TO SEE ME!"
QUIT!
KNOCK IT OFF!
I'M GOIN'!
I AM!
WE WERE ALMOST LATE FOR THE BUS. GRANDMA HANDING ME A BAG OF FOOD AND TEN DOLLARS TO THE BUS MAN TO KEEP AN EYE ON ME.
OH DON'T YOU WORRY MA'AM
AND YOU CALL ME WHEN YOU GET THERE UNDERSTAND?
LET ME GO!!
I TOOK A SEAT IN THE MIDDLE AND THEN I MOVED TO THE BACK. I LOOK OUT THE WINDOW AT THE WORLD FROZEN SOLID.
WHEN THE BUS STARTED MOVING I WATCHED GRANDMA PUSHING MARLYS BACK TO THE CAR. I'LL CALL HER AT THE FIRST STOP. AT THE FIRST STOP I WILL CALL HER AND SAY "SURPRISE!"
"SURPRISE, MOM. IT'S ME."
AT LACROSSE THE DRIVER GOT OFF AND ANOTHER DRIVER GOT ON. BEHIND HIM CAME TONY. AN 18 YEAR OLD SOLDIER FROM WALLACE IDAHO. IS IT GOD WHO MAKES THINGS HAPPEN?
ANYONE SITTIN' HERE?

AND WHY DID I EVEN DO IT? I TOLD HIM MY NAME WAS PAM AND I GAVE HIM LIED DETAILS ABOUT MY LIFE. CAN I HELP IT IF HE BELIEVED EVERYTHING?
IN THE PITCH BLACK NIGHT WITH THE LIGHTS OF THE HIGHWAY SLIDING OVER US HE WAS FRENCHING ME.
BETWEEN MOORHEAD AND FARGO WITH THE UNIVERSE DEAD ASLEEP HE FELT ME UP.
DEAR MOM HOW ARE YOU I AM IN NORTH DAKOTA IT IS SNOWING AND HIS HANDS ARE PULLING MY SHIRT UP.
I COULD SEE POLES FLOATING BY. THE SKY WAS GETTING LIGHTER. JUMPING BLACK WIRES AND THE RUNNING LINE OF THE SHAPING EARTH.
IN DICKINSON THE DRIVER SAYS "45 MINUTES, FOLKS" I CLIMB PAST TONY. TONY WITH HIS EYES SHUT AND HIS MOUTH WIDE OPEN AND BREATH THAT IS SERIOUSLY BLOWING MY MIND.

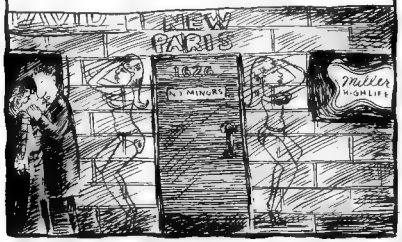
SHE'S GETTING READY FOR WORK RIGHT NOW. THE RADIO ON HER STATION AND THE COFFEE POT GOING. I GUESS HER LIFE IS PROBABLY A LOT EASIER.
BY THE PHONE BOOTH I SEE A WOMAN FROM THE BUS TALKING TO THE DRIVER AND POINTING AT ME. I BUY POTATO CHIPS AND MILK AND THEN HE'S COMING OVER.
EXIT
TELEPHO
HE TELLS ME THE GREYHOUND POLICY OF SAFE TRAVEL FOR ALL PASSENGERS AND THAT MY NEW SEAT IS BY HIM. IN FRONT BY HIM AND THE WOMAN.
THEY'RE MAKIN' ME MOVE.
HUH?
THEY'RE MAKIN' ME MOVE.
"I GOT A NIECE ABOUT YOUR AGE." THE LADY HANDS ME A PICTURE OF A GIRL WITH A LAME HAIRCUT. THE WHOLE TIME SHE'S TALKING I JUST STARE OUT THE WINDOW.
YOU'RE MAD AT ME NOW BUT SOMEONE AT THE OTHER END IS GONNA BE THANKING ME BY GOD.
SHE DOESN'T KNOW ANYTHING SO WHY DOESN'T SHE JUST SHUT-UP?
ON MY WAY TO THE CAN I LEAN BY TONY AND HE SAYS SOME WORDS TO ME. THEN MY NAME ON THE BUS SPEAKER. NOT MY REAL NAME. THE DRIVER SAYING "PAM."

"LET'S JUMP" IS WHAT HE SAID. AT THE DINNER BREAK LET'S JUMP.
TONY PASSES ME IN THE LINE OF PEOPLE GETTING OFF. THE LADY IS ASLEEP AND THE BUS DRIVER IS TALKING TO SOMEONE ELSE.
AROUND THE CORNER FROM THE STATION WALKS TONY AND I FOLLOW TRYING NOT TO RUN.
"LET'S GO!" HE GRABS MY ARM AND WE'RE TEARING DOWN THE BLACK STREET. TONY AND PAM. THE PERFECT COUPLE.
BY A LIT STORE WINDOW WE STOP. SANTA MOVING HIS ARM UP AND DOWN AND A MIDGET TRAIN RUNNING AROUND HIS LEGS. A KEY SHOP. THE MAN LOOKS AT US AND WE KEEP WALKING.
RAILROAD TRACKS. CHRISTMAS LIGHTS ON CRUDDY HOUSES GETTING CRUDDIER. JUMPING LIGHTS OF T.V.S. NO ONE KNOWS WHERE I AM.
WE MISS THE BUS AND THEY JUST STICK US ON THE NEXT ONE.
YOUR STUFF'S OK. THEY STICK IT ON A SHELF IN A ROOM.
HOW MUCH MONEY YOU GOT?

"I DON'T KNOW" I SAY. "COME ON PAM," HE SAYS. "DON'T YOU WANT US TO BE TOGETHER?" I STOP. "MY MOM." I SAY. "SCREW HER." HE SAYS. "SHE DITCHED YOU." THE ONE TRUTH I TOLD HIM.

FREEZING HANDS ON MY FACE. MY NEW IDENTITY SAYS OK. YEAH OK. MERRY CHRISTMAS MOM.

HE KISSES ME. "YOU'RE A SEXY LITTLE MAMA." BY A BAR HE TELLS ME WAIT ACROSS THE STREET BUT FIRST GIVE HIM FIVE DOLLARS.



I WATCH HIM GO IN THE BAR. RIGHT NOW I COULD RUN FOR IT. I COULD. I COULD RUN RIGHT NOW.

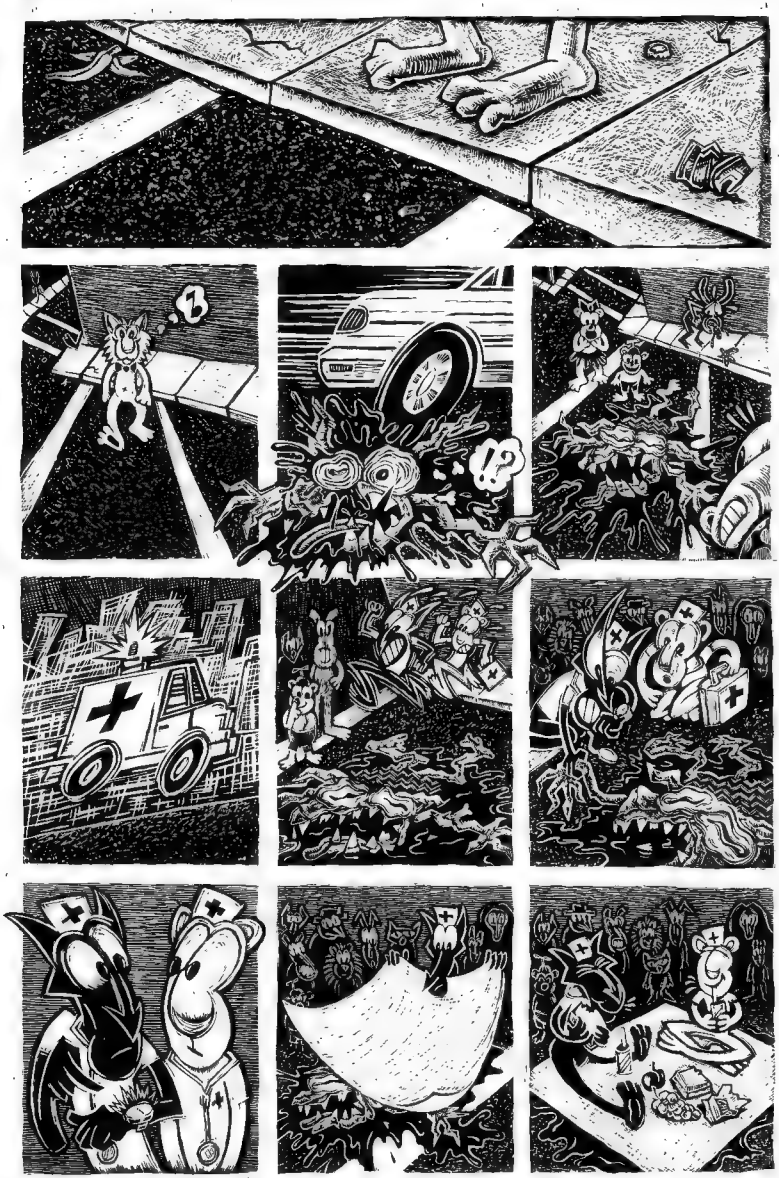
ONE BOTTLE OF WINE. "CHUG A LUG CHUG A LUG" TONY SINGS "MAKES YOU WANNA HOLLER HI-DEE-HO"

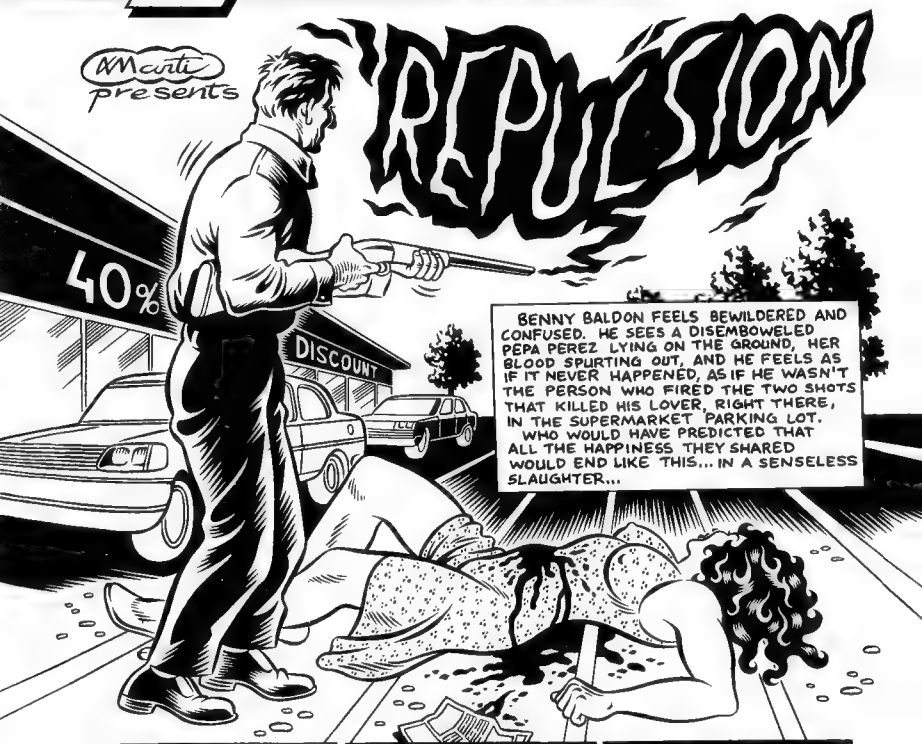
TONY TRIES THE DOOR HANDLES OF CARS. ONE OPENS. HIM AND THE SEXY LITTLE MAMA GET IN. HE HOLDS THE BOTTLE TO HER MOUTH LIKE A BABY.

THE FEELING IS FLOATING, FLOATING IN THE FROZEN AIR WITH HER PANTS PULLED DOWN AND THE WARM HARD OF TONY TRYING TO PUSH. CHUG A LUG CHUG A LUG.
THE CAR DOOR OPENS AND HER HEAD FALLS BACK. SHE SEES THE BARE NAKED STREET. A POLICEMAN'S FEET STANDING.
HE PULLS HER OUT ONE WAY AND TONY GOES THE OTHER. TONY'S HANDS GRAB HER THEN PEEL OFF. RED LIGHTS FLASHING. HER PANTS YANK UP. PAM BARFS.
THIS IS THE STORY OF PAM, NOT ME. I WAS BORN TWO DAYS AFTER CHRISTMAS. A NOTHING DAY WHEN PEOPLE ARE SICK OF PRESENTS. OH HOLY NIGHT THE STARS ARE BRIGHTLY SHINING.
THE BEST PART IS THEY NEVER HANDED ME THE PHONE WHEN THEY CALLED MOM. I GUESS SHE JUST DIDN'T ASK TO TALK TO ME.
THE NEXT BUS WAS TOMORROW. THEY TOOK ME TO A LADY'S HOUSE. CAROLYN. SHE CAME TO THE DOOR IN A ROBE.

I SAT ON HER COUCH. ON HER TREE IT WAS ALL BLUE LIGHTS. I WAS BACK IN MY PERSONAL IDENTITY. I COULD TELL BY MY HORRIBLE FEELINGS.
SHE HANDS ME A TOWEL FOR THE SHOWER AND SAYS IF I GOT PENETRATED TO TELL HER NOW. "NO." I SAY. SHE STARES AT ME. "I DIDN'T." SHE POINTS ME TO THE BATHROOM.
IN THE KITCHEN SHE TELLS ME SHE'S SEEN A LOT OF GIRLS LIKE ME. SHE DRAWS THE MAP OF WHERE I WILL END UP WITH HER FINGERS ON THE TABLE.
SHE HAS A DOG, BOOTSIE. "CAN I HOLD HIM?" I SAY. THE SMELL OF A DOG HAS ALWAYS MADE ME FEEL BETTER.
CAROLYN GIVES ME A CHRISTIAN INSTRUCTION BOOK THAT HAS A GIRL ON THE COVER WITH A MESSED UP EXPRESSION. IT'S TIME TO SLEEP. "PRAY AND GO TO SLEEP" SHE SAYS.
IN THE MORNING THE POLICEMAN HOLDS THE SCREEN DOOR OPEN. IN THE CAR HE TELLS ME WHAT HE WOULD DO TO ME IF I WAS HIS KID.

AT A STOPLIGHT I SEE THE STORE WITH THE SANTA. HIS ARM FROZEN STILL. I DON'T NOTICE THE REST OF THE WAY TO THE STATION.
KE
MA
FINALLY COMES THE BUS. THE POLICEMAN TALKS TO THE DRIVER. DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT MISTER. I'M MY TRUE SELF NOW. TOO CHICKEN TO DO ANYTHING.
YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND. IT WOULD BE EASY IF SHE WOULD JUST SCREAM AT ME OR HIT ME BUT THAT'S NOT HER WAY. SHE JUST STARES.
BARFING THE WINE WAS NOTHING COMPARED TO BARFING FROM MY MOM. I WILL GET OFF THIS BUS AND SHE WILL NOT SAY ONE WORD TO ME.
OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN AT LEAST NOW I GOT MY ANSWER OF WHY SHE DOESN'T WANT ME HERE.
TICKETS
GREYHOUN
OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN, IT WAS MY FAULT FOR EVEN ASKING.
HOUND





Translation by Eduardo Kaplan. Lettering by R. Sikoryak.

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HIS EARS ARE RINGING... DEAFENED BY THE TWO BLASTS, HE CAN'T HEAR THE TERRIFIED SCREAMS OF THE PASSERSBY AND THE CARS DRIVING BY.

HIS ANGER BECOMES AN ELECTRICAL CURRENT MOVING UP AND DOWN HIS BODY, CAUSING A LIGHT GENERAL TREMBLING.

CLACK—

...YET HE IS ABLE TO UNLOAD THE TWO SHELLS HE USED AGAINST PEPA.

WHEN SHE SUDDENLY TOLD HIM IT WAS OVER HE WENT MAD.

!?

PLAZA HOTEL

IT DIDN'T TAKE HIM LONG TO FIND THE REASON... SHE WAS GOING OUT WITH ANOTHER GUY ...A YOUNGER SON OF A BITCH... 50 OR 50-SOMETHING...

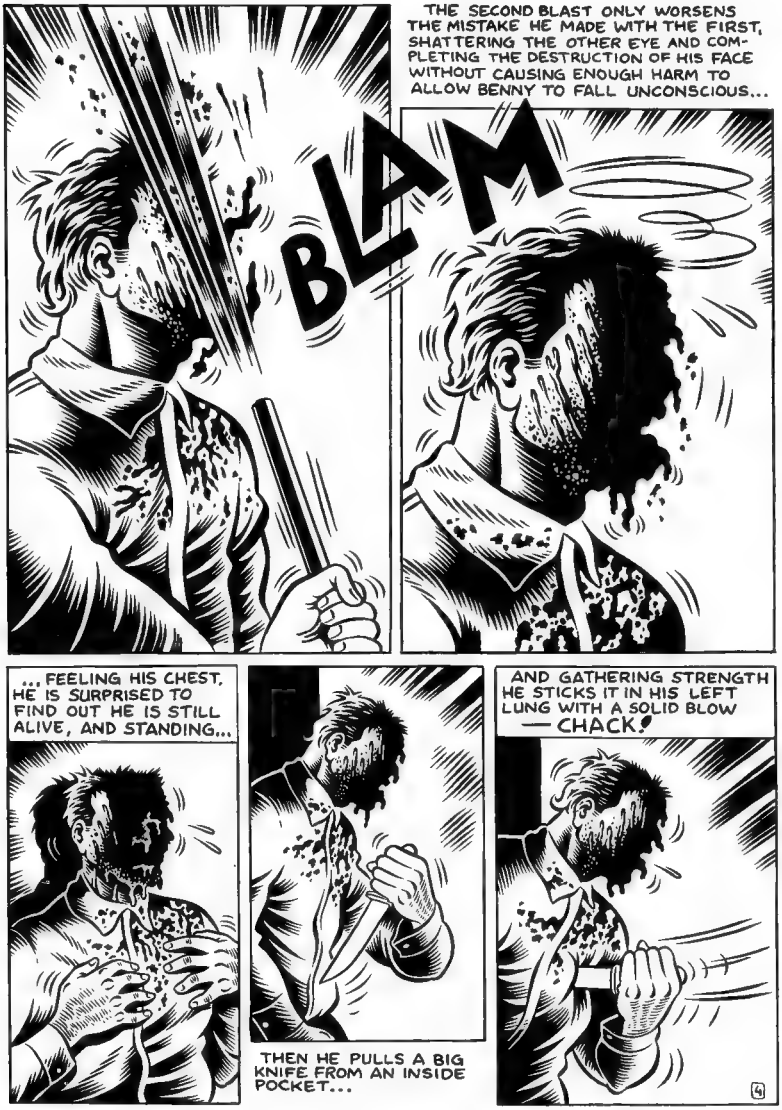
IT WAS THE END... AT HIS AGE WOMEN LIKE PEPA WERE HARD TO FIND...

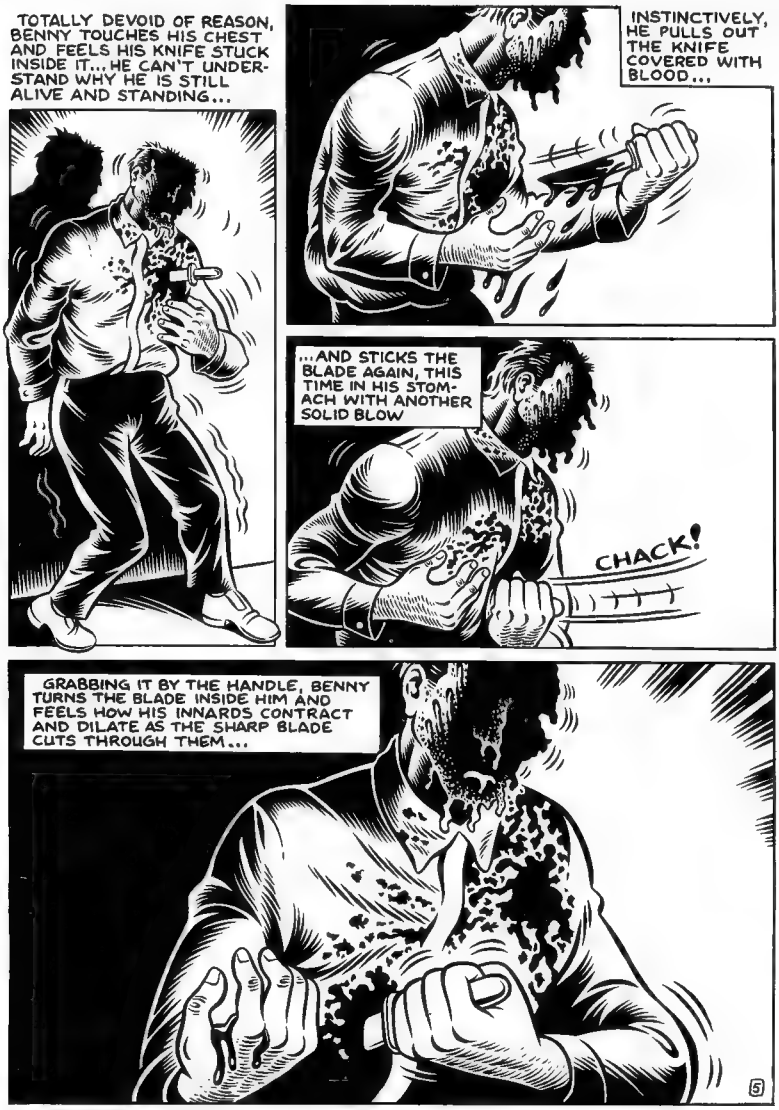
SUDDENLY, HE LONGED FOR THE GOOD TIMES, WHEN SHE WOULD BE SO SENSUAL AND TENDER...SO WILLING TO PLEASE HIM...THE TIMES WHEN SHE WOULD RADIATE THAT YOUTHFUL SPIRIT HE FELT SO ATTRACTED TO...

HE IMAGINES HER AS AN OLD WOMAN... FULL OF THE WRINKLES THAT LOVE CONCEALS... AFTER ALL, A 37 YEAR OLD WOMAN IS NOT A CHILD ANYMORE...

AND NOW SHE IS LYING ON THE GROUND... IN A POOL OF BLOOD WITH HER GUTS STICKING OUT... RIGID AND FLACCID AT THE SAME TIME... LIKE A BROKEN DOLL...

OBLIVIOUS TO HIS SURROUNDINGS, BENNY LOADS TWO NEW SHELLS INTO HIS SHOTGUN AS HE LEANS AGAINST A WALL...
SLOWLY, HE TURNS THE SHOTGUN ON HIMSELF...
CLACK!
...HOLDING THE DOUBLE BARREL WITH ONE HAND WHILE THE OTHER PULLS ONE OF THE TRIGGERS...
BLAM
CONFUSED BY HIS ANGER, BENNY FORGETS TO PUT THE BARREL IN HIS MOUTH, AND THE BLAST DESTROYS HIS JAW, LIPS, NOSE, AND ONE EYE, COMPLETELY DISFIGURING HIS FACE.
3


THE SECOND BLAST ONLY WORSENS THE MISTAKE HE MADE WITH THE FIRST, SHATTERING THE OTHER EYE AND COMPLETING THE DESTRUCTION OF HIS FACE WITHOUT CAUSING ENOUGH HARM TO ALLOW BENNY TO FALL UNCONSCIOUS...
BLAM
...FEELING HIS CHEST, HE IS SURPRISED TO FIND OUT HE IS STILL ALIVE, AND STANDING...
THEN HE PULLS A BIG KNIFE FROM AN INSIDE POCKET...
AND GATHERING STRENGTH HE STICKS IT IN HIS LEFT LUNG WITH A SOLID BLOW — CHACK!
4


TOTALLY DEVOID OF REASON, BENNY TOUCHES HIS CHEST AND FEELS HIS KNIFE STUCK INSIDE IT... HE CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY HE IS STILL ALIVE AND STANDING...
INSTINCTIVELY, HE PULLS OUT THE KNIFE COVERED WITH BLOOD...
...AND STICKS THE BLADE AGAIN, THIS TIME IN HIS STOMACH WITH ANOTHER SOLID BLOW
CHACK!
GRABBING IT BY THE HANDLE, BENNY TURNS THE BLADE INSIDE HIM AND FEELS HOW HIS INNARDS CONTRACT AND DILATE AS THE SHARP BLADE CUTS THROUGH THEM...
5

SOMEBODY SHOOTS THE HORRIBLE SCENE ON VIDEO AND THAT NIGHT BENNY BECOMES A CELEBRITY WHEN HE APPEARS ON THE EVENING NEWS WHILE FAMILIES ARE HAVING DINNER AT HOME... THE VIEWERS WILL BE OVERCOME BY AN ANGUISHED CHILL FOR A FEW SECONDS BEFORE THEY GO BACK TO WOLF DOWN THEIR DINNER, UNAWARE THAT MANY OF THEM WILL HAVE NIGHTMARES THICK WITH RED BLOOD THAT WILL PARCH THEIR MOUTHS AND DARKEN THEIR SPIRITS A LITTLE MORE...

A FULFILLING CAREER Gustave Doré, 1852

As a mere child I drew pictures that my schoolmates fought over, creating an uproar in my class.

In high school I was noted for my talent in caricaturing the teachers.

Always continuing to practice my talents, I got a unanimous verdict on my graduation exams: thumbs down.

Translation by Elizabeth Bell, F.M. & a.s. Thanks to David Kunzle, author of *The History of the Comic Strip: The Nineteenth Century* (University of California Press, 1990)

My father, who had no artistic leanings whatsoever, did not appreciate my burgeoning skills. He had me drafted. I became Decorator-in-chief of the guardhouse.

I kept the barracks in stitches at the expense of the higher-ups,

...who were not amused,

...and gave me time to continue my studies in solitary.

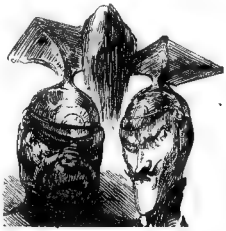
I hit on the idea of offering my services to Aubert, publisher of humorous periodicals.

I was received by a distinguished gentleman who praised me highly and told me I had considerable aptitude.

Thus I published a few character studies of my fellow Guardsmen and their impressive bearing,

...of the (so-called) "mounted" patrol,

...of facial types among the ranks,



...and among the officers.

My studies of the National Guard earned me a minor court case and a major fine.
After my scientific research into military physiognomy led to several duels, I decided to abandon my career in the military in favor of the less perilous domain of portraying society at large.

I turned to the world of politics, and found it so boring I at once turned elsewhere.

I next turned my attention to the world of literary salons... but found no character to study. Those people all looked alike.

I rendered scenes of everyday life, but that genre is considered repellent and no one bought my work.

Today I apply my skills in Clichy's debtors prison.

OBSERVATION:

I now understand – rather late, but better late than never – that I mistook my raw talent for developed skill, that I settled for being good-enough rather than striving for the Ultimate.

MORAL:

Talent is a precious seed,
but it must be cultivated.

Kim Deitch

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SANDLIN

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A Pyramid Scan
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